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RAILWAY ROMANCE
AND OTHER ESSAYS



RAILWAY ROMANCE

AND OTHER ESSAYS

BY

JAMES SCOTT

AUTHOR OF "STUDIES IN IDEALS," "AN OLIVE LEAF," ETC.

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PARTS of these essays have appeared as articles in various magazines, *e.g.* in *The Railway and Travel Monthly*, to the Editor of which I must own indebtedness for liberty to republish.

I owe far more than I can repay to my lifelong friend, Mr. John MacLean, M.A., for reading the proofs and helping me with suggestions. I know no other friend who could so enter into the spirit of the part of the book on "Railway Romance."

15237
Gen Res King

At the back of my mind, in writing of railway matters, is the desire that railwaymen may be better understood and sympathised with by a public which is usually too busy to heed. In most of the other essays I have only "thought aloud" in trying to educate myself. To some I am sure this may be an infliction; but to others it may be some palliative that here and there they may find themselves thinking along the same lines as I. J. S.

EDINBURGH, *Autumn* 1913.

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PART I
RAILWAY ROMANCE

THE FASCINATION OF THE RAILWAY

I WAS visiting a friend lately who is the head of a school in a small but thriving seaport town. We had a walk round the docks and he explained to me about the various piers, the whistles, the flag signals, the pilots, and other interesting things which everyone who lives in a seaport may know. He said that all whistles and horns, which sounded to the uninitiated as only a meaningless Babel of noises, conveyed to him information as clear as written or spoken word could do. Even such an "outsider" as he could not be debarred from intelligently following all that took place within his sight and hearing. To the harbour-master, the pilots, and everyone connected with the docks, the steam whistles and flags took the place of a language; yet it was a language which could be acquired by any others who cared to learn it. My friend did so, and thereby added one more interest to his life. Even in the quieter moments of a busy school-day he heard the sounds from the docks, and understood. In his walks in-shore, where the docks were hidden and seemed far away, he could tell by the sounds—for example, when steamers were in the offing and needed pilots. If he happened to be awake at nights, he need not

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weary, for he could follow in imagination the arrival or departure of vessels at the docks almost as if he were there.

We all do this kind of thing. We cannot *always* be thinking deeply, or working at full pressure, or so engaged in the engrossing calls of life that we know not what is happening in the world round about us. In spite of all that is said about the rush and hurry of the age, we all have some part of our thoughts which we occupy with other interests. By reason of these interests, which lie outside of our own departments of life, we are saner men, and have wider sympathies. In going to or coming from our own sphere of occupation, we get into the habit of observing what goes on in the lives of others around us, and soon make it part of our own lives. In our walks abroad we take a friendly interest in them, and they give a healthy tone to our conversation, and keep out gossip. It may be docks, it may be trains, it may be factories; it may be anything which by its sights and sounds excites in us a pleasurable interest. They occupy well the "off-duty" moments of our lives; they take us out of ourselves without our scarcely knowing it. They are scarcely hobbies, because hobbies usually entail work and concentration. But they are very real, and they are truly "recreations" to tens of thousands of tired people who with difficulty endure the daily round of common tasks.

In my case it was railway trains! My home was situated in the western outskirts of a small town, whose railway station was a junction for lines

connecting with two distant cities. The station stood at the apex of a triangle formed by the west and south lines. It was within this triangle that my home stood, about a mile distant from both lines. I was thus well within hearing of all the trains which passed on these lines. I had become acquainted with the time-table, and thus was able to identify the trains. It was only for a very short distance I could see them on either line, my view being obscured by intervening embankments, woods, or houses; but I could hear the sound of their approach while yet a long way off. Although I scarcely required to see them in order to identify the particular trains, it was an added pleasure when I happened to be able to catch a glimpse of them as they passed. I soon became familiar with all the trains—and they were not few—which passed west and south during the day and night. They even became my intimate friends. I knew when they were running late, and upbraided or excused them to myself; I often listened somewhat impatiently to the familiar bang-bang-bang of shunting operations at the station; and I calculated whether the trains lost time at the station, and speculated whether they were likely to make it up before their journey's end. I lauded them in my own mind when they made a prompt and spirited start from the station, or I sympathised with them when their length and heavy loads made progress difficult and slow.

The line both south and west was a single one, and trains had accordingly often to "cross" one

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another at the station. The west line was to me the less interesting of the two, because it was for the most part level, and the western terminus of the line was only twenty-five miles away. Accordingly, it seemed to me there was little scope for giving play to the imagination and sketching an eventful journey for trains upon so short a "section." It was different with regard to the southern section, where the terminus was one hundred miles distant, and the route full of variety and interest. On the west line, trains had either left the terminus little more than half an hour before I saw them, or they were within the same short distance of reaching it. But on the south line trains took nearly four or five hours between the terminus and the town where I lived. It crossed two or three ranges of mountains; it had many tunnels, viaducts, and steep gradients; and altogether traversed a more exciting and in some respects dangerous route.

The next station on the south line was nine miles distant, and stood some hundreds of feet higher than did my native town, and, consequently, there was a steep gradient all the way. To negotiate the rising ground, the line made several long, sweeping *detours*, wending its way over high embankments with frequent inclines of 1 in 70, and through a thickly-wooded country. Although, as I have said, the line was visible from my house at only one point about a mile away, I could see the smoke of the trains for almost six miles of their winding route as they forged their way southwards. On a very calm day I could some-

times hear the engines whistle on approaching the next station, which the train usually took twenty minutes to reach. I could not see any smoke from trains which arrived from the south, for their engines scarcely used an ounce of steam in making the descent, and so I could only judge of their approach from the noise they made. On the "up" journey long trains were always "double-headed," that is to say, they were drawn by two engines. I could easily distinguish such trains by the snorting of the engines, sounding now synchronously and now separately. I really loved the sound, and could listen to it for a long time without wearying of it. It certainly was not music, and yet it used to soothe by its regularity and its very monotony, like that steady and deep breathing which brings drowsiness. Anon it excited me, as I pictured the engines straining and pressing forward like two monsters of a nightmare. My room faced southwards, and there I used to study often far into the night. The trains did not distract me in these hours of work; on the contrary, they were my companions. Often I became so absorbed in what I was doing, that I forgot them, and afterwards felt conscience-stricken in consequence, like one who has unintentionally slighted a friend. But usually the sounds and noises of the trains attracted my attention, and I do not remember ever being sorry when they did so. If in my work my thoughts were slow to come, or there were many difficulties to solve, how often my mind wandered away with relief at the whistle of an engine, or the rumble

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of an approaching train! I liked also to watch the flashes of light sent up to the sky from the opened furnace-doors of the engines as they climbed the south "road." On cloudy nights they illumined the firmament as with a searchlight, or played in the sky like sheet-lightning. I could follow in imagination every part of the line which the train was traversing, for I knew it well, and had often walked it. Sometimes I fell to wondering what the men in the engines were doing, and how their faces would be lit up too by the light from the furnaces. I knew when the train passed over some of the steeper gradients by the snorting of the engines becoming more laboured. I used to wonder what would happen if they were unable to draw the train over them, and "stuck." I reassured myself by the thought that they would surely be able at least to keep the train from running back down the hill, but, nevertheless, I was glad to hear the engines going ahead again faster, and with a sort of triumphant sound in the snorts from their funnels.

There were various tales told about the south line with more or less truthfulness, of which the following are examples: (a) Very heavy trains had not only two engines in front, but were assisted by a bank-engine pushing behind. It was expected of that engine that it would take the weight of a number of the vehicles off the load which the engines in front had to drag. On more than one occasion, however, it was said that a bank-engine, familiarly known as "The Old No. 9," got "winded," and was actually left behind! This I quite believe,

and would have given much to see. (b) Two wagons of wood were standing in a siding at the next station on the south section, but somehow were set in motion, and, before they could be stopped, "escaped" down the line with an ever-increasing speed. The line happened to be clear at the time, and the heavily-laden vehicles kept the metals, and covered the whole distance of nine miles. They passed through the station at the junction at a velocity which the language of the narrators of the story failed to describe, and with a disregard for the railway company's regulations, which filled all who saw with consternation! They are said not to have stopped until they were well over two miles beyond the junction! It has also happened in more recent times that half of a goods train broke away at a point a number of miles up the embankment, and safely performed the same extraordinary run!

A railway train running at speed on the permanent way makes a series of peculiar sounds, which it is difficult to liken to anything else. Heard at a considerable distance, the sounds vary every minute, not only according to the speed of the train, but also according to the nature of the country through which it passes, and the clearness or heaviness of the atmosphere. Woods, embankments, cuttings, bridges, hills, and flats all originate sounds and echoes which are distinguishable from one another. For example, there is the continuous "swishing" sound, as the train passes through woods, making one think of a strong wind in the trees; there is the "burring" sound, as it passes over high and

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bare embankments; there is the more hollow sound, as it passes through cuttings; and there is the "rushing" sound as it emerges again into open country. There are similar peculiarities in the sound of the engine-whistle heard at a distance. Now it sounds clear and shrill, and businesslike; now fainter and far away, like a voice in the wilderness; now broken, as the train rushes through a bridge or into a tunnel, making the whistle end in what is like a shriek from a woman, or a wail from a child. All of these multifarious sounds are modified to our ears as the train approaches or goes farther away.

On the south and west sections I used to listen for the approach of trains, and try to guess, from the sounds they made, whether they were passenger or goods trains, and what point precisely they were passing when I first heard them. I thus became familiar with all the variety of sounds to which I have just referred. It was not difficult, as a rule, on the south section to say when an approaching train was a "goods," because of the clanking of the wheels of the wagons on the joinings of the rails, and the deep resounding noise (almost like distant thunder) which they made, especially on wet or dull nights. On the west section there was an iron bridge across a river about a mile from the station, and I could tell when a train approaching from the west was passing over it by the low "thudding" noise which it made. Once off the bridge, it always ran lightly, and (as it almost seemed) merrily down a gentle incline into the

station. Practically every train stopped at the station, but there was one notable instance in which a train frequently passed through the station at high speed. On Sunday mornings, in summer, a fish "special" (consisting usually of engine, some fifteen wagons laden with fish, and a brake-van) used to pass southwards, and I often made a point of being at the station to watch it. It was a time of some excitement when it approached from the west at a considerable speed, passed over the iron bridge and down the incline in a trice (steam being shut off till the train had just "taken" the points before entering the station), and swerved round the sharp bend within the station in front of where I stood, and then up the south line with full steam on, so as to get as much advantage as possible, in climbing the south gradient, of the impetus it had just received!

The south railway line was a favourite walk of mine. The scenery of moor and woodland was beautiful and even romantic. Besides that, there was a stream, five or six miles up, which I used often to fish, and in going to or coming from which I used to walk by preference by the railway line. Some parts of the line were rough and stony, but that was compensated for by the interest which the walk had for me, and the number of interesting things to be seen. It was, doubtless, contrary to the bye-laws of the railway company to walk on the line, but I was never challenged, and I seemed to think that I was specially privileged because of the interest I took in the company's trains. Of

course, I walked there at my own risk; but there was not much danger, as approaching trains or returning "bank" engines could be heard or seen a sufficient distance off. For a change I often walked on the "sleepers," and this kept my pace more regular and steady. "Sleepers" are laid an equal distance apart—just about a yard "stride"—with the exception of every ninth or tenth, which are laid closer together than the rest, at the junction of the rails, and occasionally there is thus a short step. I used often to meet the surfacemen at work on the line, and in conversation with them learned many things about their work to interest me. I used to get a drink of spring water at the little "wells" which they had made for themselves at various places along the line. Occasionally the men were to be found at work with a "bogie," or miniature truck, conveying "sleepers" and other material between different places in the section under their charge. I was never able to dissociate this in my mind from the category of very hazardous employments, and I could not help thinking what would happen if an approaching train *did* take them by surprise while at work with their "bogie."

If I had no other company, I at least always had the telegraph wires making their peculiar "singing" sound beside me, and at times I gave my imagination play in thinking what messages of joy or sorrow, business or pleasure, were passing me at lightning speed. I had a regular halting-place at the surfacemen's hut, where I used to

sit and rest. It was rudely built of "sleepers," and with no comforts except that it afforded a seat and shelter. A draught-board had been roughly designed on one of the benches in it, where the men could beguile a spare hour at the game. Curiously enough, although I visited the hut often, I never happened to meet any of the men there. I used to make a notch on the side of the doorway with my penknife (like "Robinson-Crusoe") on every visit I made. In walking by the line, I used to keep a sharp look-out for any of the little blocks of wood or "keys" (which act as wedges in the "chairs") becoming loose or falling out. At one part of the line there was a double or "guard" rail on one side for some two or three hundred yards, where the line passed over a very high embankment and at the same time round a sharp curve. Many a time I watched with bated breath a train rushing down over this part, as I thought of the awful consequences which the least mishap might cause.

In addition to what I have said, need I mention the glimpses of natural beauty to be seen with every bend of the line; the ferns, the marguerites, the blue hyacinths, the primroses, the wild violets, and other flowers, the wild rasps, and the heather,—all to be had for the gathering; the rabbits popping in and out of their holes or even straying on the line; the "echo" wood; and the many other interests which made this walk by the railway line loved and appreciated by me beyond all others?

When one is sullen, nought will claim a smile;

when weary, one has no eyes to look for things to charm. But I have mentioned some, which need never fail, however dull we be, to arrest, and interest and cheer. They make us brace our laggard step; and set our minds on other bents of thought, more happy and more kind than the dark moods whose company we too often keep.

ROMANCE IN AND AROUND THE SIGNAL CABIN

“TAKE on the London fast!” . . . “Right for the local train! Let out the engine!” . . . “Clear the slow; she’s in!” “Shift for the pilot in No. 9 dock!”

Bright lights overhead; the glare of large electric lamps outside; the flashing of hand-signals, red, white, and green, on every hand below; the snort of passing engines, their deafening whistles, far and near, and of every variety; whiffs of nauseous smoke; shouting from the shunters below; and, as a constant accompaniment to all that, the ringing of bells, the snap and clang, the rattle and wrench of numberless lever handles.

Do you know where you are, or have you ever been in it? These military-like orders are not heard in barracks. This banging and noise is not that of a factory. That smoke and whirr is not round the shaft of a coal-mine. It is all of these, and much more besides—it is in a large signal cabin near a busy railway station!

You have admiringly watched a policeman, have you not, as he stands in the middle of crowded city thoroughfares regulating the traffic? Omnibuses, cabs, carts, lorries, vans, and vehicles of every description pouring in from every approach in endless

procession. Stopping, moving, stopping again, jamming and pushing, tacking and wriggling they come; and the streams, cross and re-cross, mingle or divide, all in obedience to the wave or arrest of the policeman's hand.

In this signal-cabin is the same controlling genius at work, but presiding over a more imposing array of traffic, conducting it amidst almost incomprehensible intricacies, and with responsibilities of far greater magnitude.

No one entering the signal cabins can fail to be impressed by the importance of the work which the men there do. They are like the brave guardians of the Pass of Thermopylæ! Indeed, they "hold the pass," and no train may enter or leave without their sanction. The signals by which they are surrounded are like the Oracles of Greece, which at every move have to be "consulted." If the omens (*i.e.* the signals) be unpropitious, it is worse than useless to attempt to set forth on a journey, for disaster would surely be met ere the journey had well begun. Similarly trains seeking to enter the station by this route may come only when beckoned, and when the signal is given that they may safely do so. Trains approach the station like strangers coming to a town in time of war. They may turn out to be peaceful travellers or ambassadors, but they must show the men on guard whether they are friend or foe.

There are the sharp electric bell-rings from the next cabin to the north, announcing the approach of an express, which must be taken into the already full station at once and somehow! At the same time,

the south cabin gives warning that there are two engines on their way towards the station from the depôt, required for the "up" mail, due to start in ten minutes. That suburban train, whose engine is whistling so angrily "within" the starting-signal, has already been detained three minutes, and must be dispatched; while, in order to clear from the fifth dock a train of carriages just come in and emptied, that shunting engine must be manœuvred behind it out of the siding. On one side of the cabin an excursion train goes snorting past the windows, enveloping everything in its dense smoke. On the other side, the chief shunter below is shouting directions, now to his men, now up to the open windows of the cabin, as to how the trains are to be worked. Do you believe it? Could you live in it?

Now there is the London train coming into the station! It has coaches for four different routes diverging from this point; and within eight minutes a process like that of assorting letters in pigeon-holes has to be gone through, and the coaches must be shunted into the respective lines, where the trains to which they are to be attached await them. Then each train needs an engine, and these are summoned from out-of-the-way corners, each to find its own place at the head of a train. You cannot realise—unless you have seen it—what evolutions have to be performed in that signal cabin before all these operations are carried out, and the four trains have at last left the station complete. Remember that the forward and backward movements on the lines of each detached portion of the train means the working of different

sets of levers, and that, not at haphazard, but with the most careful attention to signals, time, and distances, and the most unremitting application of intelligence.

So we come to think of the men, and we must stand and admire! Does anyone say, "It is easy enough; it is all rule-of-thumb; admire rather the minds that planned." So we shall, and at another time. But do you ask us first to salute those who invent and manufacture the guns, the shells, the mines, the rifles, and all the other instruments of warfare; or rather the brave men, who use them with such heroism in the day of battle; who venture the most perilous positions, and, with brain and nerve and muscle, execute movements without which the skill of the inventor and manufacturer were without profit? We can do no other here!

Things were different in the old days, before Board of Trade regulations and the expansion of traffic demanded elaborately arranged and properly equipped cabins, from which, as central authorities, the junctions of any number of lines can be controlled. Such multiplicity of lines did not exist then, and the old-fashioned "ball" points were used. These were placed opposite each junction of lines or "points," and were shifted by hand. When traffic was not so heavy as it is now, the pointsman, on being warned of the approach of a train, had ample time to "set" the various points required, and hold down the main one with his foot while the train passed over. Shunting operations were conducted in the same primitive way, and he was usually accounted the best pointsman who could run fastest

between the different "points," and dexterously shift them in the nick of time, whenever the wheels of the vehicles passed clear. They were brave men in those days too, and if the lives of the passengers were more imperilled by the clumsier methods, the points-men at least were always hazarding their own.

Now all is changed, and the fastest runner does not count in the race for promotion amongst signalmen, but the man with the clearest and coolest head. The men employed in a large cabin at a busy centre are among the best in the service. There is the foreman, and he has under him several men, as well as one or two boys for recording in the time-book the advice, arrival, departure, and "clearing" of every train. The men are all needed, for there are some two or three hundred interlocking levers in operation in the cabin, and often fifteen to twenty levers must be pulled for one "move." One is much impressed by the unison in which they all work. It is done under the direction of the "chief," but each man knows every movement of his neighbour, and what requires to be done in order to comply with orders given. That is how it is possible to manipulate so many levers so promptly and accurately, although the levers requiring to be drawn in any one "move" are necessarily distributed over a large part of the cabin. The men work into one another's hands; there is no jarring or friction; all is order and method. "Take on passenger special on the main down," the foreman calls, having exchanged the necessary bell signals with the next cabin; immediately there follows the

clash of some seventeen levers, as the men pull one after another in rapid succession, in order to "set the road" for the train; levers being pulled for the treadle-bars, points, lock-bars, home-signals, control-signals, and distant signals, in bewildering fashion. Yet, if you look above the men's heads at the chart which hangs there, indicating lines of rails more deftly knit than a spider's web, you will find that its minutest directions have been complied with. In addition to possessing acuteness and collected minds, the men in these manual-lever signal cabins would need to be, as they are, men of muscle and fibre.

In connection with some signal cabins at a number of the largest railway stations the electrical system of operation of points has been introduced. It has many advantages over the older system, and it is claimed for it that greater ease, quickness, and sureness in working are secured, while the cost of maintenance is relatively less. But the initial expense of installation would seem to be greater when it is remembered that one motor is required for each end of every set of points; and undoubtedly the system constantly requires to be very carefully watched in case any part should get out of order. In actual operation at the side of the rails, the system seems somewhat complicated, but within the cabin it appears unpretentious and simple to a degree. There are no huge levers, such as pertain to other systems, which can be moved only by exerting much muscular strength, and with banging and din resembling the working of looms. Each of

the electrical levers, which stand usually in two neat and compact tiers (a higher and lower), measures less than a foot, and works in a slot whose "stroke" is of even less dimension. The result, of course, is that the levers can be worked with ease, rapidity, and quietness, unattainable by other methods now in use. On entering a signal cabin where the electrical system is used, one is not greeted with the loud banging and clanging noises which are inseparable from signal cabins in which the manual-lever system is in use. The electrical pneumatic system has been thus explained: "The points and signals are moved by motors operated by compressed air, and the motors in their turn have their valves actuated by electro-magnets controlled from the interlocking apparatus in the signal-box. . . . With the electric control and the high pressure air the action of the point motors is very quick, and the return electric indication in the signal-box being almost instantaneous, the system can claim the merit of speed." It is, however, improbable—for reasons of expense—that power-working will for a long time become general, except in stations of very considerable size and importance, in the handling of traffic. At all the smaller station cabins the pointsmen will still continue to pull and push their manual levers.

In a large cabin where electrical power is used there may be seen one or two rows of short levers which, on being pulled lightly, respond at once to the touch, with no more than a few clicks of sound in giving or releasing the contact. Here, although time is measured almost in seconds, and every half

minute is of the utmost value, there is no confusion. There is ringing of frequent bells, the tapping of signals, and messages coming through the telephones, but apart from these sounds and the throbbing of trains, which pass and re-pass continually outside the cabin on either side of it, there is an absence of the loud noise which is so well known within other signal cabins. In fact, one finds it hard to believe that operations so momentous are being performed outside this cabin, whilst within it, all is so smooth working and seemingly so automatic. It is true that everything goes like clock-work; but only keenly alive minds and undiverted attention on the part of the men in charge, could ensure such perfect traffic-working as is exhibited. The men have to do a good deal of moving up and down the interlocking frame, and although in a very busy signal cabin they have only an eight-hours' day, the constant strain of the work even for that length of time is wearing.

There is in a large cabin a full equipment of indicators, block instruments, miniature signals, charts of the lines, miniature electric lights connecting with the signal-lights, and above the signalmen's heads a double clock with Greenwich time. There are two large indicators, at either end of the cabin, the one controlled from the nearest signal cabin, and the other from the inspectors' boxes, placed near the ends of the platforms. As trains are signalled to arrive or depart, these indicators flash into view the numbers of the platforms which the trains are to enter or leave. If by any mis-

chance a luggage barrow were to fall from any of the platforms upon the line, the attention of the men in the signal cabin could be at once attracted by any of the inspectors using an electrical apparatus making a horn sound loudly in the cabin, and this warning would enable an accident to be averted.

The signals are placed on overhead galleries or gantries, and beneath the signal-arms the appropriate numbers are shown, for the information of engine-drivers and others, indicating the platforms to which the lowering or raising of the signals applies. At night these numbers are shown in bright electric light. Electric light is used also at some large stations in all the signals, and by the movement of a single lever in the cabin the whole of the signal lights are switched on or off. What a far cry this seems from the signal lighting at, say, any of the wayside stations in the country! There, the pointsman choosing the least busy hour in the afternoon prepares his half-dozen signal oil-lamps and goes his rounds with them, climbing the steep signal-ladders in some cases, and in others turning a crank and chain. Ere the dusk draws on he must also trudge along the line his weary mile to the distant signal, and place there his beacon light which shall watch and ward through the long hours of night.

Let us remember that pointsmen in signal cabins in all parts of the railway systems from morning till night are on the strain, planning, shouting directions, waving and whistling signals—now here and now there—first on this side and then on that—

all in the midst of the steaming and clashing on every hand of trains, engines, and vehicles. Add to this the darkness of night, with the possible misjudging of distances, mistaking of signals, and uncertainties which are thereby entailed, and we may begin to realise the onerous and hazardous nature of these pointsmen's duties. It is little wonder that at the end of even an eight hours' shift—in most cases the shift is longer, extending to ten and even twelve hours—they gladly make their escape down the steep and narrow stair leading out of the cabin, fagged both in body and brain.

I fear that we travellers by train give pointsmen small place in our consideration and sympathies—and if we happen to be railway shareholders we give them less! They are not so much in evidence as others of the officials, and we, whose minds are near-sighted and dull, often take little cognisance of the existence of pointsmen. They are isolated, and placed higher than the low sweep of our eyes; they have no ostentatious part to play in the public view, as on a busy platform in connection with the dispatch of important or crowded trains. Yet on the shoulders of the pointsmen, who are in charge of the hundreds of "sections" along any long route, rests to a great extent the tremendous responsibility of these trains reaching their destinations in safety.

It is in their hands to doom or to save—the elements either way are no more than the ring of a bell, the touch of an instrument, the pull of some levers;—and the control and the decision lie in

the coolness and grit of the pointsmen. If we are eager to be at our journey's end, how we chafe at the delay when our train pulls up at a signal which is standing "dead against" it! Is that the only occasion when we can spare a thought to the man in the signal cabin beyond, and have we no word for him except to fume at his interference with our progress then? Had he *not* interfered, we might not have been here now! So we may spare him our invective, and urge our thoughts in another channel. It really is his responsibility for us who are living souls which makes a pointsman's duty heroic, and lifts it out of the humdrum and the commonplace. A "division" of an army moves to victory or disaster at the nod of a general. In no less degree does the peril or safety of hundreds of thousands of their fellows daily depend upon the manner in which pointsmen perform their duties. The collision of a few wagons of coal, or the smashing of a train of fish-trucks are, after all, not irreparable losses. But a false "move," or an ill-timed signal, may spell irremediable disaster in a trice to many human lives. All men trust their dearest to the pointsman, and so his seeming mechanical tasks become linked to the chain of deeds which the world counts sublime. Such high thoughts of responsibility exist in the background of every pointsman's mind, but it is well for us all that he allows them no prominence!

Of course, all signalmen do not undergo the same strain, and, up to the present, we have been excluding from our thought men in charge of small

cabins in lonely districts or at quieter stations. Yet they have longer hours of duty, and require to keep a more constant watch upon themselves. They must be ready to "take on" and to "block" to the nearest cabin every train on the route, whether express or slow, and in every case they must devote the same careful attention and scrupulous accuracy. On single lines where the "tablet" system is employed, they must receive and give, by hand or apparatus, the "tablets," which are the passports without which no engine may proceed. It is true that the tablet machines now in use minimise the risk of mistake, but they do not by any means relieve signalmen from responsibility and hazardous duty.

This man dare not drowse at his post, or let his eyes close for a moment's sleep. If he has "taken on" an express, he shifts the points, and signals the road clear. But then, he must listen for the sound of the train's approach, even amid the howling of the storm, and strain his eye to catch first sight of it through murky fog or starless night. As he sees the headlights of the engines in the distance, he must not of course be thought nervous should he cast a last glance down at his levers or out on the sidings;—well, it is just to make sure! What thoughts must sometimes pass through his mind in conjecturing what would happen and what he should do, should the express *not* "take the points!" Does he ever hold his breath? Has he *never* leapt forward in terror as the train flashed past his windows, thinking it had taken the wrong

lines—but relieved beyond speech to find he was mistaken? Is he a stranger to qualms of conscience or remorse regarding what he has sometimes done? Does he never experience doubts and fears as to whether or not he has rightly seen or correctly judged? Why then have these lines come so soon on his brow? Why do the furrows deepen so? Yet he remains thoughtful, courageous, and strong.

A signalman's duty is exhausting and anxious enough even when all works smoothly. But what of the unlooked-for occurrences, or the interference of unforeseen contingencies? Every signalman has certain things hid in the recesses of his memory, of which he does not speak every day, or to everyone. Here is a suggested example, taken at random:—Wagons "fouling" a crossing, but slowly getting "clear," as a "fast" not observing the obstruction in the darkness approaches at speed to within 500 yards of it! Two seconds later, and some passengers in the train may be awakened by the sudden clutch of the brakes on the wheels, but they think everything is apparently right, for the engines are forging ahead again, so they turn themselves about and sleep. Such are the "close shaves," as he calls them, about which a pointsman does not care to speak until after he is out of the service, and not even then without a quickening pulse.

But the signalman must also be a man of resource and quick decision in presence of danger. Such cases as the following are not unknown:—(1) A long goods train starts from a station, but the guard's van and part of the train is left behind,

being "uncoupled." Buildings, or a bridge, or the smoke from his engine may obscure the engine-driver's view of the train, but the watchful signalman has detected what is wrong. With presence of mind, he violently works the distant signal which the engine is by that time approaching, attracts the driver's attention, and stops the dismembered train. Or again: (2) While attending to the arrival in the station of a passenger train, the pointsman is appalled as there strikes on his ear the dull sound of an approaching train from the opposite direction! He has certainly "taken on" no train, and the points are "set" for the departure of the passenger train. It must be some vehicles which have become detached from the rear of that train which was dispatched ten minutes since, but which are now rushing back down the gradient! Already they are approaching the points, but in a moment the signalman, realising the danger, has sprung to his levers, closed the line against the passenger train, and opened the catch-points into which the vehicles dash! Now there is nothing left of them but a heap of match-wood and twisted iron, but, thanks to the signalman, the precious lives in the passenger train are safe.

I claim with some reason to rank such men among our heroes; and let him first dispute the claim who can prove beyond a doubt that he owes *nothing* to their courage and devotion.

How they make their signals speak, so that all the world may hear, if all the world would but listen! How unfailingly we may rely on what they

say! We dare not disobey them without calamity to ourselves and others. And that is why, when I think of the pointsman, I am haunted by the suggestion he makes to me of things more hidden, yet more real. At one time he is Conscience personified, with its unmistakable voice of warning, or arrest, or approval. Anon, he speaks of the Will of a man, set high on the throne of his being, to control the decisions of his life. I think of the momentous issues which often flow from so small a choice—it may be but a thought or desire; and yet, it is discovered to be the taking of a tide at the flood or at the ebb. So with such thoughts I watch the stroke of the pointsman's arm, which may open the way either to safety or to destruction. The "points" he shifts are but blades of steel, narrowing to the keenest edge, and working in only a few inches of space. Yet, if one blade hugs close its rail, then all is well; but if the other,—then it were better for that man that he had never been born!

ROMANCE IN THE LOCOMOTIVE

REALISM and romance are poles apart in life and literature, and each has its devotees. Both no doubt are subjective, and depend upon the attitude of mind or the point of view taken. To many there is but a step between them, and he would seem to have the better part, whose appreciation can extend to both aspects of the same subject; who is ever awake to the practical, and yet can transform it with the poesy of his imagination, until it radiates with the light of romance.

There are few things which force their realism upon us so persistently as locomotive engines;—it seems to us to enshroud everything connected with them, like the smoke from their own funnels. To many people, engines are no more than conglomerations of dirty machinery—not to be dissociated in their minds from deafening din, foul smoke, oil, and evil odour. In the rush and hurry of these days, busy men step in and out of railway trains, too intent upon other things to give a thought to the agency which brings them to their destination. When the expected train pulls up at the station, no one looks at the engine; all attention is bent on getting a suitable carriage. Travellers by train usually have only the dimmest vision in their minds

of the giant that carries them along, and seldom think of it—except it be to grumble at the slowness of its speed or at its stoppages. To such people, bored past endurance by the aggravating staleness and humdrum of journeys by train, dazed and wearied by the rattle and jolting inseparable from this means of conveyance, which is now devoid of any interest—to them it may be like a ray of sunshine through fog to be reminded of a neglected side of the picture. Generally speaking, one cannot blame their condition of mind, but let them spare a moment to look at the matter through other eyes than their own. A general dull greyness is all that a painting may seem, until it is looked into, and our eyes become riveted upon subtle streaks of wondrous colour which seem to brighten even under our gaze.

It may appear paradoxical to say that anything so matter-of-fact and prosaic as an engine could savour of romance; but the host of sympathetic admirers of the locomotive will understand what I mean. The “romance” may not be apparent in the ugly old engines which do shunting in railway sidings, or in the clumsy ones which lumber along with mineral and luggage trains, or in fussy donkey-engines, or short-winded “hunchbacks.” I am thinking of the more heroic types in which elegance, power, and speed, unite to thrill the mind and awe the imagination. In the suggestion of such ennobling impressions to the mind by engines, not the least element is the fact that they are the creations of man, and that each engine is controlled by the master-hand

of one man. I claim also to rank the drivers of such engines among our brave men.

I am not an engine-driver myself, nor were any of my forbears, but I am fascinated by engines, and have an undying respect for engine-drivers. To me, engines are living things that speak, and know, and act. They seem the very embodiment of nobility, and strength, and courage. They are the personification of self-control, obedience, and patience. The express train is to me a triumph of genius, and I wonder when people do not lift their hats to it, as it thunders past. The amazement with which my ancestors beheld "Puffing Billy" making its historic first journey is paralleled only by my unbounded respect for its modern successors. I am almost credulous enough to believe the tale—American, of course—about the express which safely "took," at a speed of one hundred miles an hour, a broken bridge on which only the rails were left suspended!

Waiting at a railway station is a weariness of the flesh as a rule, but not if one has engines to see, and an imaginative and sympathetic eye with which to watch them. It might surprise some to know how many people go specially into a railway terminus for no other purpose than this. The centre of attraction is the great iron-horse standing at the head of a line of carriages, its painted surface polished and glistening, and its fittings of brass and steel brightly burnished. It certainly seems conscious of its importance, as well it may; its air-brake pulsing with vigorous pompous strokes, and

its escaping steam hissing from the valves, as if in impatience at delay, and in eagerness to be off. Suddenly it ceases its noise, as if aware that it must now settle to business. Then, the signal given, its whistle seems like the cry of a living thing; the giant sighs and breathes heavily, as if rousing itself, and—Oh! the awe and wonder of it!—begins to *move* before our eyes. Slowly at first, as if in make-believe that it felt the weight behind it troublesome, yet almost imperceptibly gliding into a quicker pace; it threads along through the network of rails, as if daintily picking its way, and at last it is fairly off, and we are left thoughtful and sorry. We have not watched the metamorphosis of a beautiful butterfly from its chrysalis with such all-absorbing interest as the sight above described. A child plays on the grass with a huge black beetle and a straw, and when it takes to itself wings—wings before unnoticed and undreamt of—and flies away, the child is helpless to prevent it with mute astonishment. Both butterfly and beetle are Nature's own;—then is it because this railway engine seems to have become assimilated to Nature that we are irresistibly drawn to it? The secret of what *life* is, Nature has wrapt in the innermost folds of her garment, and will not divulge it. Yet here we seem to see life and motion infused into the cold inanimate, and at the sight we are as if mesmerised.

We have all had occasion to join a train at a little wayside station of an evening, and as we approach the station we see that the signals "distant" and "home" have been lowered to "green," but we

do not hurry, for that must be for the express which passes in front of our train. There seems to be a stillness, as when a thunderstorm is in the air, and shortly we hear a low rumble, which, however, we know to be—not thunder—but the “fast” approaching. The sound increases, and now we can see the twinkle of its headlights, and the gleam from its furnace revealing clouds of smoke and lighting up the sky. “Stand back all!” cries the station official, and already we feel the ground and the buildings tremble. Then with a whizz and a roar it rushes past, hurled along a mile a minute by what seems like a snorting, hissing, shrieking fiend, let loose from another world! Enveloped in fire and smoke, it plunges madly into the darkness and disappears.

Comparatively few people who are not railwaymen have ever travelled on the engine of an express train, and only those who have can understand the sensations that then crowd in upon the mind unaccustomed to the experience. In the carriages the trustful passengers talk and smoke or doze over their newspapers, as if they sat in their arm-chairs at home. But as the train flies past, can you catch even a glimpse of the men in the engine, hard and continuously at work—the driver on the alert regulating his speed, his trusty henchman feeding the voracious furnace, or supplying the boiler from the tank? It is an inspiration even to see the train pass, and it is still more exhilarating and exciting to travel with it on the engine. In the daytime, the change of scene, as you rush on, is panoramic; in

the darkness of night, one feels the situation "uncanny" and eerie, and cannot rid the mind of dread of the many things that might happen. But for such feelings of the "lay" mind the driver has no leisure. It has happened that by a land-slip, rock and stones have fallen upon the line in front of an approaching train; that part of a tunnel has fallen in; that malicious persons have fixed railway "chairs" or other obstacles on the down-line at a curve; that cattle and even children (the driver has little ones of his own in his home) have strayed on to the line. These things he knows, but dare not think of. Honest John Willet of the "Maypole Inn" might have condemned him as one who "though he has all his faculties about him, somewhere or another, bottled up and corked down, has no more imagination than Barnaby has;" yet imagination is perhaps after all a faculty which were better to be in abeyance on the engine of an express train.

Then in thought transport yourself—for thought has, after all, the advantage in speed,—to the terminus at the other end of the trunk-line, awaiting the arrival of the train. Though you have looked many times in vain for it round the curve in the line, you find it gliding alongside the platform before you know. It seems conscious of achievement, and its short boastful funnel can ill hide its satisfaction. But the glowing red-hot door in front tells its own tale. Triumphant, stained, and grimy, and panting like a race-horse, it slows down, and sighs and stops;—its long journey is done.

Everything upon which the fringes of our life touch takes an impress from association with other ideas, which accordingly colour it with light or shade. Our tastes and dislikes would be often less pronounced than they are but for this. Those whose most vivid recollection regarding an engine is, that it was the means by which they sustained irretrievable loss, will fail—and excusably fail—to look upon it in any light but that of grim fatality. The engine's whistle may well seem to them a knell, and its throbbing like the flapping of Death's wings. Most people have had occasion to think of it as a ruthless monster, an ogre of destiny, separating hearts that for long had beat in unison. Such partings at a railway station have no place for aught save farewells and tears. The engine looms distantly in the background of each mind as the embodiment of a cruel inexorable Fate, and is thought of only to be hated. But no less does it seem to participate in times of happiness. Anon, it is a friend, playing a true friend's part, and we love it because it brings us our joys. Or is it taking us home or elsewhere that we long to be?—how bound up we are in the progress it makes; how slow it seems to go; what delay and catastrophe it would mean for us, if it should break down! Then, usually when the dream of joy is realised, we forget with heartless ease the means that brought it to pass. But let us think of it gratefully now, and gather up again the threads of the kindly fancies we were weaving in the train on our latest journey of gladness.

The poetic and artistic fancy usually seeks dramatic scenes and picturesque surroundings as fit setting for its heroes. We know to look for them in history, amid the strife of battle, and in all scenes of conflict. Heroes may be counted upon being found whenever there is sufficient background for the central figure; where event follows event in rapid succession, and action is animated; whenever the waves of circumstance rise mountains high to bear them on their crest. Yet the discerning eye sees a truer and less superficial artist in him who finds fit subject for his highest art in unlikely places, where it becomes his prerogative to reveal it to others as a discovery of his own. Rightly or wrongly our favourite heroes have always been soldiers; the flash from their swords has dazzled us, and transfigured them for all time in our eyes. Shall it always be so? Industrialism as well as militarism already claims her own brave men, and the victories of Peace her victors. Let us honour a hero in an engine-driver.

You will not hear the clank of his spurs; he has no crested plume, nor bright uniform, to attract notice; he is not at the head of a regiment of men. An engine-driver, apart from his engine, does not appeal to us. If we see him on the street, going to or from his work with his lunch basket swinging in his hand, he looks the commonest of mortals. He is oily and dirty; but he is like his work, and his heart and head are sound. My beau-ideal of an engine-driver is a rather short, grizzly-looking man, with scrubby iron-grey beard: he has lines on his

brow, his features are sallow, and his face is serious. There is shrewdness in the bend of his shoulders, and the grey eyes that look out from beneath his shaggy eyebrows are keen and intelligent. His short jacket is loose and glazed, and when not otherwise employed he keeps rolling round in his hands a piece of "waste," like a sailor his "quid" of tobacco. He is calm even to being stolid, yet in his actions he is not a second behind "scheduled time." He is alone but for his "mate," to whom he speaks little, and then only to the point.

When starting-time approaches, he descends from his "cab," and goes leisurely to see that the couplings of the engine to the front vehicle of his train are secured, and the brake and heating-tubes connected. If you casually try to enter into conversation with him then, he will civilly exchange a remark, but you will not find him very communicative at first; and the noise of the escaping steam makes conversation difficult. By slow judicious questioning you may learn that his "Westinghouse" is regulated by a "governor," or how the carriages are heated from the engine. He may admit that he does get a good shaking when running at speed; it is worst when he is going downhill, but is trifling when he has full steam on. Yes, he has been stuck in a snow-drift more than once, and his engine is worth seeing, he will tell you, when at length it has partly made its way through and partly been dug out. The engine is clogged, and banked to the top of the funnel with frozen snow; icicles hang from

many parts of it; and the "cab" is enveloped in a tarpaulin cover. From beneath this the driver, his ear-flapped cap pulled down over his brow, looks out at the side like any Eskimo out of his snow-hut. He jocularly remarks to you with a nod towards the dining-cars behind his engine, that he would not mind being snowed up with *that* train! But time is up, and he mounts his engine again.

From the moment when he opens the engine-throttle to start, his mind is on the alert, and dream or wander he dare not. He knows the ground in front of him, but cannot relax a tittle on that account. To a minute he is timed, and that time must be kept. He stands for hours, his hand now on the lever, now pressing the whistle-rod, now putting on the brake, and his eye steadily on the look-out ahead. At times he can see the line for miles in front in dull monotony. Now his engine may be straining up-hill, but anon he is rushing down inclines, round sharp curves, plunging into the inky darkness of tunnels, over dizzy viaducts, and bridges, and high embankments; now he is "taking points" at a speed which makes one hold one's breath; and now he rushes through villages and towns, and stations with busy platforms; always on and on, as fast as he dare. The time allowed him to go between certain points is rigidly fixed. If he is running late, he can make up time only at his peril.

The engine-driver cannot choose his conditions, and must go on in darkness and fog, through hurricanes, rain, or blinding snow-drift. He is

sheltered but little from the wind and the cold; but he is inured to the elements. A side-wind he hates, as it most retards his progress, and a fog is his most insidious and treacherous foe. Imagine the intrepid courage and the arduous watchfulness of the driver, who must go at speed with his train through a thick fog, which makes us walk at a slower pace even through the streets! By night his speed is not slackened, and his vigilance must be redoubled. By a sort of instinct he seems able to recognise the signals that are meant for him from rows and storeys-high of white, green, and red, which only amaze and bewilder the uninitiated. Few care to imagine what a mistake on his part with regard to signals would entail! Yet this only throws into relief the responsibility resting continually on the shoulders of this one man, to whom the passengers in the train have committed their lives, without ever having seen him in whom they put their trust. While they are all-unconscious of danger, his is the presence of mind and unflinching courage that must carry them safely through. He is of humble station, and only belongs to what is scornfully spoken of as the "black squad," but—he is a hero, every inch of him.

Our philosophers speculate upon the undreamt-of possibilities which may open up, as man further and yet further realises and exerts his power over Nature. Scientists and mechanics are continually snatching new prizes from the hand of Knowledge, and claiming for men the treasures hidden within her reluctant bosom. Let these smile at our rapture and

romancing, and again set to dreaming of the things that are yet to be. Welcome awaits these things when they come, but do not meantime rob us of the gossamer fancies and the idealic heroisms which we find in the possessions that we already have.

THE "UNDERSTUDY"

A LOCOMOTIVE FIREMAN

THE man who would be great, wisely seeks the company of great men. If he is honoured by their friendship, he unconsciously acquires dignity in speech and bearing from the very contact. If he has the spark of genius within himself, he will the sooner become a hero because he has shared a part of a hero's life. Even if he be destined never to attain to fame, some rays of reflected glory will fall upon him from his connection with one who has claimed and won men's honour. It will be told of him with discerning approval that he was the friend or companion—nay, even the servant—of a famous man.

Heroism may be displayed in many spheres of life; but there are certain kinds of employment which give greater scope than others for courage and daring of the kind that captivates the imagination of even the superficial and undiscerning. Hazard, endurance, responsibility, danger ever impending—these are the environment of heroism, its nursery, and its opportunity. Even among those callings which are generally admitted to be heroic, there are different grades. But whether it be for the sailor or the soldier, the miner or the railwayman, or others

less well known, though perhaps no less worthy, our admiration is always ready to be given.

All engine-drivers are not heroes, but they at least have the fitting environment, and many of them have put to their credit deeds of which any soldier might be proud. An engine-driver has not become what he is in a day; nor was ever driver entrusted with his hand upon the lever and a train behind him without first undergoing training and trials. The engine-driver has served long years of apprenticeship in gaining experience in the lower branches of work connected with locomotives.

As every engine-driver was once a fireman, so every fireman may be regarded as a potential engine-driver. He is a driver in the making. A fireman has, no doubt, duties and work all his own which are indispensable, but they also become illumined with a reflected glory when performed in conjunction with an engine-driver's work. Indeed, the fireman is almost unthinkable apart from the engine-driver; the one is the complement of the other.

One wonders whether it was pressure of circumstances, or fate, or choice, that first led the locomotive fireman to enter this calling. Was he, as it were, "baptized with fire"? Was his godfather a Titan, or was it from Tartarus that the guide of his destiny hailed? From his earliest days, when he stood and watched the trains pass, and afterwards "played at trains" in his father's back-yard, his mind has been set on his becoming an engine-driver one day himself.

During the whole of his apprenticeship, and

throughout years of toil as a fireman, the ideal of becoming a driver of an express engine remained before him, luring him on, buoying him up, and encouraging him to perseverance and devotion to duty. In many cases the ideal is realised to the full; in many others it is not. Many a fireman remains a fireman to the end of his days. But even so, his ideal has not been without its purpose and its profit.

The fireman has no "Alma Mater," except the locomotive workshops and the engine-shed. As a child, he knew the engine-shed only as "the place where the engines sleep." Now he enters its precincts feeling that at last he is making a start towards becoming an engine-driver. He soon becomes as black as any of "the black squad," and he glories in his blackness, as a warrior in his scars.

At first, everything is novel and wonderful, but after he has had played upon him every trick which his fellow-employees can devise, he settles down to stern work. Usually it is hard, and is frequently very nauseous. Choked-up furnaces and dirty boilers have to be cleaned out, and many a scald and bruise and wetting he gets at such tasks.

Loose bolts have to be tightened, broken ones replaced, clogged workings relieved, bars scraped, and everything cleaned and polished. In short, he has to perform the none too attractive duties of a "cleaner." Accident after accident occurs to these workers, averaging in the United Kingdom as many as four per day! Grimy and tired, and at war with himself and his surroundings he often feels; yet his trials are endured with fortitude. For, is he not

undergoing the probation through which every engine-driver of honoured name has passed? The better his service now, he remembers, the sooner will he be promoted to "the road."

Undoubtedly, there lies the beginning of the fascination—the endless, panoramic, exciting "road." Like the prairie to the hunter, or the ocean to the sailor, so is the iron road, with its double thread of glancing steel, to the man on a locomotive. Whilst he is still a cleaner, he covets every opportunity of driving the engines that come into the yard, though it be only to shunt them from one line on to another, or into the shed, or upon the turn-table, or along to the water-tank. He dreams the while that some day—although there is often a dreary heartbreaking wait for years—will find him no longer thirled to the depôt, but upon the freer, fuller life of service "on the road." He knows he will have to rough it there, and that long hours and hazardous tasks will be his portion. Yet the anticipation of the thrilling sense of fast locomotion and momentary change, the risks and the responsibilities which crowd even a fireman's life, make the blood of the humble cleaner pulse quickly through his veins.

If you have never travelled on an engine, you must at least have stood many a time on a railway bridge when a train passed. In the "cab" of the engine you see the driver at his post, his hand on the lever. The fireman is also at his, and he is on the outlook and keenly alive. If it be at night, you may see amid the enveloping smoke the dark figures of these two men lit up by the lurid glare of the

furnace. The flames from it, which seem to roll at their very feet, hint at some Inferno over which two Furies preside. Yet they are only two serious-faced men earning their bread by hard toil in working a locomotive engine.

In daylight, the fireman's eye searches the track ahead as far as he can see, with every curve of the line which brings it within the fireman's range of sight from his side of the engine. He observes the signals, as well as distances, and crossings, and various landmarks, thereby acting as a check upon the driver. The two men speak seldom, partly because conversation is difficult on account of the noise of the machinery, but also because it is not necessary—a nod, or glance, or the motion of a finger or a hand, being a more rapid and convenient exchange of thought.

The fireman has, however, many other duties to attend to. The boiler gauge must be carefully watched, and water has regularly to be run into the boiler from the tank. The hose for "watering" the coals in the tender; the steam-pipe for heating the carriages; the sand-box for "sanding" slippery rails; the communication cord from the carriages, are amongst the things that are under his care.

The stoking of the furnace is the heaviest part of the fireman's duty, and the one which is, of course, distinctively his own. When the engine is straining at the utmost tension on a steep gradient, the fireman must ply his shovel at frequent intervals. There is just room in the cab for him to turn, and he swings himself round between tender and furnace with each

shovelful of coals, the driver often assisting by opening and shutting the furnace door as each shovelful is thrown. Nor may the feeding of the voracious furnace be done in haphazard fashion; if it were, disastrous results might follow. Quickly though the coals are thrown, they have to be "placed," and for that a practised hand and eye are required. Consider also the amount of sheer toil which is entailed on a fireman who, in the course of a long day's running, and whilst the engine rocks and shakes, has to shovel into the furnace five to seven tons of coal! He must break down the larger lumps with his hammer; and drag forward the supplies; and sweep refuse off the floor of the cab each time he stokes. If you press him, he will also tell you frankly what he thinks of the quality of the coal which his railway company often supplies!

In summer, the heat in the "cab" is stifling, although the breeze which the motion of the engine makes tempers the heat somewhat. Yet the same airiness makes the cab a very cold place in winter, and even proximity to the furnace does not make it much warmer, for the heat of the furnace is partly drawn away from the "cab." The fireman cannot choose his conditions, however, and his work must be done in cold or warmth, in light or dark, in fog, rain, or sunshine.

Where watering-troughs are provided in the centre of the railway track, it is the fireman's duty to manipulate the apparatus by which the tank in the tender is refilled, and as this is done without the speed of the train being reduced, great care and

promptitude are demanded. Usually watering tanks are provided at stations, and then, as often as necessary, the fireman must climb upon the tender to take in the supply of water.

On railways where the tablet system of train-signalling is used (*i.e.* on single lines) it falls to the fireman to exchange tablets with the signalman in charge of each section of the line traversed. When the train is running at high speed, he exchanges tablets by means of the apparatus affixed to the side of the engine. But at stopping stations when the train passes the signal cabin or station (comparatively slowly, although quite fast enough as it seems) the fireman leans as far out of the cab as he can, and while with one hand he holds the tablet-ring or hoop, which is caught by the signalman, with the other arm held hookwise he catches upon it the tablet-ring held out to him by the signalman.

The fireman has also part of the oiling of the engine to do, and sometimes for this purpose he must proceed to the front of the engine, even when in motion, walking along a narrow footplate and holding on by a handrail. He must also attend to the lighting and placing of the lamps on the engine. He must burnish the levers and other parts of the machinery, and keep the windows, benches, floor, and everything in and about the cab clean. Under his control also is the strong hand-brake which acts upon the wheels of the tender. If he be a fireman on the engine of a goods train, he will have to spend many an hour working this brake during shunting operations, and communicating to the driver with

wearying monotony the signals he receives from the shunters or pointsmen.

When his engine has to be coupled or uncoupled, or when the brake hosepipe on the engine has to be connected or disconnected, it is often the fireman who does it. When the train is stationary, there are only the ordinary risks in doing this; but it becomes more perilous when the train is in motion.

Before Board of Trade regulations became so stringent—if he happened to be fireman on the foremost of two engines on a train which was approaching the station at which his engine (the "pilot") was to be detached without stopping or reducing the speed of the train, the manœuvre was as follows: The driver of the pilot engine partly shut off steam so as to slacken the coupling, and at the right moment the fireman of the second engine, who had meantime gone to the front of it, released the coupling; this done, the pilot engine immediately forged ahead at a higher rate of speed than the train, and ran on to a "loop" line, in time to admit of the "points" being shifted, and to enable the train to proceed without loss of a moment's time. The passengers on the train knew nothing of what had transpired, however, nor had they valued the intrepidity of the fireman who played so important and hazardous a part in the manœuvre.

A fireman must be a man of quick resource, for is he not soon to be in command of an engine himself? Many a time have accidents been averted through the intelligent assistance rendered by a fireman. He is ready to plan and to consult with his "chief," who, if he be a wise man, will not slight

the suggestions made to him. Many an unrecorded act of bravery stands to the credit of a fireman. For example, if you had been at a certain terminus some years ago, when a particular train arrived, you would have been astonished to see the fireman standing in the very front of the engine. He was holding an iron bar against the front of the broken door beneath the funnel, thus keeping the door shut. For many miles he had in that way kept the door in position, while smoke and sparks flew around him, and had thus enabled the engine to bring the train-load of passengers to their journey's end!

Between the driver and his "mate" there is generally a good understanding. The fireman respects and obeys the directions of his chief as loyally as any soldier his superior officer. Each knows the other's mettle, and neither is independent of the other's service. The fireman must yield the palm on the point of experience, but both of them are brave men.

Let us go again and watch them start with the "express." The fireman has already been more than an hour on duty, preparing for the journey, and is busy with final preparations amid the hissing sound of escaping steam. The driver stands on the platform beside the engine waiting the signal to start. The driver is the "first" man on the train. For the time being he has an importance far excelling that of the wealthiest financier, the merchant prince, the savant, the legislator, or the artist. Of necessity the driver is the leader, and all the passengers and the other railway servants are his willing

followers. At length the signal is given, and the driver nods to his mate. The latter blows the whistle and opens the "throttle," and the train moves away. The driver meantime has gravely mounted the engine with a last glance at the train behind, and, with a dignity all his own, assumes the command. Then in imagination we follow the train (in the words of Mrs. Browning's poem) through

"The liberal open country and the close,
And shot through tunnels, like a lightning wedge
By great Thor-hammers driven through the rock,
Which, quivering through the intestine blackness, splits,
And lets it in at once; the train swept in
Athrob with effort, trembling with resolve,
The fierce denouncing whistle wailing on
And dying off smothered in the shuddering dark,
While we, self-awed, drew troubled breath, oppressed
As other Titans underneath the pile
And nightmare of the mountains. Out, at last,
To catch the dawn afloat upon the land!"

FROM GOODS YARD TO GUARD'S VAN

“*A Shunter Killed.*—While shunting at — Station yesterday, William Turner, aged forty, was crushed to death between two trucks. Turner leaves a widow and two children.”

Scarcely a week elapses without such a paragraph appearing in some newspaper, and it has become so commonplace that the reader skims over it as being one of the least interesting or important items of news. Yet within its four lines lies a tragedy, and it sets forth in baldest terms the close of a life of hazardous duty. How often the event happens and passes unchronicled anywhere, unless it be in “the Book that is opened”! Who cares? Another man is sent to take the place of him who worked there yesterday, and the shunting goes on as noisily as before.

But the shunter is a man whose history and training are worth knowing, so that his often untimely end may evoke at least a touch of sympathetic feeling in others. It is true that he is only a shunter, and in the railway service he occupies a place among the lowly. He is also a man, however, with standards of conduct, ideals, affections, and ties of kinship; and—if for no other reason than for his service to his country’s industry and

commerce—he deserves to be better known than he usually is.

He probably began his railway connection as a porter in the goods-shed at a station where the products of the soil and of manufacture are received and dispatched by rail. He there becomes familiarised with the various kinds of goods dealt with; he is taught to recognise the urgency in transit required by perishable goods and other kinds of merchandise, and the usual destinations to which certain kinds of goods are dispatched. He learns the main functions which railways perform as the carriers of a nation's commerce, and the links of supply and demand, established by proximity to a railway line, connecting the most distant and sleepy villages with the thronging centres of city activity.

He handles bales and boxes, bundles and barrels, of every description. He takes and gives delivery of goods to traders or carriers, and his eyes must be quick to detect flaws in packing, breakages, or mis-carriages of any kind. His evidence may be required, and may be the only evidence available, in the countless disputes and claims which daily arise between traders and the public generally and the railway companies, as to delays in transit, damage to goods, and the like. He may have to support claims for demurrage made by the railway company against tardy traders who neglect or delay to unload the wagons bringing goods to them. His sphere of work is on the floor of the goods-shed and beside the lorries, vans, and carts which come and go there, or else it is on the adjacent loading-bank. He

is concerned for the present with the contents of wagons rather than with the movements of the wagons themselves. He assists sometimes with the loading or unloading of cattle or sheep. He may be set to count the sheep as they crush or leap past when being driven into the trucks, and this is indeed a difficult task.

Thus his long day, consisting of at least a round of the clock, is filled up, and at night he goes home to his wife and children tired enough. Then supper, a wash, and a smoke; and of a night in spring or summer he will have a change of work in tending his little strip of garden ground, in which he takes pride. He has then some leisure to be the husband and father at his home, and to be more of the man and less of the employee; until, with another morning's dew, he is again on his way to the depôt, there to earn another day's wages by help of which his home may be held together.

But a change of work comes, and he leaves the goods-shed, and goes out into the yard. A station yard is one of the busiest of places. There is the constant ingoing and outgoing of trains to and from the station, sometimes singly and at other times two or three together, now with a rattling or thudding noise, now with a swishing, sweeping sound, with every variation of speed, in this case with steam off, and in that case snorting and straining with ever-increasing pressure. There are the two main currents of traffic flowing hither and thither, but there are also the incessant local movements of traffic, as it were in the eddies of the streams. Shunting engines

hurry from point to point, from one line of rails to another, lifting, depositing, joining up, or breaking away trains and vehicles of every description. A station yard is like the vestibule or quadrangle of a great building upon which open all the outlets and inlets, all the halls or corridors within and around. Within the station itself no marshalling of traffic is allowed to be done, and only "the finished article" in the way of trains is found there. The arrangement and planning of traffic is all done outside the station proper, and this is, of course, the principal function of a yard.

Looking across the yard at any point, all the rails seem strewn in inextricable confusion. At some places the even pairs of lines are easily distinguishable, but at other places they seem to have no connection with one another, or to lie too close together or too far apart. Here they seem to overlap, to double and swerve off, there to twist and turn and disappear in the formation of "diamonds," "loops," "scissors," and "double rails." It seems hopeless to unravel the tangle; but when studied, the whole is found to be arranged in immaculate order and precision almost to a hair's-breadth. Sweep your eye over a wider area and begin at one or other side of the yard, and study the rails, not in a heap, but pair by pair. Follow each through its course, and observe how it must accommodate itself to others which cross its path, linking or blending, according as the necessities of the whole scheme demand, and being willingly superseded, and handing on to others missions which circumstances forbid

that it should itself fulfil. Thus, in life, do we get only sectional glimpses into the minds and hearts of our fellows, by words, speeches, letters, or actions, which leave us puzzled and irritated as they confront us in a tangled skein of inconsistencies. Could we but obtain a view of a wide span of their lives, and trace, in their origins and settings and ultimate motives, the words or deeds which perplex us, then we should judge them more justly than we are accustomed to do.

Like this part of the railway yard, only bits of things in life do we see at a time. We get lost in the groups of parenthetical and subordinate clauses in the sentence, and cannot follow the connecting thought which brings it to a clear issue at the end. Immersed in the details of the patches of our lives which we live at a time—in all their seeming contradictions and thwartings, their repressions and side-tracks, their misunderstandings and entanglements, their eclipses and defeats—we have no wide view of the whole. So we fail to spell out of the chaos of event any coherency or destiny. Of this maze of strange unlooked-for happenings in life, or the purposeless dulness of automatons' labour, the committals to policy or party, and the unconscious crystallising of definite lines of thought or action—of these we see but fragments at a time, and know not whence or whither they tend. If our lives had but frequent pinnacles from which with clearer eyes we could view their whole extent, some of their confusion and hopelessness would vanish. We may at least surely grasp a dominating

purpose here and there—our worthier ambitions and our best principles—and following them out as far as strength of will and grace of heart support us, we may make of our lives a well-ordered whole.

In the yard the duties of the shunter have to do with putting in train for their destinations the vans and wagons he used to help to fill. In a large yard he may be only one of a number of shunters or marshalmen, and if so, he is under directions from his foreman. No doubt, whilst working in the goods-shed he has become well acquainted with the times of departure and arrival of the various goods trains at the station, as well as the destination, stops, and denomination (whether fast or slow) of each. All this knowledge is now invaluable to him when he comes to take part in the actual marshalling of the trains.

If wagons must be shunted in order to be in readiness for certain trains which only pass and do not start from the station, then he must see that they are marshalled in proper order into a convenient lie in good time for being “lifted” by the train when it comes in. Some trains are made up in and start from his own yard, and he must see that the wagons in the shed, at the loading bank, and in the lies are all timeously collected and arranged according to their destinations upon the line from which the train will start. A guard's van must be shunted at the end of the train, and if it be of considerable length a brake van must be put in the middle of the train.

Probably the shunting operations are carried out

with the aid of a "donkey" engine (in some of the smaller goods yards a horse is used for shunting two or three wagons at a time). The heavy engine which is to go with the train must be shunted out from the engine shed, or the coaling bank, or the water tank, and put at the head of the train, all in good time for starting at the appointed minute.

Is the shunter sure now that every coupling is securely linked up in this train which has been made up of so many fragments? Has some wagon in an out-of-the-way corner of the yard been neglected, requiring to be hurriedly shunted into its place at the last moment? Are all the hand-brakes on the wagons "off" now, for they have been in frequent use during the marshalling operations? Is he sure that that high and bulky load of hay or straw is still firmly and exactly poised on the wagon; and that no loose or disarranged timber-logs on that other wagon protrude too far? For this train will in its journey meet other trains, some of them passenger expresses, on the double line, and there is undoubted danger and risk of catastrophe should anything protruding from this train strike another train in passing. Are all the cattle and sheep in these trucks standing on their feet, for if any of them have fallen down there is great danger of their being injured? The shunter may not be responsible for seeing that all these matters are attended to, but they are all directly or indirectly connected with his shunting operations, and they are so much under his eye that he might find it difficult to evade responsibility if anything did go wrong.

Everything is ready at last, the "checker" has been along the train marking in his note-book the particulars on the ticket-labels on each wagon; the guard and the brakesman are by their vans; it is now "on time"; and they give the signal. The engine whistles for the starting-signal to be lowered, and this done, the engine starts. It brings the whole train gradually into motion, with that link-link-linking up of wagon after wagon, and straining of the coupling rods and springs, which is peculiar to the starting of goods-trains of which the couplings are long and loose. Then it rumbles noisily past, with increasing speed, every pair of wheels jolting over the spaces at the joinings of every rail, and as we look at the train, it is out of the station and away!

Of course in the case of goods trains arriving at the station, the processes above described are reversed, for the train has to be "broken up" as it were, and its wagons distributed to the places in the yard appropriate to them. It may be that a train arriving from one direction may approach down an incline to the station which is its terminus, and come to a stop, not within the station, but upon the incline; and the train is distributed from that point. The shunters come up from the yard, and co-operate with the brakesman. First, the engine leaves the train, which is then kept in position by the brakes in the vans, and then the wagons by twos and threes are detached; they descend by force of gravity, and run into their respective lies in the yard. All that is needed is that the points be shifted with each operation, and that each set of wagons

detached be sent into the yard in charge of a shunter who "brakes" their speed as required. Finally, the guard's van comes slowly down the incline into the yard, and the train, as such, is no more!

Our dreamers imagine a future age in which most of the thunderous noise and friction, the jolting and jarring now associated with train-working will be done away with. In that epoch, passenger trains will glide silently and smoothly along at great speed, and even goods trains will be propelled with a minimum of din, and tear and wear. As yet there seems little effort made to minimise these defects, in regard to goods traffic at least. Perhaps it is thought that it does not very much matter, and that even if it did, the defects are unavoidable owing to the nature of the traffic which is carried. One can distinguish miles away the noise made by a goods train from that made by a passenger train, simply from the thudding noise caused by the fast motion of the vehicles, heavily built and loaded, and loosely coupled. In shunting operations, a goods train is unmistakable! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! go the wagon buffers against one another as the engine brakes are applied, or when the engine is reversed and "backed," and with many a creak and groan, the lumbering vehicles are urged up and down the line. There is indeed room for much improvement in regard to "rolling-stock" for conveyance of goods traffic!

In broad daylight the continuous shunting operations (only one fraction of which is here indicated) may be carried through without great

risk to the shunters. But it must be remembered that the greater part of the goods traffic on a railway is conducted in the evening and during the night, for the obvious reason that the lines are then comparatively free of passenger traffic, and that the convenience of senders and receivers of goods is thereby suited. Desultory shunting is, of course, always going on in a busy yard, but it is in the dusk of evening or the darkness of night that most shunting must be done. The risks for the shunters are then increased tenfold, notwithstanding the bright lamps with which goods yards are generally lighted. Shunting must, of course, also go on in all weathers, in fog, wind, rain, snow, or frost.

The shunter's only "tools" are a strong five-foot pole with an iron hook at the end of it, and at night a lamp with red and green glass in it. For the rest, he must use his own hands and arms—his arms to wave signals to the engine-drivers, and his hands to work the ball-points, or the brakes on wagons, and often to fasten or loosen their couplings. The use of the pole is, of course, to enable him in greater safety to couple and uncouple wagons from the side without going in between the wagons to do so, but there are many occasions when he cannot use his pole.

Watch him as he signals an engine, with some wagons behind it, slowly back into a lie to pick up two vans standing there. Now the buffers have met, and he hitches up the coupling of the van with it in order to catch the hook on the wagon. This time—although not often—he misses! Again

he tries with the same result, because the hook has a narrow "mouth"; and as he signals the engine to back still further in order to catch up the vans, which have moved slowly backward, he throws down his pole and steps quickly into the four-foot way between wagon and van and couples them up with his hands. You see how he stepped in adroitly under the very "noses" of the buffers; the space between the vehicles is just barely enough for the breadth of a man; he is being hustled backwards as he fastens the couplings; and he must get outside again somehow.

Have you any doubt now that his calling is hazardous? Do you grudge him a pension at the age of seventy? How careful he must be that he does not at that moment trip on the cross-bar of any points there may be at that place; how agile he must be in crawling out below the buffers and behind or in front of the moving wheels. Many a knock and bruise he gets, and many a time his head meets a sharp edge through his not having "ducked" far enough. He does not hesitate or think of the risks, but signalling to the engine-driver to start for the other end of the yard, he leaps up on the grease-box or brake-rod of the nearest wagon, and clings to the side of it until the right place for stopping is reached.

He may have to execute what is known as a "throw" of these two vans. He uncouples them, and the engine-driver, acting on the urgent signalling of his arms, backs the engine with full pressure for thirty or forty yards, and then applies his brakes sharply. The result is to stop the engine and the

wagons attached to it. (though with not a little straining on the couplings) while the uncoupled vans with the impetus thus given run on into the appropriate lie.

Again, in order to save time, he may arrange to draw forward at the same time different sets of wagons from two lies which are close to one another. He attaches a strong rope with an iron hook at either end of it, from one set of wagons to the other; the engine pulls both forward, and whenever the engine with the first set of wagons has passed the points where the double lines run into one, the shunter very quickly shifts the points during the short "rope-space," and thus enables the second set of wagons to run into the same line with the first, and they are then coupled together.

Sometimes a truck runs off the rails, and the shunter's troubles then are not light. "Jacks" have to be got, and placed, and adjusted and readjusted. The trucks (which seem so heavy and cumbrous when off the rails in contrast with their mobility when on the rails) have then to be, as it were, coaxed or decoyed upon the rails, but it is often only after much persuasion and many failures that this is accomplished.

Such are the manœuvres in which the shunter is constantly engaged—and, as we have said, for a large part of the time in the dark. The goods-yard is a network and maze of lines of rails, strewn with ball-points, buffer-stops, signals, and check-rails. In an important goods-yard where a number of shunters are employed, various marshalling operations are

being carried out at the same time in close proximity to each other. There are moving engines and wagons in every direction, some attached and others seeming to travel of their own accord with no particular destination. There is such a confusion of noises—the whistling of engines, the hissing of their steam, the rattling, creaking, and jerking of wagons—the shrill whistles or shouting of the shunters as they signal or give directions, now to one another, now to the engine-drivers, or again to the men in the signal-cabins. *Cave!* Amidst all this noise and distraction, how stealthily does an engine or a truck creep along the rails, sometimes overtaking a man who for the moment has had his attention diverted or sunk in weariness! The risks which the men run are patent. A stumble, a false step, a lurch, a mistaken signal, a second's delay in stepping between moving wagons, a slip as he stands with one foot on the grease box or brake-rod of a wagon—it is only such infinitesimal mishappenings which so often cost the shunter the loss of his limbs or his life. But let him long be spared to home and duty, this man who with the word of command marshals and arranges trucks and engines in a railway yard, as an officer drills his men on the parade ground. For the perspiration which so often stands on his brow we honour him, because it is the sign of toil honestly and bravely done, adding his quota to the work of the railway, of the State, and of the world. Let him marshal well his wagons, for so he may arrange his own destinies. His reward may deservedly be to be raised to higher and yet higher

rank in the service, and become a marshaller of large concerns.

His first step of promotion may be to become a brakesman on the goods trains on the line. He is then a travelling marshalman, as it were. He can no longer always sleep at nights in his own home, for more often than not he will be travelling all night in his brake-van. Long before the starting-time of the train which he is to accompany, he must report himself at the yard and make himself acquainted with the prospective "load" of the train, and with the plan of arrangement of the wagons, according to their destinations. He may even have to assist the yard shunters in finally getting the train into order for starting. He may have to take sole charge of the train, or if it be a long one, he will be accompanied by a guard, to whom he will act as "mate." The guard has his van at the rear of the train, while the brakesman has his about the middle. As both the guard's van and the brake-van are more heavily built than any of the other vehicles, and as they are equipped with strong hand-brakes, these vans have a steadying and controlling power over the whole train. The guard and the brakesman are able to co-operate to some extent with the engine-driver in regulating the speed, (for example, by applying their brakes when the train is running down gradients or approaching stations), and this is very necessary in view of the fact that a goods train cannot be connected by continuous and simultaneously acting brakes on each vehicle, as is the case with passenger trains. On either side of the

brake-van there is a small protruding outlook window, with a seat in it, which enables the brakeman to keep his eye on the fore and back parts of the train as it speeds along. There are similar outlook windows on the guard's van; but on some railway systems these are raised above the roof of the van (like a miniature lighthouse), and thus the guard gets a view of the entire train at once and of both sides of it. He could see at once if anything were going wrong, *e.g.* a heated axle, a wagon of straw set on fire by a spark from the engine, or, worst of all, a wagon jumping the metals. One who has never travelled in one of these vans can have little conception of the oscillation and rattling and bumping of them, and once experienced they are not soon forgotten. Yet these guards and brakemen spend half of their lives travelling in them. Of course the men get accustomed to the discomforts, otherwise these would be utterly unbearable, but the discomforts exist all the same. At night it is a weird sensation to sit high up in the "lighthouse" windows, the guard beside you leaning on the wheel of his brake, like the steersman on a ship. Behind is pitchy darkness, with but a glimmer afforded by the tail-lamp upon the rails, from which the train seems to be fleeing as from some pursuers. Far ahead there is the flashing glow from the furnaces of the engines, which seems to light up the clouds overhead, and casts a lurid, uncanny glare upon the woods and rocks around. Onward the engines rush, and we—invincibly bound by bonds of steel as if at the mercy of some remorseless Fate—rush onward too.

James Thomson's poem comes back to our recollection :

“ As we rush, as we rush in the train,
 The trees and the houses go wheeling back,
 But the starry heavens above the plain
 Come flying on our track.

All the beautiful stars of the sky,
 The silver doves of the forest of night,
 Over the dull earth swarm and fly,
 Companions of our flight.

We will rush ever on without fear
 Let the goal be far, the flight be fleet !
 For we carry the heavens with us, dear,
 While the earth slips from our feet ! ”

We follow the belching smoke and the dancing lights of the engines along the levels, up the steeps, and round sharp curves, and then plunge after them into deep cuttings or inky tunnels, where for the time we can see them no more. We can scarcely repress a shudder there, for the terror and darkness of a coal mine are combined with the swinging abandon of express speed. But ere we come out again into the open, the brakes on our van have gripped the wheels, the sparks fly from the metals, and we know that the guard and controller of the train is beside us.

At many of the stations along the route the brakeman has to carry out shunting operations in “ lifting ” or leaving wagons. The journey is otherwise tedious to him, for he becomes largely insensible to the risks. At several points the train has to be switched off the main line, and cautiously let into a loop or side line, there to wait until

the night expresses shall overtake it; and they pass on the main line like storms of thunder with lightning flashes. The brakesman occupies the time of waiting in refilling his bottle of drinking water at a station tap, and then his train proceeds whenever the express has passed beyond the next "section." The journey at length comes to an end, but he may have to remain for some time beside his train until it is disposed of. If the station is a general one and the meeting place of several railway companies, then he will have to deliver to each company the wagons carried by his train, which are bound for stations on its line. This may take a good deal of time and shunting, but his work is done at last and he goes home to rest.

In course of time the brakesman will become a goods guard, and, later, he may be promoted to the position of a "passenger" guard, with corresponding rises of pay. He gets a smart uniform, for his work as a passenger guard is cleaner than that of a goods guard, and he must now attend to appearances, since he is much in the eyes of the public. Not a little of the popularity of a railway company with the travelling public depends upon the general appearance, deportment, and manners of the guards on its trains. If they are attentive to the wants of the passengers, helpful in the thousand-and-one difficulties and uncertainties connected with railway travelling, it is remembered to the railway company for righteousness. The passenger guard finds himself in a position of considerable responsibility and authority—although the wage he receives

may not be thirty shillings a week! His functions in general are the same as when he was a goods guard, but his conditions and environment are improved. His train "loads" are no longer the conglomerations of trucks, wagons, and vans, with all their motley cargoes. His trains now are composed principally of passenger carriages of different kinds, with one or two luggage vans distributed over the train, and at times a horse-box or fish-truck is attached. His journeys may not be shorter, but at least they will be accomplished in very much less time. Instead of being kept in the background, in goods-yards and sidings, he appears on station platforms in the forefront of affairs. He is in the midst of life and bustle. *En route* he is kept busy in his van, not only in keeping a look-out, but also, it may be, in sorting out the invoices or waybills for parcels carried in the van, or in arranging luggage in places near the door convenient for being taken out at each station as it is reached.

There is, however, one thing for which a railway passenger guard finds it hard to be forgiven, viz. failure to start his train in time. Whatever be the hurry and business of the platform, he must work with his eye frequently upon his watch or the clock. As starting time approaches, he must accelerate matters on the platform;—the stowing away of luggage, and the seating of passengers must be hastened. The guard knows that the engine-driver is also thinking of starting time, and is on the look-out for signals from him. The first one he gives is with his white flag, so that the driver may test

the connection of the air brakes between his van and the engine throughout the whole length of the train. This is, of course, a vital precaution to take. Only a minute or two remain after this, during which the ticket-collectors complete their round of the train; belated passengers and luggage are hurried forward, and carriage doors are shut,—all more or less under the supervision of the guard, who steps briskly up and down the platform, whistle and green flag in hand. The next moment he gives the signal, and the train moves quickly away. It begins to move almost as one mass, for the couplings of the carriages are screwed up tightly and closely. The guard firmly grasps the hand-rail of his van as it passes him, and jumping on to the foot-board, mounts into his van. Seldom has a guard ever got aboard his train until it is in motion! Sometimes he has come by a mishap in doing so, and there is always a certain element of risk involved.

It is with bated breath that we speak of how the guard has acquitted himself in circumstances of emergency when accidents have unfortunately occurred. When disaster has overtaken his train, he has done his best to minimise the extent of the catastrophe by his quick and persistent application of the brakes, when he might well have leaped from the train to save himself. He has rushed down the line and stopped an oncoming train which might otherwise have dashed into the wreckage. He has heroically stuck to his post, and he has displayed coolness and courage in danger. "As his part is that goeth down into the battle, so shall his part be that abideth by the stuff."

RAILWAY STATIONS, IN AND ABOUT THEM

WHEN one enters the precincts of a railway station, the mind, perhaps unconsciously, becomes impressed by the sense of immensity and importance and of the zest of life in the place. True, one becomes hardened to such influences. The business man hurrying to catch a train; the woman with children and luggage to look after; nay, all who must rush to stations and trains, laden ever with the toils of life, have little heart to share in such thoughts and feelings. Yet, in their times of less strain, let them think of the fascination which may invest a great railway station. Let them enter it now with leisured step and awakened interest, and minds alert upon the greatness of common things. It is mainly the human interest to be found in and about a railway station which is the secret of its fascination. Who hath eyes to see, will see. Retire then, Spirit of the Age, to whom the clank of metal and the roll of wheels is everything, and let the deeper, gentler thoughts of Romance have play.

Not far from the place where a London terminus stands, we can imagine the stage-coaches of olden days drawing up on their arrival from the north. With reeking team of horses and a clatter of hoofs, and a

final flourish of the whip, they end the last stage of the long journey from Scotland which extended over several days and nights. The driver descends from his box-seat, and the weary travellers leave the coach, and find themselves at last—in London! Look at their quaint-cut coats and dresses, and their quainter hats; listen to their old-world talk, as they exchange news, public and private, which may be a week old and yet the latest from the north or south. There is amongst them the same animation and stolidity, good humour and bad humour, gaiety and sourness of manner—all much as we find them to-day, yet without that fevered rush in which we seem to do everything nowadays. What a far cry it seems back to these old days, and yet we do well not to forget them as we stand now on the threshold of a busy modern railway station. The memory of them may serve to stir our imagination; it may relieve the tension at which we now live; or it may prompt a kindlier or more sympathetic word and look, as we move among the people of our own time.

An apt criticism has sometimes been made regarding glass-covered stations, that they resemble nothing more nearly than “a conglomeration of hothouses.” The resemblance mentioned must be apparent, no doubt, particularly to those who live in the high buildings overlooking the station, or to passing airmen. If a new city were being planned upon unoccupied ground and in it a great railway station were to be erected, it is possible that the architectural form of that station might be different from stations as we know them, and hothouse-like

glass roofs might be obviated. But existing conditions must always rule; and those who planned the roofs in most stations have with practical good sense made them so that they admit an abundance of light and are durable, while at the same time of not unpleasing appearance. Nowadays, airy, well-lit, expansive structures have replaced most of the dingy, smoke-laden, and cramped railway stations of earlier times. Wide and long platforms, roomy entrance halls, and convenient and systematic arrangement of "docks" have now a place in all modern station designs.

It is the aim of railway companies to build their great stations in a city as near as possible to a main thoroughfare. At such points of vantage they can both "tap" the passenger traffic, and suit the convenience of the public.

In some towns one is made aware of the proximity of a great railway station by the well-known evidences of it which are within easy sight and hearing from the thoroughfares. In many cities, however, both in this country and on the Continent, one finds handsome station buildings of elaborate architecture, and their frontages and *propylea* might rank honourably with municipal buildings or city halls.

Thus St. Pancras Station, London, heralds itself from afar by its magnificent buildings. It has for frontage towards Euston Road a large hotel, which, rising in a massive pile of buildings, arrests attention. The general architecture is of the Decorated Gothic period, and the building is surmounted at one end

by a clock tower, and at the other by high turrets of fine workmanship, which give distinction and finish to the whole. Very few railway stations in this country have so fine buildings as St. Pancras, and still fewer have in front so ample an esplanade from which to be displayed. The hotel stands on elevated ground forming a private terrace, set back from, but overlooking, the busy thoroughfare of Euston Road. There are no large buildings abutting on the hotel buildings which might dwarf or detract from the palatial appearance of the hotel. Besides the open spaces, trees, and garden ground in front of the hotel, a broad roadway sweeps round the south-east corner of the building up a gentle slope, and thus æsthetic taste and fitness are satisfied. Whatever disagreeable features may be associated with a railway station are hidden by these buildings, and one may only at first guess what lies beyond. Smoke of engines is not seen, nor is the noise of trains heard, to any disturbing extent.

Within the station, one is impressed into silence for the moment by its expansiveness. Overhead is the great vault of glass and iron, 100 feet high and nearly 700 feet in length, stretching in one immense graceful span from side to side of the station. It is not a Crystal Palace, and yet its whole appearance seems at once to give a sense of uplifting of mind and expanse of idea. One thinks with admiration of the daring genius that nearly half a century ago planned and built this colossal arch. The station does not claim to be modernly built, but one thinks with all the more respect of the foresight

and imagination of those who, in building it, provided a station which should fulfil all its functions; even under the increased stress of modern life so many years later.

Or let us think of Euston Station, London. What London is in the world of cities Euston is amongst railway stations. Its glory is no doubt reflected to a certain extent from its close association with the metropolis. It is by no means the largest of railway stations, but there is a distinction even about its name which is eloquent of its importance and fame. All the world has been there, and will be again. It connects with the metropolis the most important towns in the United Kingdom. Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, and Belfast are all linked up with Euston by the main trunk line to the north. We are near the "hub" of railway affairs when we are at Euston. When we would speak of the stir of hurrying thousands of passengers, the quick handling and despatch of traffic, the pulse and zest of railway working—all within the metropolitan zone—we name Euston. It is a name to conjure with.

No one visits railway stations to study architecture! Nevertheless, the famous Doric arch at the main entrance to Euston Station should be seen by all who can appreciate fine structures. If they have an eye for beauty of curve and line, and purity of design, they will find in this Grecian propyleum a structure which will gratify their sense of elegance. It excels as a specimen of Grecian

by architecture because of the purely classical nature of its design. It is high and massive, and bold in conception; the Grecian outline is preserved entire, and is remarkably simple in design—even approaching severity. The intermediate columns (which are not monoliths, but are built in courses) were at their date the largest in London. Across the top are carved out, in sombre severity befitting the architecture, the magic letters EUSTON. There are two lodges, or offices, connected with the arch, intermediate to which and in combination with the whole are lofty and ornamental iron gates. Many modern stations have frontages of more imposing and pretentious dimensions than Euston, but in some cases they are of outrageous architecture. There are more valuable features in architecture than mere height or showiness. Euston is chaste and classic in its exterior and main approach. In coming to its Doric arch and passing between the colonnades of it into the square within, one could imagine oneself entering the quadrangle of an old university.

Yet how few travellers, when either arriving at or departing from Euston, have eyes to look at its beauties. The covers of hackney coaches and taxicabs confine their range of vision, and so things worth studying are never seen. Our sympathies go out to tired travellers, arriving after a long journey, only too glad to get out of the precincts of the station. Or, can we blame them, when *en route* for departure by train, if they are too engrossed with the details connected with that, to have time

or inclination to admire the architecture and general merits of the railway station? But when next we go to meet a train bringing us expected friends, and we have arrived at the station with a margin of time to spare, we shall find ourselves repaid if we occupy the time in examining all the interesting things to be seen at this station.

From some sequestered village in the country wilds to a city terminus may seem a far cry. But even a wayside station has interest and attractiveness closely akin to those of a great metropolitan station. To village people the station is the centre of importance, because through its means they may touch at least the fringes of the wider and busier life which lies beyond their ordinary sphere. Slight though it may be, there is a thrill in that touch. It may be felt only by the message boys, the artisans, the farm labourers, and others who frequent a wayside station of an evening when the last train arrives from the junction. Even to them the station and the arrival of the trains speak of worlds of life beyond, yet whose sounds they cannot hear. If the spirit of ambition or adventure lurks in their blood, it is to the railway station they go, as the place where the life they would know seems to come in to them in the eddy of its stream. There the bustle, the news, the travellers, and the trains carry suggestions to their imaginations and spur their laggard minds to think. They watch the "tail-lights" of the departing train disappear, and their thoughts leap ahead into the distant world. They feel that there their life would be freer of restraint, their

faculties have fuller play, and their horizon be wider than that which is formed by the hills around their quiet village. The day comes when they too take their places in the train in the grey light of morning, and ere nightfall find themselves set down amid the glare, the noise, and the bewilderment of a city railway station.

Our minds are impressed by the significance and importance of such a terminus as, say, Euston. We remember how it links up Scottish enterprise, industry, and sentiment with those of England by a direct line. On the other hand, it carries northwards London and other merchandise; it spreads the news and thoughts of the world and the modifying influences of southern parts. Thus, like the coursing of blood through the veins and arteries of a man's arm, the railway trains pulsate back and forward continuously along the trunk line between Euston and Scotland. Trains laden with passengers, goods or mails throb along the line ceaselessly, whether it be in the interchange of English and Scottish commerce and mail bags, or the going and coming of business men, professional men, industrial magnates, tourists or working men belonging to both countries.

As we come within the fringe of the station's stir, taxicabs, hansom, four-wheelers, carriages of every description, throng out and in. Porters are busily engaged in receiving and dealing with the heaped-up luggage, and in directing passengers. "Royal Mail" vans, too, stand at one side of the square, receiving or delivering their all-important

bags and baskets. Taxicabs wait for "fares," ready to vanish to any part of the City.

The pulse, then, beats quicker as we enter a great railway station. The entrances are animated, and the attention of the public is divided between the medley of cabs and vans or the hurrying crowds of people, on the one hand, and the profusion of notice or direction boards or tourist advertisements lining the entrances, on the other hand. The travellers are tempted, perhaps, to forget their own humble destination when confronted by the gaudily illuminated advertisements enticing them to distant and attractive health or holiday resorts. Alongside of the board directing passengers to local or suburban trains, they may find others intimating the starting platforms for excursion trains or dining-car trains. Here are mystifying time-tables and train bills, notices of holiday fares, and the like; there are pictures of Swiss mountains or Norwegian fjords, of Killarney lakes or the coasts of Normandy. But they are soon carried past these allurements by the stream of people, and find themselves on the platforms. Impatient travellers besiege the entrances to the booking-offices, and carry through their ticket transactions quickly with invisible agents within. For all the world this reminds one of bees at a beehive, whose interior is shut off from view, but whose tiny doorway is the scene of ceaseless and vigorous traffic.

Many a railway station has a "personality" all its own. One is always associated in our minds with Royalty; another with City men; another with

“trippers.” Another is identified as the resort of those who carry their entire luggage in brown paper parcels, and drag along weary children eating oranges. At this station are always to be found hurrying “commercials” clutching their brown handbags. That station is known by its cheap cigarettes and light yellow canes. The glint of the smart uniforms of the Army is here; wide-trousered sailors march there in lines of three or four. This is the rendezvous of the suburban dwellers; that is where gather the squires and other bronzed countrymen, the dealers whose eye is their merchant, and men with keen regard for the “points” of a horse.

To a London terminus converge the passengers who have reached the shores of England at Plymouth from, say, far-off New Zealand, Australia, and South Africa; those who have arrived after 3000 long miles from New York in the New Continent; those who have come in at Weymouth from Jersey or Guernsey; or the mails and passengers from New York which have arrived by swift “ocean specials” from Fishguard, through which port also Irish people crowd from and to England. Trains full of emigrants leave for Birkenhead, *en route* for Canada and the States. Plain-spoken Scotsmen, the iron magnates of the “black country,” the tinplate workers of Wales, the busy agriculturists in the West Country, the Midlands, and the counties of either side of the Welsh border, the miners of Cornwall, the countrymen of the Salisbury Plain and the Forest of Dean, all turn to the railway station in their lives’ affairs. At the terminus you may hear the Yankee “twang”

from American tourists, the drawl of the rural dwellers on the Downs, mingling with the Erse, Gloucester, Somerset, Hereford, Welsh, or Cornish dialects.

The feature which impresses one most about the "concourse" on central platforms ought to be its spaciousness. It should have convenience of access between the various platforms and the streets. Here travellers by train are glad to find elbow-room on busy days. It may be crowded to overflowing, and yet such may be its "elasticity" and capacity of decentralisation that crowds mingle and dissolve in the most easy manner. Absolute congestion of traffic, such as is not unknown in certain places, should be impossible. The concourse should be broad and the roof high; and accordingly there will be no cramped feeling. One thus gets "room to think" and to breathe, to take one's bearings even amidst hosts of people, to keep one's friends in sight, and to reach one's train.

A train information board deserves some special notice. Within sight of the indicator (if it is a good one) there need be no rushing after porters or officials in order to find out particulars about trains. Passengers need only be able to see and read and act upon what their senses convey to them. The board shows with unmistakable clearness and simplicity arriving trains on the one hand and departing trains on the other, but of course about four-fifths of the space is usually devoted to the latter. The departure space is divided into so many divisions, one for each platform, the number of the platform they represent appearing on the bottom of each in con-

secutive order. The first line on each departure division indicates the hours at which the trains will leave that platform, *i.e.* during any particular hour of the day, and the second line of space on the board indicates the places to which the trains are going. The notices regarding them must, of course, be continually changed by the official in charge. Although a careless observer might imagine that his task resembles that of the billiard-marker, or the scorer at a rifle range, as he hoists board after board for the information of the waiting public, yet his work is exacting and important in the regulation of the station traffic. He is usually in constant telephonic communication with the inspectors and signalmen at the other end of the station. They speak, as it were, through him. A mistake, even in regard to the number of the platform from which a certain popular train was to start on a busy day, might mean disorganisation of traffic and delay, and a stampede of the passengers to the wrong departure point, with its attendant annoyance. That such mistakes do not happen is due to the care and accuracy of the official in charge of the train information board.

The parcel office is one of the busiest departments of the station. In dealing with parcels traffic two requisites are mainly necessary, quick transit, and as little handling as possible. When large numbers of parcels of varying bulk have to be handled one after the other by various officials, first on delivery being taken, then on being "sorted," and again on being conveyed to the parcel vans on different trains, it is evident that much time and

labour is lost. There is also more risk of parcels being injured or lost, and their transit is delayed. At a Manchester station there is in use an ingenious device called a parcel carrier for dealing with parcels traffic, by which the above requisites of quick transit and little handling are obtained. It is an electric overhead trolley, running on a double rail of very narrow gauge, half a mile in circuit, and traversing the whole breadth of the station. The wheels of the trolley run upon the rails, but (by an inversion of the usual custom) the machinery and hauling apparatus are suspended beneath the rails. The contrivance is the same in principle as an electric tramcar. The small electric engine is manipulated by a boy who rides seated behind it with his legs stretched out on either side of the engine and supported by rests. Beneath the engine a huge rectangular-shaped basket for carrying the parcels is suspended by chains. The terminus of this miniature railway is at the parcel office. On a basket being filled from the parcel office with parcels, which are booked for a certain town and district, the chains from the trolley engine are attached to it, the engine hoists the basket, and then the trolley is driven off under the boy's charge along the rails until it reaches the train, opposite the parcels van for which the contents of the basket are intended, and here the basket is lowered to the platform. The engine can attain a maximum speed of twelve miles an hour, but there are numerous curves to be negotiated, and the average speed is six miles an hour, the complete circuit of the "railway"

taking three minutes. There are no "cross-over" rails. Three trolleys are employed, and one "spare" trolley is kept in reserve.

When travellers have secured their tickets they may be in doubt whither to turn to look for their trains. On busy days, outside the booking halls, the railway companies often provide officials whose sole duty it is to shout the direction and platform for certain trains. The passengers hear, and look, and pass on—usually with no thought of gratitude or interest towards these officials. Their day's work is merely that of animated signposts, but let them be spoken of here with kindly remembrance. In a way, they are much more the servants of Destiny than of railway companies. If they can direct us right and timeously, a train may be caught! Thus, a precious life in danger somewhere may be saved; we may yet be in time to receive the parting messages of someone setting out on his last lonely journey; a business appointment on which hangs credit or wealth may be kept; a day of happiness with distant friends may be ours; or an impending calamity at home may be unconsciously escaped! Shout well, then, humble servants of the "road," with now a tone of warning, now of entreaty in your voices, and make sure we understand you when Destiny whispers in your ears that it will be well for us and ours that we hear you and obey.

On the platforms themselves all is movement, and there is much noise. Smoke there is, too, and a curious odour—a not unpleasant amalgam of steam, oil, and smoke. Trains are arriving here

and departing there. Some, now empty, are being shunted out of the train docks, and others, with their complement of passengers, are getting ready to start. We hear the hissing sound of escaping steam, the whistling of various engines, the throbbing of Westinghouse brakes, the rolling of carriage wheels, the banging of doors, the rumble and rattle of luggage barrows, the cries of the boys from the news and fruit stalls; and the shouting and whistles of the officials—while mingled with all these sounds is the babel of the many voices of passengers and their friends and others. To nervous and excitable people all this is undoubtedly torture, and it is well for them if they can set out for travel at hours and from stations at which they may not be driven to distraction by such clamour and bustle. But for the majority of people, the more robust, such things have much attraction, because there we are in the swim of life. Swift movement always captivates. Not only are we in the midst of hurried activity of people at a railway station, but we know that there we are at the place from and to which journey those embodiments of swift motion—railway trains.

It may be that to reach the platform we want, it is necessary to traverse a subway, which is conveniently planned to bring us there by the shortest and safest passage. But subways are dungeons at best! Cheerless and gloomy, they oppress the feelings. Only here and there do stray beams of light find their way in, and the sudden rumbling of passing trains overhead sends tremors to the heart. People approaching at some distance in a subway

seem ghostly, and, passing us, appear unlike themselves. The walls, reverberating with the sounds of our voices, seem also to have ears.

It is now only 9.20 P.M., but the express which is due to leave at 9.50 is already "made up," and is standing in its accustomed place at the "main up" platform. The engines which are to haul it have not yet come from "the sheds," and without them the train looks somehow headless and unimposing. Some anxious travellers have come down to the station early, and are already securing places in the train. The ticket collectors are marking up with labels those compartments or seats which have been previously reserved by intending passengers. The parcel vans on the train are being filled from heavily laden barrows, and the official in charge assists and superintends the placing of the multifarious articles in the corners of the vans respectively allotted to various towns or districts. Travelling trunks, bags, bales, packages, chests, boxes, baskets, barrels, paper parcels, bundles of nursery plants, fish creels, and many others comprise the assortment in the "parcel" vans so-called. Those parcels destined for the same town or junction must be placed together and in positions where they can be most readily taken out, and "way-bills" for each must be delivered to the guard or other official under whose charge the vans are. While this is proceeding, we have time to stroll to the end of the platform in front of the train, and there is always plenty to see there. Near us stand the short "home" or starting signals, the large notice

boards indicating the names or numbers of the platforms, and also huge water-tanks, each with its leathern conduit which looks like the disused trunk of some leviathan elephant. The double line of rails on which the carriages of the 9.50 train stand pass out at our feet to mingle with and seemingly to be lost in the labyrinth of rails beyond—"diamonds," "forks," guard-rails, lock-bars, and points—amongst which the eye wanders hopelessly confused. Stretching across the whole network of rails is a high bridge on which most of the signals pertaining to the station are erected, and the great signal cabin stands on the further side. From where we stand we get an easy view of all the outgoing and incoming trains, and we are so intent on watching them, that we have not noticed the two enormous engines for the 9.50 coupled together gliding slowly backwards to take their rightful place at the head of the train. As they approach, we try to take in a true sense of their power and weight and the intricacy of their works. We note the number of their driving-wheels, the length of their driving-rods, their inside or outside cylinders, the height of their boilers, the shortness of their funnels, and numberless other details which it is a constant delight for those who are interested in locomotives to observe. We watch the engines being coupled up tightly to the first carriage and the brake-pipes and steam-heating tubes connected. Then the brakes of the train are tested from the engines, and when the steam is admitted into the heating tubes, it is soon seen to ooze out at joints below and between the carriages.

One of the guards of the train now comes to make the acquaintance of the drivers and firemen of the engines, or, to be more accurate, to get information to be recorded in his journal as to the numbers of the engines, and the names of the drivers. He also informs the drivers of the number of vehicles (or "wheels") making up the train "load." This done, and any other tit-bits of information having been exchanged—for example, orders to stop at certain places to set down or pick up passengers—there is a momentary interval of friendly conversation or "chaff," without which indeed any occupation would become unbearably dull. There is usually time for it, and it "lubricates" the performance of daily tasks, as does oil the axles.

There is now a little group of people on the platform opposite the engines, and on scanning their faces, one finds that they represent many grades and many kinds of people. A curious group, indeed!—some mechanics, some idlers, some youths, some dreamers, but all of them admirers of the iron horse. Steam being up, the boilers full, the furnaces replenished, all is in readiness; and the drivers now stand on the edge of the footplates, looking back along the train, to be in readiness to receive the starting signal. They know their business, these men, and we may trust them to do it well.

The platform is crowded with passengers and friends and station officials, and everyone is busy. Most of the passengers have secured seats, but there are numerous late-comers who agitate for places in the train. Barrowfuls of luggage are being

quickly disposed of in the vans, tickets are being checked, and all the final preparations made for the departure of the train. Porters, ticket collectors, car attendants, guards and stationmaster all play their respective parts in willing co-operation.

And what of the passengers and their friends! Who may fathom, much less portray, the thoughts and emotions surging within their minds and hearts? The grief and pain of separation, the hopes, the fears, the loving care, the prayers, the joys, the trust!—how ill-concealed by some in affected gaiety of mood; how patent in others who do not attempt to conceal! Here are soldiers or sailors, with troops of acquaintances to see them off. There are some boys or girls going away to school, their fathers and mothers filling up the moments of waiting with many injunctions in order to shut out their anxieties which their children must not see. At another place a wife is bidding good-bye to a husband whom duty calls hence. Elsewhere an only son and brother is setting out into the great world to win a name and place. In the corner of another carriage there sits, his face screened by a magazine, some lonely soul who has no one to bid him adieu at this end of his journey or welcome at the other. At another compartment a happy wedding party is assembled, and amid merriment and showers of confetti the “happy pair” are getting a good send-off. These and a hundred other scenes one may witness at the departure of an important train such as this. There may be tears, or mirth, or calm demeanour, but in all

the life of feeling runs high. It is betrayed in the firm grasp of friends' hands, eye meeting eye in unspoken eloquence, or in partings between hearts that know the anguish of love. Adieu! Adieu! The train has begun to move; but one more touch of the hand, and a last long look, and a waving of the handkerchief till the train has passed out of sight. Ah! it is all so real, and so near the uncurtained deeps of the heart! These people have not been playing a part, and we, who have been looking on, must turn quickly on the heel, lest we, too, may show more feeling than is due from interested spectators.

A railway station speaks of epochs of decision in life, a parting of the ways, cross-roads in conduct. Shall we embark upon this adventure; shall we definitely declare our hand; shall we make a break in habit; or a departure from principle? Are we fleeing from Nineveh and duty, or going where Love and Right beckon us? As we wait at the station are we still counting the cost, and weighing consequences in the balance? Are we making a sacrifice in going away? Have we left a clean record behind? When the train has borne us away and we settle into our corner, have we feelings of remorse or satisfaction? Where will the journey's end be? Ah! where, indeed? But have we done the right thing *now* according to all the lights of reason and grace?—then we may in faith leave the end in better Hands.

A station cannot be known or its importance truly estimated from its platforms alone. It is necessary to be acquainted with its environs and

with its exits and approaches by rail. Out of the station proceed scores of railway lines, curving, intersecting, intermingling, diverging and converging. In this neighbourhood are the water columns from which engines are supplied; turntables and pits on which engines may be turned and overhauled; and gasometers from which the tanks below the railway carriages may be supplied.

Let us stand on one of the wooden "islands" in the middle of the network of rails at this "base" (where none but level-headed men may stand), and watch the traffic. We see the trains approach—now from one angle of the "fork," now from the other; now an express on the "fast" line is rounding the curve at speed with a fearless swing; now a "goods" on the "slow" line is creeping almost stealthily in before one is aware; now a "double-headed" express for the north "road" is leaving the station, its speed increasing with every stroke of the piston-rod, and an evident determination in its progress which nothing could daunt; now a heavily-laden excursion train bound for the Races emerges from No. 1 platform; a local train has meantime approached until it stands just beyond the "home" signals, and, being "held" up till the line is clear, its engine is whistling impatiently at the delay; and amidst and along with all that, there are engines shunting, trains are being marshalled, empty vehicles are being taken out of the station docks; and so on *ad infinitum*. That is what goes on all day and far into the night near a busy station. Ceaseless activity, urgency in every move, punctuality

to a minute, and compliance with strict regulations in every manœuvre.

A few hundred yards away there are erected at short intervals galleries of signals stretching right across the network of rails. Signals of varying height, size, and denomination, they stand like sentinels on guard. They are commonly controlled from several signal cabins, one being reserved for the local or "home" lines; the second for "through" or main lines; and the third probably controlling both local and main line traffic. The "arms" of the signals now outstretched in warning with sternness forbid entrance to incoming trains on certain lines at their peril; or now stand lowered in sanction for the arrival or departure of trains, as if bowing stiffly in grave assent. Each has its own line of rails to guard, yet not without interrelation to the signals guarding other lines. Some signals stand high, as if eagerly willing to beckon at the earliest moment to drivers of trains approaching on their own particular lines of rails. Others, although diminutive, look confidential and familiar, for their duties are domestic and near. How symbolic these signals are—they all but speak! They seem to think and see and know. How faithful and uncompromising; how unrelenting where advance would be dangerous; how cautious and anxious even when nodding approval. In sunlight or dark, in fair weather or foul, there they stand, constant, eager, and unflinching. At night or in fog they keep the same vigil, penetrating the darkness or the gloom with their discs of lurid red or milder green. Obey them

unquestioningly, and all is well; but parley not with them or overstep their sanction. They may be trusted, for there are reasoning, busy minds at work in the men who control them. It is through the signals that the knowledge, caution, and patience of the men in the signal cabins find expression. In admiring them, let us not forget also the inventive genius and skill of the engineers who planned and laid down so elaborate and complete a system of signalling.

One remembers also with appreciation the severe "thinking-out" processes which have been done by the passenger superintendent and his staff in arranging such *minutiæ* with so much exactness in the regulation of this mass of traffic. One considers the splendid co-operation that exists amongst signalmen, shunters, inspectors, drivers of trains, and many others in actually carrying out the regulation of the traffic on the spot. Perhaps we may be pardoned for lingering beside a main line inspector. He has seen many years of railway service, and for a quarter of a century has been stationed at the junction where we find him. An inspector of traffic has most responsible work. Not only must the inspector know all the details of the traffic regulations connected with the station; not only has he to rely in a peculiar manner on the co-operation of the other officials concerned; but it is he who superintends and directs the actual execution of the work. He becomes the personal embodiment of the written regulations, and they find expression in the orders and signals which he gives. He is essential to the smooth working of the traffic, and he must consult,

and wisely advise, and instantly decide upon its endless intricacies. Let him stand there in our admiration. Near the cabins he is always on the move, and under him are the marshalsmen, who manipulate the shunting operations, and supervise and direct the arrival and departure of trains. For the most part the arrangements for these are stereotyped by the station programme of train working, but when necessary the inspector and the marshalsmen consult the men in the station cabin as to the appropriate platforms for receiving incoming trains, or for facilitating the departure of outgoing trains. The inspector and the marshalsmen move constantly amongst the maze of railway lines; they are set upon by trains and engines and vehicles to right and left, behind and before; they shout and are shouted at; they give directions with arms, hands, megaphone, and whistle, according to pre-arranged signals; they couple and uncouple moving vehicles, and frequently they jump on moving carriages and vans, and hang by one hand while running them out and in during shunting operations. Their hours are long and their work is precarious, and they deserve from us more than a passing thought as they toil on by day and by night.

On extremely busy and out-of-order days the chief pointsman is himself under the supervision of the district inspector or "train-regulator," but all the wit and tactics of both chief and subordinates are needed to preserve order then amid seeming chaos. As a rule, however, the whole direction of traffic lies with the pointsman acting in conjunction with

the inspector, who controls affairs outside the cabin. Both officials know every train and engine on the line, and its precise timing and movements. Indeed, they contrive throughout the day to execute the most involved shunting operations, interwoven with the regular train service.

Near some stations is what is known as a "subway." A double line of rails which, upon leaving the station—after approaching and running parallel to the double main line—begins to dip after passing the station control cabin, and continues to do so until it swerves round to the left into the "Subway" (which is simply a somewhat long bridge). It there passes beneath the main line, and merges into the lines of rails on the other side. The object of this clever "ruse" is obvious—it is to enable trains to be crossed from the lines proceeding from one side of the station to the lines proceeding from the other side, without going over the main lines. It must be patent that if such crossing were constantly being carried out by manœuvring trains over the main lines, not only would these lines be frequently blocked and the traffic on them delayed, but the risks of accident would be seriously increased. Accordingly, the gain in efficiency, speed, and safety by means of the "subway" is easily appreciated.

Another interesting expedient may be mentioned. There are frequently provided means for informing drivers of incoming trains of the respective platforms alongside of which they are to bring in their trains. They are thus warned some distance away of the

exact course they will follow, and are not left to discover as they approach near, section after section, what destination within the station has been prescribed for their train by the exigencies of the traffic at the time. They can regulate their speed accordingly, and would become aware, if the line prescribed were "fouled," or if anything else were wrong. Outside the station on the long "gantry" of signals, and beneath each signal is a painted wooden disc (about five feet in diameter), on which is made to appear, whenever the signal is lowered, a large number, *e.g.* 1, 2, or 4, indicating the platform at which the signalled train will arrive. The contrivance for changing the numbers is a simple one.

To stand at the side of the lines on the outskirts of a busy station is the best way to realise what railway traffic means. It is crowded; it is urgent; it is ceaseless. Trains pass and re-pass—fast trains, slow trains, trains by the "subway," light engines, empty carriage trains—arriving, starting, shunting. Now on one set of rails, now on another, then crossing and recrossing. No sooner have we watched a "non-stop" express forge past us under full steam (getting up high speed within as few revolutions of its driving wheels as possible), than an incoming express thunders past on the opposite line, with steam off. Its momentum will carry it right within the station up to the stationary buffers, and only gradual reducing of speed by applying the brakes is required. But already other trains approach from the north, though on other

lines, and are whistling for signals. They seem small in bulk and indistinct in the blue-tinged atmosphere, and while yet some distance away they seem stealthy and silent in their course. But as we watch them approach they seem to grow into full massiveness, and with quick beat of the piston-rods they rattle past, and soon we see by the sparks that fly from the wheels that the brakes have been made to clutch tight, as the distance between the train and the station lessens. Quick, and murmur a word of gratitude that the brakes *have* clutched! It means that these "flying dragons" are under control, every wheel of them, and are answering the check put upon them by the men at the levers. Such are our thoughts as we watch these trains passing into the station. Each seeks its own platform, as if by some instinct, but really, as we know, under the careful road-setting and guidance of the pointsmen in the signal cabins. Every signal and cabin is a landmark to the engine-drivers, who diminish speed per mile per hour as they pass the several landmarks. Steadily, craftily, proudly, they draw in to their journey's end.

But it is dusk, and we retrace our steps into the station. Its lights are lit, and it suggests the thought which has come to the hearts of many—its friendliness. Times there are when a great railway station seems nothing more than a hurly-burly of bustle and din. At times its animation spells only hostility and isolation to us, and we are glad to leave its precincts. But more often we view it differently. We make our way thither of an evening as into the

house of a friend. Its shelter, its brightness, and its interest are inviting. Our eyes may greet even some railway carriages like old acquaintances. So may even inanimate things like these cheer human hearts, perhaps awaking memories of the distant and the past, but making the present hour kindly and fragrant with content.

Have you ever considered the difference between awaiting the arrival of friends who are coming by steamer and those who are coming by train? If you expect them by steamer you must go to the dock at which their boat will arrive. There is usually great uncertainty as to the exact time at which the vessel will arrive. No one seems to have accurate information on the point, and it is impossible to tell to a minute; nay, you may have to wait for hours, and you must not complain about the late arrival of a vessel as you would do if a train is late. Every indulgence is allowed to the vessel, and without doubt it is entitled to such indulgence in respect of the elements with which it must do battle ere it reaches port. But we are at present considering only the results of this upon the people who await its arrival. Some people may think a railway station disagreeable and dirty, but at least it is better than a dock! How miserable and cold, dishevelled and weather-beaten look many of the passengers who arrive by steamer. Very few of them look their best, or even their usual, and many bear unhappy traces in their faces of a voyage which has not been all joy.

There is something of a contrast if you meet a

friend who arrives by train. You go to the station and find it well-roofed, clean, dry and sheltered. Some stations may be smoky, draughty, and cold, but these are becoming fewer and fewer. You can generally rely on trains arriving at the time intimated on the time-table. By the bustle of the porters you are apprised that the expected train is near. It suddenly appears in the distance, and if it be at night, standing at the outer end of the platform you can descry its headlights even before you can make out the outline of the engine. It seems to thread its way through the network of rails as if guided by some genius of its own. It avoids all obstacles with an ease and freedom which come from obedience to the constraints of the points. It reads us a lesson in the moral world on the freedom of action which only discipline and obedience to a guiding Destiny above and around our own can give us. The train approaches nearer with a certain grace of movement and with evident confidence in its power of self-control. It glides past where we stand, slowing down gradually, till the whole train is brought exactly alongside the platform, and then, as one concerted whole, it stops! Simultaneously, every carriage door swings open, and the carriages, which, as the train approached, were tightly closed and seemed inanimate, now become alive with crowds of people.

Will any of these passengers go forward to the engine-driver and his mate and thank them for what they have done? Amid such a crowd of passengers, will not one take upon himself to be their repre-

sentative in thanking the enginemen? You thank anybody who holds open a door for you to pass through; surely these men have done more for you when they have driven and guided your train at high speed so many long miles, and, amid risks and escapes unknown to you, have brought you in safety to your destination. Remember the tear and wear and the strain upon his nerves which the driver must undergo. He dare not become callous or in any degree reckless, but he must ever be alive to his great responsibilities. Nay more, he must be prepared for every emergency and for the happenings for which no provision can be made by time-table or signal. Of how many of us is so high a standard of performance of our daily tasks required? Could we go to our duties as he does, year in, year out, with scarcely any relief to the strain, or at best only a break for two or three days throughout the year? For even these few days' respite on some railways and in certain grades he must forfeit his pay, and he can ill afford to do that out of an average of 35s. or 40s. a week!

Let the public consider their servants well.

We do not delude ourselves into thinking that by the salaries or wages which we pay railway men we purchase their whole lives. We get their willing service during long hours of duty well and punctually done; but we do not forget that that is only a part of their lives. They all have other interests which absorb the remaining portion of their time.

They have homes, with wives and children, with the tremendous responsibilities and calls as well as

the joys and comfort which these terms imply for every man. They have sports and pleasures and hobbies, they have studies and religious or political interests, they have enthusiasms to cherish and causes to champion, of which we know little or nothing. It is right that they should have these, and the more of them they have, the better and fuller men will they be, and the more trustworthy and steady employees.

Yet they have an *esprit de corps* which unites them in common service, and its centre and embodiment are within the station where they work. How familiar every platform and office and every pair of rails in the station or the yard becomes to each man! He looks at the well-known form and colour of engine or carriage or van as he would at a friend. Whether he comes to his work this day with a heavy or a glad heart, or a mind in perplexity or doubt, he finds some solace or steadying influence in the very stolidity and unchanging demeanour of the inanimate objects which are his intimates through daily intercourse.

It has been said that a railway company has no conscience and no feelings. That may be true in a sense, but it is certain that each of the directors and chief officials has, and so has each of the shareholders, and each passenger who uses the system. Therefore let not them and us, the members of the general public, think of the station merely as a *place*, but as a living organism. Let us picture the station and its precincts not merely as a rendezvous for trains, but also as the life-centre for many men.

Let us get through the materialism of it all to the living interest that throbs in it every hour more vigorously and vitally than does the steam in its engines' cylinders. Of the zest of life, and all its kaleidoscopic joys and sorrows, its meetings and partings, there is plenty on every platform and at every train. But what of those lives that are spent in the railway company's service day in and day out, with a regularity which is not excelled by the trains they help to work? When we think of them, we think not of couplings or levers, but of *men*, and that not collectively but individually. We think of each with his own powers, mental and physical, his disposition and character, his tastes, his feelings and fancies, his peculiarities—in fact, his *ego*. We remember his devotion to duty, his sacrifice, his comradeship, and the other good qualities which he displays, and are accounted to him for righteousness.

Thus he runs his course, as the trains run theirs; but the issues involved in the one case are superlatively different from those in the other. The engine or carriage ends its life in the scrap-heap; but the man's life—full, vital, responsible, and momentous in every moment of its scheduled time—becomes merged at its close into a Life beyond.

THE PERMANENT WAY AND ITS GUARDIANS

DURING a railway strike in France soldiers were to be seen stationed at short intervals along the lines in order to guard against outrages being perpetrated by strikers or their sympathisers. That was a time of industrial war; but in times of peace these same lines are under the constant guard of another army of men whom we call "surfacemen" or "plate-layers." They wear no bright uniform and carry no weapons, and perhaps their gait is slouching and ungainly. Yet they are engaged in a calling no less noble than that of the soldiers, and it is in some ways as dangerous as if they were exposed to an enemy's fire.

They patrol every section of the railway line, watching and warding with an amount of care and solicitude which is in proportion to the complete absence of anxiety regarding the line in the minds of their fellow railwaymen, and the passengers who crowd the trains that run upon it.

Their work is to look after the highway for the trains. As that highway advanced across the country valleys have been exalted, hills made low, the crooked made straight, and the rough places plain. The greatest engineering skill has been called

into play in the making of this highway, and feats of daring and perseverance have been associated with its construction. A highway was required which should be secure, lasting, and smooth for a long tract of time. It must be such that trains of every description, weight, and speed may travel fearlessly upon its surface.

We find such highways in every part of this country, and indeed in nearly every part of the world—broad, well-built thoroughfares from one centre of population to another, linking up the near and the far. Upon the low rails of rigid steel are subtly guided and supported the hundreds of thousands of trains that thunder along carrying freight and passengers. The way must indeed be “permanent,” for the trains that run upon it bear precious lives whose busy concerns make the world alive, and they transport merchandise for waiting markets everywhere.

The day's work of a surfaceman begins at 7 o'clock in the morning and ends at 5.30 at night. Picture him, for an hour before starting time, up and busied with the domestic interests of his home, and leaving his cottage or rooms to walk (as is usually the case) some considerable distance to the place where his work begins. He must work nine and a half or ten and a half hours a day, while daylight permits (that is, about fifty-three hours a week, including five and a half hours on Saturday), and he has an allowance of one hour per day for meals. In winter, of course, he cannot work so long, and his day's work then consists of about seven hours. In

busy centres, and when a mishap occurs on the line, his services are sometimes required for a longer period, and he must remain at the work then until it is completed. He must work on Sunday when required, and Sunday is a day on which it is often convenient to carry out alterations on the line.

He may be either a "surfaceman" or a "plate-layer," and accordingly he may be attached to one of two "squads." A "squad" of surfacemen consists of a "foreman," a leading man, and six ordinary men. As foreman he may get 24s. or 25s. a week in pay, and 22s. is his minimum. But as an ordinary surfaceman or a "lookout," he will earn only 20s. and as a "leader" 21s.

A surfaceman's duties are to pack sleepers, and to keep the railroad in line and level. The line must be patrolled constantly in order to see that it is in perfect order, and that no accidents take place. In the country districts as well as near towns all sections of the line have to be patrolled twice daily.

A platelaying "squad" consists of a foreman, a first and a second leading man, and sixteen ordinary men. This large number is required owing to the heavy nature of the work they have to do in handling rails, switches, "crossings," and the like. Each squad has also a "lookout" to warn the men of approaching trains, and to the responsible work of looking-out only men of considerable experience are deputed. Usually trustworthy middle-aged men are selected. There must of course be no "larking" or

inattention where the "lookout" is concerned, as the lives of all his fellow-workmen are in his hands. As an ordinary platelayer he will get 21s. a week in pay, although after a long period of service his wages may rise to 24s. or even 27s. a week. The foreman's maximum wage is 30s. a week, and the wages of the two leaders vary from 21s. 6*d.* to 22s. per week. The principal work of the platelayer is to renew switches (or "points") and crossings from one set of rails to another.

Let us now inquire more particularly what is the nature of the permanent way. We shall the better understand the conditions of work of surfacemen and platelayers. Obviously the railway track cannot be laid anywhere or upon soft or yielding soil, and must be specially prepared. The general line of the railway track is, of course, chosen and marked out by the engineers, but it must be "made up" by the surfacemen. There are two kinds of materials used for the making up of a track, viz. (1) slag, or (2) hard ballast. By "slag" is meant the refuse of the burning of iron ore. This material when broken by machine to the size of two inches metal makes admirable ballast. By "hard ballast" we mean ashes which have been removed from the fire-boxes of engines. Such ballast is suitable for and is generally used in shunting yards. Some railwaymen regard slag as a "steadier" material to use; that is, that it is more unyielding than ash ballast. Ballast may be either gravel ballast or ash ballast, and with a hard foundation it serves its purpose satisfactorily.

The great object to be kept in view is to keep

the track *dry*. The track must be so constructed that water will quickly run off it; otherwise drains or channels or waterducts must be provided alongside of the track sufficient to carry off all water which may come on the track. If this were not done, the water would silt down into the slag or ballast and around the "sleepers," with the result that the packing material would be saturated and slackened, and the track would be unable to resist the weights and momentum to which it is subjected. It must be remembered that the "give" or "yield" of the track must be very slight. The "packing" of the material round the sleepers is most important. The surfacemen pack it as firmly as possible, and the rolling-stock completes the packing.

Upon the well-founded track "sleepers" are laid, which are all of a uniform size. They are usually 9 feet long, 5 inches thick, and 10 inches broad. It is very important that all sleepers be of the same thickness. If they are not, then the thicker sleepers, being lower, collect water which soaks into these sleepers and injures them. Usually fir which has grown on the shores of the Baltic and has been shipped to this country is used, after having been well dried and creosoted. The creosoting process consists of steeping the sleepers once in creosoting tanks filled with oil and tar for a certain number of hours, and the oil and tar are pressed into the sleepers by steam or hydraulic pressure. In certain cases steel sleepers have been used, but they are too hard and unyielding for ordinary use, and are

now discarded as unsatisfactory. It is interesting to note that with regard to the permanent way on the Forth Bridge wooden beams or sleepers resting on iron supports have been used. The "running" on it is however "hard," and this is apparent even to passengers on the trains as they cross the bridge. Box girders are used on the bridge to hold "way-beams" longitudinally, the way-beams then holding the flat-bottomed rails.

The sleepers on the railway track being placed, the rails are laid upon them, 4 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches apart in ordinary gauge, and 3 feet 6 inches in what is known as narrow gauge. In the case of a double line, a space of 6 feet is allowed between the two sets of rails, and this space is accordingly known as the "6-foot" way. Where there are four lines of rails, however, the space in the centre between the two sets of lines is 10 feet. This increased space has been ordered by Board of Trade regulations with a view to the safety of men working on the line, and also to enable signals to be erected on the 10-foot way.

When Stevenson laid a track for the first railway he used wooden rails! These were superseded by cast-iron rails, and these again have been superseded by steel rails which are now almost universally used. The usual length of a rail is 40 feet, resting upon 16 sleepers (or 17 sleepers at curves), although rails 60 feet long are in some cases used. The longest rail in general use is 48 feet, resting upon 20 sleepers. The men who handle these rails and chairs have heavy "lifts," for rails

weigh about 13 cwt. and chairs about 45 lbs. Rails have often to be "drawn" back into their correct position from which they may have moved. Thus, rails may have been forced downhill by the application of the brakes on hundreds of trains, and these rails must be again set "true."

The joints of the rails are of course the weakest part. A space of three-eighths of an inch is allowed between the ends of the rails for expansion in hot weather. If this were not done, the rails would either become twisted or irregular or rise out of their place. Plates of cast-iron, called "fish-plates," are placed on either side of the joint (like splints on a fractured bone), and firmly screwed together through four holes (two at the end of each rail). Each of the plates weighs $13\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. usually, so that there is a weight of 27 lbs. at each joint. In warm weather the bolts in the fish-plates must be slackened.

The rails rest upon "chairs" of cast-iron, and made with a broad base in order to give stability, and of a shape which holds the rails in an upright position. The chairs, however, do not fit the rails exactly. Wooden "keys" (as they are technically called) are driven in between the rails and the outer extensions, known as the "lugs" of the chairs. The object of these is to permit of the rails expanding with a rise in temperature, and for convenience in repairing the permanent way. Spring "keys" have been tried, but have not given satisfaction.

The construction of "switches" or "points" is

most interesting. The length of a blade of a switch is usually 12 or 16 feet, although some measure 18 or even 21 feet as a maximum. At one end the switch is almost the same breadth as the rail beside it, but it gradually narrows until it is like a blade of less than a quarter of an inch in breadth. Switches go in pairs, and are of course movable. They work on specially shaped chairs which present a flat surface of six or seven inches in breadth at the points of the switches, from side to side of which the switches move in obedience to the lever in the signalman's cabin. The pair of switches are joined by two or three connecting rods of cast iron called "stretcher-rods," which hold the switches true to a hair's-breadth. Only one switch at a time lies close up to its rail, and its blade catches the wheel coming towards it and diverts or "switches" it off the rail on which it was travelling, and directs it upon the line of rail to which the "switch" blade is connected. At exactly the same moment and point the corresponding rail is diverted, and of course carries the wheel on the other end of the axle true to a nicety in the direction indicated by the switch upon the first wheel. "Guard" or "check" rails are also placed so that they assist or ensure the wheels "taking" the direction of the points.

The "Diamond" is a device well known in the construction of the permanent way. It is so called because of the rails being laid in diamond shape. The device is used at crossings where several sets of rails intersect each other.

The "Scissors" crossings also take their name from the manner in which the intersecting rails are laid. They are right and left-hand cross-over "roads" intersecting each other. Suppose there are two sets of rails which it is desired to connect for the purpose of passing trains from one set of rails to the other within a short distance. There are superimposed on these two sets of rails two other sets in the shape of scissors. A train may then pass from the line at the "thumb" of the scissors to the line at the point of that blade; or a train may pass from the line at the "finger" of the scissors to the line at the point of its blade, or *vice versa*. How intricate is the arrangement of the central "diamond" crossing and the other crossings may be imagined when it is remembered that there are no fewer than eight lines of rails which are related to the "scissors" crossing. Every angle must be accurately measured. Thus, $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches must be allowed wherever one line crosses another in order to leave space for the flange of the wheels of engines and vehicles to pass through. Every space from point to point must be exact to a sixteenth of an inch. The laying of "scissors" crossings forms the most critical part of the plate-layers' work. Such crossings are now indispensable to the rapid and convenient working of trains, and they enable traffic to be handled in a way which would otherwise be impossible.

Snow-storms are a most trying time for surface-men. They must constantly watch that the "points" are kept in order and do not get clogged with snow. In cuttings on the line the snow gets blown in

sometimes to great depths, and a way must somehow be made so that trains may pass through the drifts. If the drifts are not too deep, the line may be cleared by an engine with a snow-plough in front. Seated in a train crossing the Grampians in a snow-storm, one has felt the dull thudding shocks caused by each encounter of the snow-plough on the engine with the wreaths of snow. The sensation is the same as when the prow of a vessel breasts huge waves in a storm at sea.

In many places in the remote or high lying parts of the railway system the snow wreaths give great trouble. One or even two engines with ploughs are often unable to clear the line, so powerful is the resisting force of snow. Sometimes it is necessary to send four powerful engines with snow-ploughs plunging at a rate of forty miles an hour into deep cuttings full of snow. They may succeed in forcing a way through, or they may come to a dead stop within one or two hundred yards. If the latter be the result the engines may be derailed, or, at least, may be powerless to get out of the snow drift, and must be dug out. When engines or trains get "snowed up" in this way the digging-out is a most laborious, slow, and strenuous undertaking. Ballast wagons are brought to the place, so that they may be loaded with the snow which is dug out. The men work in relays, heaving the snow up from point to point, and at last freeing the wheels of the engines and vehicles and cutting a passage ahead of them. The men who are called to this work amid such trying conditions are the guardians of the permanent way.

Picture an inspector, who is charged with the oversight of an outlying and bleak portion of the system liable to snow-blocks, setting out in the darkness of winter, say at two o'clock in the morning along the line or on the moor beside it. The steady fall of snow during the previous evening and the now rising wind have made him anxious to see whether the cuttings are getting blocked, and what will be necessary to be done to keep the "road" clear for the night trains or the trains of next day. It may be drifting hard, and he is glad to carry a shovel on his shoulder with the broad part held so as to save his face and head from the freezing snow driving steadily from the east. It is a lonely tramp, and calls for the greatest physical endurance. Should he find deep drifts along the line, he must hurry back and call out his men and telegraph for snow-ploughs and engines. There is no ten hours' day or limit of hours on such occasions, and the men must toil on without intermission, and with not too much food, until the lines are cleared. And when we who travel in comfort by the trains next day find that the "road" is clear and our journeys may be completed without danger, let us remember with more than a passing thought the men who have done so great things for us.

EN ROUTE FOR "THE TWELFTH"

MANY have already gone north, and only those who are necessarily detained in town remain. It is a time of bustle and excitement, but throughout there prevails the sense of release, and of freedom near at hand. In London in the evening, in Scotland by break of day! As the Scottish express speeds northwards there is borne in on weary travellers the crisp air of the hills. Then the long journey with its nightmares of hurry and petty accidents and annoyances becomes endurable, and its fretfulness vanishes in the bright sunshine of the August morning. Soon Edinburgh and Perth are reached and passed. The Grampians in all their wild glory are crossed, where in the grandiloquent words of King Duncan—

"The air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses."

Then the Moray Firth is sighted, with the northern capital clustering round its innermost estuary.

It is not till nearly ten o'clock in the forenoon that the trains from London begin to arrive. Usually there is only one train from the south at this hour, carrying mails and passengers, but in August there are always two, and frequently three or four. Now there is a movement of expectancy amongst the

station officials and the waiting passengers, for the word has passed round that the "Derby" is signalled. Soon in the distance the rushing sound as of a river in flood is heard, and we watch for the first sight of the approaching train. There is a warning whistle from its leading engine, and then it sweeps round the curve by the east side of the station. It is headed by two powerful engines, which are specially adapted for the steep gradients on the route, and, as the brakes grip, sparks fly out from the skidding wheels. There is a pause as the engines are reversed, and then the train is slowly backed into the commodious platform assigned to trains for "Further North." The train is composed chiefly of the massive "sleepers," corridor coaches, and luggage vans of the English railway companies, and as they pass we get a whiff of the peculiar aroma caused by the continuous pressure of the brakes on the wheels during a long downhill run.

Windows are lowered, doors swung open, and the passengers alight, still benumbed by the night journey and the long confinement in the carriages. Porters at once attack the luggage vans, and man-servants and maid-servants are soon busily engaged in discovering the baggage of their respective parties among the piles of luggage and collecting it. Boxes are heaped on the platform, or piled up on barrows, while gun-cases, fishing-rods, and baskets are strewn around. Dogs on leash are released from their imprisonment and leap and yelp for very joy. They fraternise with every stranger

through sheer good-nature, and their thirsty tongues plead eloquently for a drink of water. Amid the turmoil of noises we hear the smooth voices of the Southerners mingling with the gruff and guttural tones of the Highlanders—whether in answer to inquiries about the trains, or in complaint about missing property, or in giving directions about luggage. The officials must lose no time in getting the train cleared, for soon the second express from the south will be whistling for the signals. Some of the carriages must be shunted and marshalled, and the remaining vehicles must be drawn out of the dock to make room for the train that is approaching. Thus for an hour or more the rush goes on.

A certain proportion of the passengers make this the terminus of their journey by rail, and then motor to the various residences far up the glens. On many trains there are through carriages for stations in the more northerly shires. Some are destined for stations on the Skye line which branches off the north line and terminates at the west coast within sight of Skye. Through carriages must be shunted and marshalled into separate trains preparatory to commencing the last part of the journey. Fresh engines and men are supplied, carriage-wheels and axles are examined, tested, and oiled, and occasionally a heated oil-box or axle has to be dealt with. But not a minute is lost, for all things have been prepared beforehand for this the hour *par excellence* of the day. Expedition and despatch must be displayed in all the manœuvres, which are as intricate and puzzling in their way

as those of battleships of the line. The officials, however, have long experience and studied skill, and at length all is ready. The last luncheon basket has been hurried to the trains, and in due time—if not quite at schedule time—the trains for the northern Highlands are despatched.

AN ASCENT OF THE JUNGFRAU

A TITLE of this kind calls up before the mind visions of ice, axes, ropes, and mountain guides. One anticipates a tale of hazardous enterprise, such as Whymper loved to tell, in climbing dizzy heights, in crossing glaciers, and in making hairbreadth escapes from falling avalanches of snow. But the tale we have to tell, while lacking the spice of personal danger, has awe and wonder in it enough to surfeit at least the writer's fancy.

I am not ashamed to tell that I climbed the Jungfrau by mountain railway! It is given only to "the elect" even amongst mountain climbers to make the ascent of such high mountains as the Jungfrau on foot. It is true they must experience a pride of conquest and a thrill of achievement which are denied to those who have not the physical endurance and hardihood required to climb. But to the thousands of unheroic people who have no aptitude or genius for mountain climbing, and who yet come under the charm and spell of mountains, the mountain railway brings within their reach some of the joys and wonderment which formerly were the possession only of the few.

It is said that mountain railways destroy the romance and beauty of mountains. They have not

done so in my case. From the long distances from which mountains can be seen it is usually impossible, even with the most diligent search, to make out the track which the railway follows. Accordingly there is no detracting from the grandeur of the scene as a whole. It matters nothing to us, as we gaze in delight upon the mountain's glories in sunlight and shade, that an iron thread has been wound around its slopes, or that its sides have been tunnelled here and there. We know that these things are there, but all traces of them are hidden from the distant view, and we remember them no more. When we wish to know a mountain more closely, however, to explore its snowy heights and giddy chasms, and to breathe its crisper air, then we gladly avail ourselves of the railway which can bring us near our coveted joys.

The ascent of the Jungfrau by rail is now an easy day's excursion from Interlaken. In order to drink in the mountain scenery which one may get in Interlaken, one does well to live in a room whose windows afford an unobstructed view in the direction of the Jungfrau. To rise up with the morning sun and look out upon such a prospect, to sit on the window balcony and watch the mists lifting from the mountain peak or drifting in patches slowly across its sides—that is a bit of heaven. Looking up the Lauterbrunnen Valley one can see three of the towering snow peaks of the Bernese Oberland—the Jungfrau, the Mönch, and the Eiger. But the greatest of these is the Jungfrau. One looks long at her, and looks again and yet again.

She casts a spell upon her admirers, and the resolve is speedily formed to go to her.

In Switzerland distances seem to be more deceptive even than they usually are. The Jungfrau, as seen from Interlaken, seems not many miles distant, and one imagines that the mountain rises sheer from its base in the valley just beyond Interlaken. But the train which takes one from Interlaken (Ost Station) winds and climbs far by streams and wooded rocks ere it reaches the village of Lauterbrunnen. It is only from that point that one realises the fact that there are many lesser heights lying between, and before the actual base of the mountain begins. Cone-shaped hills and rugged ridges there are, diminutive but not commonplace, for they found and buttress the reigning monarch, the Jungfrau, and thus receive some reflected glory.

At Lauterbrunnen we leave the steam-driven train and change into an electric one. It is at Lauterbrunnen that the power-station stands from which the motive power is obtained to drive the trains not only on the Lauterbrunnen-Grindelwald circuit (*via* Scheidegg), but also on the line which ascends the Jungfrau from Scheidegg. A combination of the cog-wheel system and electric power is used throughout the whole section, the cog to do the climbing and the electrical power to supply the driving force, with a contact tension (continuous current of 600 volts). It certainly works well, and ascents are made by the electric trains as steep as any on mountain railways where steam locomotives

are in use. The motion of the electric trains is also steadier and less jerky than that of the steam trains.

As the train winds steadily and steeply towards Scheidegg, *via* Wengen and Wengernalp, the magnificent prospect opens up on every side. On the opposite side of the Lauterbrunnen Valley we can see where the short mountain railway to Mürren ascends, clinging as it were to the face of the cliffs. The wide view beneath us extends over verdant meadows, dark forests, and grazing grounds dotted with cattle. There we have the loveliness, the quiet, and the peace of Alpine pastures. Then, as we ascend nearer Scheidegg, we come in full and close sight of the great Queen of mountains herself. We happened upon a lovely clear day, and she stood forth in all her magic attractiveness, clad in a glittering dress of ice and snow. The mountain is of gigantic dimensions; it was covered to the base with a fall of fresh snow; avalanches rolled down from the top from time to time with a noise like thunder. It is almost impossible to put into words the appalling grandeur, the unequalled beauty, the lovely splendour of the mountain. All we shall try to do anon is to portray the impression, never to be forgotten, which the sight has left in the writer's mind. Meantime let us complete the ascent.

It is from Little Scheidegg that the Jungfrau Railway proper commences, and we change into another electric train there. The line leads directly into the region of eternal ice, and the first inter-

mediate station is at the Eiger Glacier. From Scheidegg the line has ascended more steeply than even before, and, as it winds along its precipitous way, we get nearer views of the great rugged structure of the mountain. In particular, the eye is captivated by the beauty of one of the lesser ridges—yet a mountain in itself—the Silberhorn, which rises sharply in outline against the sky. It is bathed in sunshine and stands out in a glistening whiteness that is dazzling.

At the first station some time is allowed to passengers to view the Eiger Glacier from a vantage point near. The greenness of it, its deep chasms and rents, its slope, and its bulk are some of the extraordinary features that fix the attention. In one's mind, however, there is the awesome knowledge of the secret, subtle, slow-moving power which this apparently inert mass possesses and is now exerting even as we look at it.

From Eiger Glacier to the next station, Eigerwand, is a distance of a mile and a half, and the train, moving at its slow rate, takes nearly half an hour to traverse it. That would be none too long were it possible to view the Jungfrau all the while. But in the nature of things this is impossible, and from Eiger Glacier onwards the line traverses a tunnel! I confess to a feeling of some disappointment on realising this. The journey up to that point had been so enchanting, that it was not until the train entered the tunnelled way that I realised that the remainder of the ascent must be made *inside* the mountain! Of course a moment's reflection showed

that in no other way could a railway line negotiate such physical obstacles, and amid eternal snows and ice and in spite of storms, avalanches, and glaciers keep a way open for traffic. Therefore the tunnel must be accepted as a necessity, and although somewhat tedious (especially in contrast to the charms of the first part of the ascent), yet it is quite bearable, and there is no smoke.

At Eigerwand Station the train stops, and again time is given to look around. We hasten towards the sunlight, and come out on a kind of terrace or gallery with high embattlements over which we look out. At first it is almost painful to the eyes to look upon the dazzling whiteness of the snow which is everywhere around. We realise that we are in the centre of the High Alps and actually *amongst* them; indeed we feel almost a part of them. The station offices are, of course, hollowed out *in* the mountain, and the whole circumstances and situation of what one sees give the weirdest feeling of strangeness and almost unreality. The only sensation with which I could compare it was that which I experienced when I first went down a coal-mine. But with the spirit of adventure now thoroughly aroused, we rejoined the train, which, after winding through nearly another mile of tunnel, arrived at Eismeer. The summit is 13,664 feet above sea-level, and at Eismeer we stood at a height of 10,368 feet. Eismeer occupies a site on the south side of the Eiger. As we looked out from the vaulted terrace, there opened before us a prospect of overwhelming grandeur. It was an inspiration. We

seemed to be in the very skies, and were surrounded by a world of the whitest of snow. In the far distance was a panorama of mountain peaks mostly snow-capped. A great valley or deep cleft in the mountain went sheer down from where we stood, a trackless gigantic lap of snow. Far across it rose the mountain-side, with its stern ramparts of white, and with no trace of life or habitation, save where the red flag (which the eye had to search long to catch) marked the site of the mountain hut used by climbing expeditions. This was no place for words. In presence of such eternal silences it was impossible to resist the compelling sense of awe borne home to the mind and heart.

It was intensely cold, and the air was perceptibly rarefied, making the breathing catch a trifle. There was considerable space at Eismeer Station in which to move about, including a rock gallery hollowed out in the side of the mountain, leading to the glaciers, and affording other glimpses of the unique prospect. Another stage of the journey and we are at Jungfraujoch, and one stage more and we are at Jungfraukülm, the terminus, and as near the summit of the mountain as it is possible for a railway to get. This is the highest railway station in Europe and the highest tunnel station in the world. When starting time came, and we had to leave the place, it was with a feeling that we had been living in one of the memorable hours of life.

Our thoughts were busy on the return journey, engrossed with what we had seen. When the tunnels were once more behind us, our eyes dwelt

again upon the more distant view of the Jungfrau at Scheidegg, for it seemed as though we could never look upon its beauty long enough. It seemed to command the willing homage of the other peaks. Its fame has gone over all the earth, and those whose hearts try to imagine the purest and loveliest within the human ken have longed to see this mountain, the very embodiment of purity. Its white crest, towering high, points to heaven. The lower ridges, seeming in shadow to frown, threw into stronger relief the bright snowy heights above. It catches the first glimpse of the morning sun; it lingers with the sun's last rays in the short twilight of evening. In high place in the councils of the sky it stands unabashed in the eye of the sun in stainless honour. How massive and majestic it looked; how immovably strong; how calm and reassuring to shifting, restless, faithless men!

But a passing storm was at hand, and as we looked, clouds began to draw over the queenly head like a veil, and mists fell upon its form like a thick cloak. In thunder and lightning and storm it stood unmoved. Soon the clouds passed from its brow, and it again shone in a kind of celestial calm. The sunlight bathed its temples, as if to soothe after the storm, and its beauty became too exquisite for words. One could have no thought of any likeness save of the "Great White Throne."

This mountain speaks to the world, and calls as its audience all mankind. It bids men climb to where even it cannot reach. It stands forth as the symbol of the wider outlook and the larger life.

Its whiteness sweeps over our inmost selves with an overwhelming sense of purity, to which it calls us again and again to aspire. Its very massiveness speaks of a strength which can resist, a courage which never yields, and a stability upon which we ourselves and others may rely. Its serenity invades our nature, and summons us to greater faith. It suggests joy in the performance of duty felt only by those who do it. Its whole aspect convinces of the effulgence of a noble life, the spotlessness of untarnished honour, and the eternal value of heroism. Even as we gaze, we seem to see let down from heaven upon the mountain the golden ladder by which ascend the souls of those who have overcome.

ON WINGS OF AIR

“*Il Part! Il Part!*”

IN 1825 our forefathers stood on the threshold of the great Steam Epoch of the world, and we doubt not they dreamed of the beneficence and the enrichment which would accrue to their children unto the third and fourth generation by the discovery of steam locomotion. Again, the cycle of the ages has come round, and finds us, our great-grandfather's children, overawed by a discovery no less wonderful, namely, the aeroplane. Like our forefathers, we stand aghast at the daring of this invention, and enthralled by its potential usefulness.

It was on September 27, 1825, that the Stockton-Darlington Railway was opened. A great day it was, and a large concourse of people assembled on the occasion. A writer in the old *Scots Magazine* gives an interesting and quaint account of the events of the day, and thus comments on them:—

“In contemplating the events of the day, either in a natural point of view or as the efforts of a company of individuals furnishing a speedy, efficacious, and certain means of traffic to a wide and extended district, it alike excites the deepest interest and admiration; and the immense trains of carriages, covered with people, forming a load of from eighty

to ninety tons, gliding, as it were, smoothly and majestically along the railway, through files of spectators, at such an astonishing rate of speed, left an impression on those who witnessed it that never will be forgotten."

Again, in a new age and in different circumstances we are awed and thrilled because the conquest of the air has been achieved. We are at the beginnings of great things, and should drink our fill of wonder. Let us express it without apology, nor smile at the amazement our forefathers displayed, since we believe that greater discoveries even than airships are yet to be.

On October 7, 1909, "La Grande Quinzaine De L'Aviation" opened at Juvisy in France. France led the way in aviation, although Great Britain soon came abreast of France. Large prizes had been offered for competition at Juvisy, and the greatest interest was taken in Paris in the event. On the previous day we had visited the First International Exhibition of Aeroplanes in the Grand Palais in Paris, and had the advantage of being shown round it by an Austrian friend, who was well informed on the subject of monoplanes, biplanes, balloons dirigible and non-dirigible, in all their variety and equipment. From the enormous dome of the Palais were suspended two airship balloons, one of them being of the same type as the ill-fated "Republique," which had come to grief some months before. The monoplane in which M. Blériot had, on July 25, 1909, crossed the Channel had a place of honour in the Exhibition. Only two nights previously we

had crossed in a Dover-Calais boat, and as we looked at the slim machine and thought of the dark Channel which M. Blériot had crossed, alone, at night, in mid-air, and at great speed, the daring of the feat was impressed upon our minds. The "Antoinette" monoplane of Latham was also exhibited; the "Santos-Dumont"—for all the world like some leviathan "spinning-jenny"—and many others. Whirring, sparking motors of every type were there, cylinders, propellers, frames, wheels, steering-gear, and every imaginable outfit of aeroplanes. One striking feature that impressed itself was the way in which new manufactures and industries grow up around and are stimulated by the development of some invention like the aeroplane, and manufacturers specialise in certain parts of the machine—in some cases even quite insignificant parts of it.

Next day we set out for Juvisy from the Gare d'Orsay in bright autumn sunshine, and in an hour we had arrived at Juvisy Station, which, however, was a mile from the aviation ground. In "Port Aviation" it was without doubt a gala day, and as the crowded trains arrived with excursionists, the usually quiet village became transformed. It was conscious that it had awakened to fame. It was like a race day at Newmarket. We went with the crowd, first through some streets, then out into the country, along the broad highroad, the "Route Nationale de Fontainebleau," which led near the entrance to the course. Motors, taxi-cabs, bicycles, and every kind of vehicle filled the road. "Les

agents" or policemen were everywhere, but their regulations being obeyed and the entry-money paid, we were soon within the enclosure. Before us stretched a great plain, bare except for some scrub grass, and in some parts marshy. A belt of ground, about 100 yards broad, just within the enclosing fence, was set apart as "La Pelouse," in which the sightseers might sit or walk; and as the inner boundary of La Pelouse there was a light wooden fence, which in its complete circuit marked out the "race-ground." This boundary was kept by a military guard (soldiers seemed to be concerned in everything in France). In fact, for the occasion we learned that there were under orders no fewer than 110 mounted gendarmes, several squadrons of the 27th Dragoons, and two battalions of the 31st Infantry Regiment. A line of gendarmes, at intervals of ten paces, extended round the whole aviation ground. The ground itself was impressive in its immensity, and must have been a mile or more in diameter—at least it seemed large enough to embrace quite a score of football grounds. At one extremity of the ground were erected the pavilions or grand stands, and they were crowded with people; while not far from them were the large wooden sheds or hangars in which the airships were housed. Behind the pavilions were huge stances for automobiles and carriages of sightseers. In the centre of the "race-ground" or "piste" a flagstaff had been erected, on which different coloured flags were run up from time to time indicating, according to the numbers on the card, whether the respective airships

would fly, *e.g.* blue, "On ne vole pas;" white, "On volera peut-être;" red, "On vole," &c.

Chairs were to be had on hire, and having placed these on good vantage-ground we lunched and smoked and waited. It was half-past one o'clock, but there was no appearance of airships yet, and we contented ourselves by watching the crowds. They, like ourselves, were in a high strain of expectation, for had we not come forth to see what were the talk of the world? Had we not read of the wonderful doings of the inventors at Rheims and elsewhere? Were these records to be broken to-day before our own eyes? So the conversation drifted into the merits and details of flying-machines. Many and curious were the explanations and tit-bits of information about aeroplanes and aeronautics which passed from mouth to mouth in the waiting throng. As, at the midnight hour, with fire burning low, we tell ghost stories, so now we thought and spoke of all we had heard and read of the wonderful flying-machines. Every now and again, with a hasty interruption, field-glasses were levelled across the race-ground to see what was to be seen. For several hours there was little enough. Soon after we arrived we could descry on the other side of the race-ground some machines being taken out in front of the sheds, but they might have been reaping-machines for all the movement they seemed to make. Indeed, the whirring noise of their motors was not unlike the sounds of a harvest field, and for a long time we had to be content with little else, and to continue to enjoy the pleasures of expectation.

Attempts were made at frequent intervals by machines of various types and sizes. One could hear the whirring of a motor, and even see the blades of the propeller spinning round for perhaps half a minute; then the machine would begin to move along, first slowly, then faster, our hearts the while beating quick in sympathy. Alas, however! even the machines which thus set out scarcely rose at all, but skimmed along the ground on their bicycle-like wheels, or bobbed in the air a yard or two, and then dropped like wounded ducks. One or two machines were able to make half the circuit of the course, and even rise a few feet, but broke down suddenly, and had to be ignominiously dragged back to the sheds by a number of the assistants.

In this way we were enabled at least to see what aeroplanes were like, and could understand what they were meant to do, although not all the wishes and hopes of many thousands of spectators could make them do it.

It was now half-past four o'clock, and already the light was slightly on the wane. We were disappointed; we talked of the hours of departure of the trains for home; we scoffed at each repeated failure we saw; our bright hopes were beginning to vanish with the daylight. Just then we once more heard the whirr of a motor, and again, with scarce any expectation of success, we looked and watched.

Sure enough, there was a machine moving along from the starting-place at a fair speed, and we could see it was a monoplane. Faster and steadier we could hear the motor going, and the speed of the

machine increased. With outstretched wings it came on, like some mammoth bird, and—oh! sight for gods and men! It began to fly!

Every man and woman in the crowd sprang to their feet in excitement. “Il part! Il part!”—“It’s flying,” they shouted; and we looked in amazement and delight!

It had now risen 20 or 30 feet from the ground, and was coming towards us, with speed increasing every moment. Look, there it was, rising higher and higher—*mirabile visu!*—with the graceful motion of a bird.

We could now see the pilot perched on a seat between the outstretched wings of the aeroplane, directing its every motion. The crowd displayed something like abandon. I was as much moved as a Scotsman can be. The enthusiasm knew no bounds; we waved, we clapped, we cheered, we shouted “Bravo!” in ecstatic delight, and it seemed as if the applause of the multitude were almost bearing aloft and supporting the adventurous aviator and his machine. Now 100 feet up, then 50 more, and it was passing right in front of us, circling in even balance, an albatross of the air, round the whole circuit of the course. In breathless eagerness we watched. Would he alight at the starting-point? No! for he had now passed it, and was coming round again, and at a faster rate, and much higher. We fancied we saw him guide the machine, now pulling a lever, now turning the rudder.

So intent were we on watching his flight that we had not noticed another aeroplane starting in front

of the pavilions. It was a biplane, huge in comparison with the first machine, and it had already left the ground and was coming on quickly, and rising steadily. There seemed to be no effort; the "wings" seemed to catch the air and, motionless themselves, to carry forward at express speed. This machine looked clumsy in comparison with the first. It seemed like a row of honeycomb boxes, but it had an appearance of more stability than the light-looking monoplane.

Both aeroplanes continued their circular flight with half a mile between them, and in a few minutes more we heard again the whirr of the motor of a third machine. It also was a biplane, and it came rapidly forward, gradually rose with apparent ease, and, as if by force of example, followed the other two in flight.

Now was our joy complete. We no longer saw or heeded one another, but only the soaring aeroplanes. We knew not where we stood, or whether we ourselves were on earth or air. We ejaculated and passed comments, but more to ourselves than to one another, and for the time gave ourselves up to the delight of the hour. There was something awesome in it all, and so wonderful that soon we ceased to speak, and only gazed. Steadily forward in their course, far up in the sky, the three aeroplanes went—four, five, six, seven times round the appointed circuit.

Were we dreaming? Was this some pageant of Roman or Greek mythology we were witnessing? We had read of Triptolemus journeying through

space with his chariot drawn by winged dragons; of Phaethon driving the glittering equipage and fiery coursers of the sun; of the beautiful winged horse Pegasus employed by Zeus to carry his thunder and lightning. Were the whirling meteors of the sky which we now saw these creatures of myth or their progeny? Or, to come down to the western world of space and time, was it of these that Dr. Darwin dreamed when, in 1793 in his *Botanic Garden*, he wrote:

“On the wide-waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariot thro’ the fields of air”?

Before us was the realisation of that prophecy. Better and nobler than Grecian myth was this triumph of the ingenuity and skill of the minds of men. Here was the impersonation of courage as real and true as that of any soldier. The careful thought and experiment of the workshop were shown combined with resource and daring in action—the mechanic with the aviator—the heroes of the hour.

So as dusk drew on we left for home and moralised. Was this the end or the beginning; was it always to be merely a show; or had we seen in embryo the future method of locomotion for the service of mankind? Of this we felt sure, that these were but the beginnings of greater things to be. There had not been wanting great elements of danger in what we had seen, and these must be overcome and diminished as far as possible. The elemental air could not be changed or discounted, and there at the outset was a new and

ever-present — nay, sometimes fickle — associate in the adventure. Remembering that, we debated whether, if we were to trust ourselves in aerial flight, we should not make our first essay in a dirigible balloon. Its massive cone overhead, gaseous though it was, seemed to give a feeling of greater security than the gossamer wings of an aeroplane. But this might only be fancy. That aeroplanes would be vastly improved and developed with practical and utilitarian ends in view we could not doubt. Bitter irony though it was to think of how the invention would be turned to account for human destruction in warfare, we admitted that that was a sphere in which aeroplanes might reasonably be expected before long to play a part. An aeroplane could not as yet transport a company of soldiers, but it could carry some scouts and some instruments. Of these let an enemy beware. But an aviator might surely ere long be also the peaceful bearer of despatches, or a postman of the most august type. His machine might carry mail bags, though both space and speed might forbid a sorting-carriage. An express delivery of letters written and “aviated” in Paris before lunch and delivered in London before dinner seemed to us one of the first and most reasonable utilities to which the aeroplane might be put. We doubted whether aeroplanes could be used for regular passenger traffic.

It may be that posterity will smile good-naturedly at such cautious doubt. If an aeroplane now can carry a small number of persons, experience supports us in hoping, if not in fully believing, that

it may in course of time be improved and enlarged to carry many.

Accordingly we returned to town—by railway train in a third-class carriage! We had lived during the previous hour or two on the fringe of an empire whose vast extent we could not measure. In it both time and space seemed to have loosened their restraining bonds, and even gravity seemed to have yielded something of its rights. So our thoughts had been long and deep, as our gaze had been high. We honoured with all our hearts the small band of pioneers who comprised the expedition setting out to explore and to conquer. Every step of progress would be gained, we knew, only by toilsome and courageous thought and effort, and at the sacrifice of many lives. But theirs would be the eyes first to see the dawn of advancing light in that domain with whose future the destinies of mankind might yet be bound up.

PART II

MEANDERINGS WITH MOTHER NATURE

THE SPRING

THERE is rapture in the very name! No more of bleak days of unbroken cloud; day after day the conquering sunlight drives back the dark outposts of night and reclaims its own. The hours of weariness, sickness, and depression are numbered, for the Spring has come! Bursting buds; glories of lilies; daffodils ensheathed in their bright green leaves; snowdrops and crocuses; a self-conscious flush on the grass; birch trees whose tendril-like twigs are now shot with green; and the breath of youth in the soft air. Life's future is with the Spring, and every thrush and blackbird proclaims it. Listen to even one of these poet-laureates of their kind in the garden, if you doubt it. There is in its song no hesitancy or monotony, no pathetic strain. Its notes are high pitched, full and sweet, and there are scarce two bars the same. It sings unheeding, as though upon its song alone lay the burden of all Nature's praise. Its little head is thrown back, as if the better to direct its song to heaven, and its speckled breast heaves quick with the tremor of its joy. One can find no theme on which the whole song is built—it is so wild and rapturous; unmeasured and unstinted is its libation of praise, but not—as one hopes for pardon—not a libation spilt upon the ground.

To listen is to wonder, and to absorb is to become young in soul. The music of the Spring strikes unwonted chords in every heart, and the innermost being thrills again at the velvety touch of the Spring. Is any heart so sullen and embittered that it is impervious to the sweet influences of the colour and the melody of the Spring?

He must be blind who cannot see the promise of life; he must have no memory who can forget the glorious resurrections of former Spring-times. He sins against life and love to forget them. It has been so in the past, and will be until some other order of things is given.

It is, however, the *life* of Spring that has the secret power; that is to say, life given back when it seemed to have gone beyond recall; the pulse again beginning to throb, when the last long sleep seemed to have crept on; hope already as good as buried, when the word is spoken that the end is not yet. With the coming of the Spring, a new heaven as well as a new earth has opened for us. A halo seems to surround the sombre faces of our fellows, and the common things of the world are tinged to their edges with gold. The Transfiguration is no myth or illusion—it is the present miracle of the Spring.

By its own example Spring seems to enthuse into us the *will* to be born again. At its coming we see Nature's dead brought to life again, the crushed and broken things restored, and the place of defeat become the mustering-ground for a new campaign. Through the subtle ether that surrounds our inner selves the

Spirit of the Spring-time penetrates to quicken and revive. Perhaps strength is given at first only to rise among the ruins of past days and look around. Where in the winter of our failure there seemed only blank desolation and despair, there now appears the promise of life. We see where fair gardens with roses in bloom may be ; and where amid the ruins are foundations of sure standing upon which Temples of Honour may be reared. The Spring is an inheritance common to all who will but open their hearts to it. Therein lie the wonders of its grace ; to each individual it is new and peculiarly his very own, yet to the many it is also vouchsafed.

The marvel of the Spring is its vital power of suggestion upon the heart and mind of man. With its influence upon us, long-forgotten ideals revive ; and we can imagine how things that are not may one day actually become things that are. We hopefully take up tasks to the difficulties of which we had long ago capitulated. The gracious Spirit of the Spring persuades us we are better fitted for them now, and we become feverish in our haste to complete what we had begun, for surely it is but bare gratitude that we embrace a new chance we never hoped to receive. Besides, *this* Spring-time has come to us ; but will another come ? We cannot tell, and so our hands must be busy. The heard melodies of the birds of Spring are sweet, but the unheard melodies known only to souls refreshed and made young are sweeter still.

Many people never grow old, though their hair be white as the driven snow. Surely they have

found the secret of the Spring, and have never forgotten it. It is well, therefore, to drink deep of the inspiration of the Spring-time, to study Nature much in this her most wonderful time of transition, and to watch her put off the old and put on the new. Knowing how resolutely and with what manifest joy she does so, the hearts of men may be induced by her sweet persuasiveness to do the same. At least let them go on wondering at and praising the marvels of the Spring. The Way of Wonder leads straight to Reverence, and the man of deep reverence must ere long come into his kingdom.

LOCH AND RIVER

THE road winds its uneven way in and out through woods of larch and fir, until at length the glistening of water is seen through the trees below. There lies a loch—a dream of beauty in the sunshine! Its whole circumference of more than a mile is thickly wooded to the water's edge, while round the side high rushes grow, as if vegetation were unwilling to yield to the water an inch more than it must. Close together in the centre of the loch lie two islands, the undergrowth on which is ragged and irregular. These give a home to flocks of noisy gulls and waterfowl. The loch has two sequestered bays, and many a tiny inlet in its serrated edge. Ferns and brackens grow thick around, and young birches bend gracefully over the water to watch themselves grow beautiful. There is scarce a breath of wind to ruffle the water's face, and only where some waterfowl have been, or a trout has leapt, is the calm broken by rings that undulate toward the shore. The air is balmy, and the quarrelling birds have found agreement and are at rest. Here are no storms, no buffeting, nor wrestling against odds. Each drop has found its level, and no more disputes with others for a place. Embosomed 'mid the woods, and sheltered, the loch lies little moved

by tempest. Tiny streams flow into it, supplying all its needs, nor seeking outlet. It struggles not with even winter's frost, but yields itself a willing captive to its wiles, and, icebound, seems to smile as calmly as when free. Save for the passing frown, or happy glint which cloud or sunshine provoke in turn, the loch sleeps peacefully. Here one can measure the pulsebeat, and feel it quieten down in the stillness and the calm.

This may be Nirvana, but sure it is not Life!

Wandering on through the woods, we leave the loch behind and come upon a river. The road has been a rising one, and so we find ourselves on a high bank with a commanding view, and far below the water flows swiftly past. For a background, the surrounding woods stretch far as we can see, with foliage set thick like moss. Throughout the river's course the banks are steep and thickly grown. The water is dark brown in colour and specked with foam, and thus it tells its history. At that deep pool near by, where it takes time to rest, it tells of its far journey with the dawn from hills and uplands. Struggling through mist and rain it came, o'er many a rock and fall; here a swift current and there an eddy. At one time, menacing as it flowed deep and narrow; at another, smiling as it ran broad and gladly in the sunlight.

Here surely is Life, and in that thought there is a thrill and charm. The river speaks, and acts, and lives. Ere ever morning broke, this stream was pleading for release from dank and sodden hillsides,

that it might flow to the ocean afar. In dewy tears and mist and cloud it broke its way, and found its nature and a name. It had no easy course, for obstacles lay stern and frequent. Yet all in turn it overcame, gaining new strength and impetus from each encounter. It struggled on, and winning willing helpers by the way, it ran its course with joy. Its channel was deep-worn and wonted, but it had a life its very own to live. It bore new burdens of its own; it hollowed grooves and shaped a course no other could have done. It wrought and toiled, and mingled its labour with the work of the ages. Now it flowed on beneath the eyes of the world, with a character and strength which could not be withstood. In its music was a note of triumph. It seemed to sing of release and victory; of work which lay behind it, and of the full sea to which it hastened at the crossing of the bar. It seemed to bear in its bosom a living soul, and told a message which other souls might understand. It confessed how its waters in their course had lain awhile asleep in a loch far up among the hills. It had found calm there indeed, but it loved not the stagnation of calm. It felt its own power, and longed to find scope, and so pressed forward through the outlet's shingly bed.

Now in our hearing it casts ridicule upon mere placid existence, which seeks quiet and rest at any price and hugs the coast of ease. But it sang the praise of the strenuous life which runs a course like its own. All honour, it said, to the man who labours for others' weal, struggles to keep high resolves,

wrestles with great themes, and grapples thorny problems of the hour. He leads while others follow. He knows no fear, and does not hesitate to dare.

And full, and fuller grew its flood, until in deep and steady flow it joined the sea.

RAINDROPS IN THE SUN

SOME are so engrossed with thoughts about what life is, that they forget to live. Others are so busy with life's details, that they ignore its larger meaning.

Some are so overwhelmed in its bitterness and toil, that they cannot know the zest and thrill and delights of true living. Others are always surrounded by its giddy pleasures and empty laughter, so that they lose taste for the smiles that are born in the heart, and for hallowed mirth.

You and I can guess the middle course, yet scarcely find it easy to keep.

Sunshine after rain makes myriad diamonds of the leaden drops.

THE ENGLISH LAKES IN EARLY SUMMER

THE first thing to do, when one arrives in a place to which he is a stranger, is to get up upon an eminence as soon as possible and look around. Things confused then become plain, and clearly outlined ideas of the place take shape in one's mind. When one arrives in Windermere, accordingly, one loses no time in reaching the top of Orrest Head. It rises steep behind the town, and one can be at the top in twenty minutes. The path on leaving the town enters the grounds of Elleray, the beautiful mansion-house where lived a century ago "Christopher North" (Professor John Wilson) of "Blackwood" fame. It is a lovely spot, commanding a view which is the envy of all. No wonder North was the genial soul he was, and that his eloquence and fancy flowed full and vivacious! One is tempted to linger amid the fragrance of the woods, in climbing the zigzag paths—now to admire Elleray and repeople its fair demesne as one imagines it from all that North has himself written; and now to catch the earliest glimpses of the Lake of Windermere far beneath. The top of Orrest Head is steep and bare, and all breathless one reaches the coveted spot from which are seen some

of the glories of this wonderful district. What a panorama stretches before the astonished eyes in mountains, woods, and lake of myriad bays! One is silent in awe of the grandeur of the scene.

“Wooded Winandermere, the river-lake.”

“The first sight of such a scene,” says North, “will be unforgotten to your dying day—for . . . associations, swift as light, are gathered into one Emotion of Beauty which shall be imperishable. . . . Thus may one moment minister to years. . . . And you feel that there is loveliness on this earth more exquisite and perfect than ever visited your slumbers even in the glimpses of a dream.”

The whole length of the lake, which lies almost directly north and south, and is some ten miles long, is stretched out before us—from Ambleside at the north end to Lakeside at the south. The town of Windermere is about midway of the lake's length. There is the cluster of fourteen islands upon its placid face, and fairest of all, the Isle called Beautiful. Beyond the lake rises peak after peak—the “Old Man” of Coniston, dipping to its northern limb Wetherlam, at whose base lies the Lake of Coniston; Bowfell and Scawfell in the far distance; and to the north the Langdale Pikes of double cone; and misty Helvellyn. There is Wray Castle on the western side of the lake, and on the other side there is a wide expanse of rising ground covered with a patchwork of pleasant fields of every shape, size, and cultivation. Eastward lies

the Valley of Troutbeck, with its wilds beyond; turning to the south we can just make out the glint of the distant sea of Morecambe Bay; while in the nearer view in the same direction the eye comes to rest on "the templed promontory of stately Storrs." This, then, is the Lake Country, and this the Land of the Poets! We think of those to whom these scenes were sacred, and henceforth they become sacred to us. Wordsworth, North, De Quincey, Coleridge, Southey, Hartley Coleridge, the Arnolds, and Ruskin—a royal succession! Thoughts come deep and many, and in our recalling the memory of those who loved them so well, "Hills and rocks, woods and trees, and the haunts of men, . . . are dragged from purple obscurity and painted in burnished gold."

We must needs go to Hawkshead, and see the village and the school where Wordsworth spent eight years of his boyhood and youth. The route from Windermere is via Bowness, where we cross the lake. Bowness, as everyone knows, is the Port of Windermere. Windermere stands high above the lake, and is some little distance inland, while Bowness is by the water's edge. North called Bowness "a village of villas," and although it has grown bigger since his day, its character is much the same.¹ One may cross the lake from Bowness by one of the bright little steamers which ply on the lake. One may also cross from Ferry Nab, a short

¹ "Bowness Bay is in itself a lake," he says, "but how finely does it blend away, through its screens of oak and sycamore trees, into a larger lake—another, yet the same. . . ."

distance further south, by the ferry boat, which is guided and steadied by two cables, and is capable of conveying, when necessary, the burthen of two motor cars or two char-a-bancs with horses, passengers, and drivers complete! The road to Hawkshead begins steeply from the lakeside. We picture North on this road, "the gentleman in a yellow post-chay," who thus describes the route: "The country between the Ferry House and Hawkshead is of the most pleasant and lively character . . . full of ups and downs—here smooth and cultivated—there rough and rocky—pasture alternating with cornfields, capriciously as one might think, but for good reasons known to themselves—cottages single, or in twos and threes, naturally desiring to see what is stirring, keep peeping over their neatly-railed front garden. . . ."

But there is Esthwaite Water!

"How lovely 'tis

Thou seest,—and he would gaze till it became

Far lovelier,—and his heart could not sustain

The beauty, still more beauteous!"

Thus Wordsworth wrote in lines "left upon a seat in a yew-tree which stands near the Lake of Esthwaite, on a desolate part of the shore, commanding a beautiful prospect." Within their compass the lines quoted seem to contain the whole of Wordsworth's message and teaching. He seems to stand beside us, and with gesture all eloquent he bids us look, and tells us what to see. What even to the wayfaring man seemed fair, grows fairer still, as he its fairness delineates. Then with magic touch he

strikes a chord within us, deep and divine, and we learn the other name which nature owns, "Instructed that true knowledge leads to love."

The lake lies high among "the everlasting hills" —sullen and white-crested on this blustering day. It is not one of the deep lakes, like Windermere, or Coniston, or Grasmere, but is "a lovely scene in its summer garniture of woods," as De Quincey calls it. The wind blew fresh and strong from the brows of the hills, and pretentious little waves washed in to the shore, lapping the green pasture which crept to the water's edge. Near the head of the lake nestles Hawkshead, a quaint little hamlet.

The village aspires to having a Square, an Institute with reading-room, and of course an Inn; while above all towers the old Church on a little eminence of its own. Near the Church is the famous old School, founded by Archbishop Sandys in 1585, a two-storied building with windows of diamond panes, and a large dial over the doorway, and on the whole not much different from many another parochial country school. But then—the poet Wordsworth was educated here, and that is enough to transfigure the humblest school with a radiance of interest! The comfortless, low, lumbering desks are there, all cut and carved by many a schoolboy's knife (the poet's own name appears on one!). Words of exhortation taken from some of the poet's works now may be read in rude letters along the top of the schoolroom walls. In an out-of-the-way corner in the village is the humble cottage where Wordsworth lodged when at school (that being the custom in

these days), with its rail-less stone stairs outside, and its garden plot. Of Hawkshead might be said what Alexander Smith wrote of "Dreamthorpe," "Time should be measured here by the silent dial, rather than by the ticking clock or by the chimes of the Church."

From Hawkshead there is a charming walk or drive over the hills to Coniston. In walking one goes by the "Tarns"—two small lakes nestling among the hills—following a zigzag up-and-down path most of the way. Suddenly from the other side of the hill one catches sight of Coniston Lake, and soon one sees its whole length stretching in beauty in the sunshine. It is a sight not to be forgotten. The road into Coniston skirts the lakeside, and looking across to the south-east side of the lake (*i.e.* opposite the town) one can see Brantwood, Ruskin's old home.

It makes a lovely drive to return from Hawkshead to Windermere by the north end of Lake Windermere. The road lies through the most beautiful scenery—pasture land, farm, and mountain tarn. Sit down by the roadside on this early summer day, and cease even the sounds of your own footsteps, so that you may feel the stillness of Nature, broken only by snatches of Nature's music. The blackbird, mavis, blue jay, yellow hammer, linnet, wren, starling, and plover, may be heard, and even the sombre rooks in the trees—each bird's tale being of its own joys and Nature's bounty. Beside you the squirrel, alarmed by a sound, scrambles up the further side of a tree, peeps out at you, and then disappears. A

mile away, among the hills on such a day you can hear the cocks crowing in the neighbourhood of distant steadings; and the bleating of this season's lambs on a dozen hillsides reminds their mothers of a necessity which they must have thought their lambs had outgrown. Resuming our way, we pass Wray Castle grounds and Blelham Tarn, and then cross first the Brathay stream and then the Rothay (the main feeders of the lake), and skirt the head of the lake at Waterhead and Lowwood, "beautiful for situation."

A circuit of most of the other larger lakes may be made. The route is up Troutbeck Valley to the top of the Kirkstone Pass, descending the other side by Brothers Water and through Patterdale to Ullswater; thence to Keswick; and returning along the base of Helvellyn by Lakes Thirlmere and Grasmere to Ambleside and Windermere! The whole distance is about 70 miles, and the route touches no fewer than eight of the lakes—Brothers Water, Ullswater, Derwentwater, Basenthwaite, Thirlmere, Grasmere, Rydal Water, and Windermere. The ascent up Troutbeck, round Wansfell, to the top of the Kirkstone Pass (where is Kirkstone Inn at a height of 1500 feet above sea-level) is a distance of about seven miles. The road is exceedingly steep and winding, though not quite as dangerous as that which reaches the Kirkstone from Ambleside. Here the face of the country resembles a "summit level" at Dalnaspidal among the Grampians, so wild and bare it looks and with air so pure and strong. Mist hangs here and there

among the mountains, but is constantly moving, and the sky is cloudy and watery. But anon the sun comes out, and then every mountain, force (waterfall), and valley is resplendent and of exquisite beauty. Just such a day as that would one choose by preference for seeing the Lake Country, rather than a hot, cloudless day of monotonous sunshine, which makes the fairest scenery seem dead and the heart grow tired. Wordsworth sang for us and for all on just such a day, as he rested on the bridge at the foot of Brothers Water :

“ There’s joy in the mountains ;
 There’s joy in the fountains ;
 Small clouds are sailing,
 Blue sky prevailing ;
 The rain is over and gone ! ”

It is a steep descent into Patterdale by Brothers Water (a lonely tarn at the base of the Kirkstone Pass in which two brothers are said to have been drowned), and then after a few miles the route is through flat country to Ullswater. Only a portion of the lake can be seen in approaching from this direction, but it is the most beautiful part, and there is a magnificent view from the wooded cliffs at Stybarrow Crag, a little beyond Ullswater. After skirting the lake for some distance, the road strikes westward between the hills towards Keswick. It is from the heights above St. John’s Vale, near Keswick, that one gets the first view of Lakes Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite. After rain, the lakes lie now in dark shadow and now lit up in grandeur, first here and then there, as the sun breaks through the heavy

hanging clouds. On the latter part of the route from Keswick to Windermere, round the base of Helvellyn, one gets the like charming views of Thirlmere, Grasmere, and Rydal Water.

It is round Grasmere that so much interest centres, not only for its own wonderful beauty, but also because that is the part of the Lake District which Wordsworth made peculiarly his own. Let De Quincey on our behalf tell in his panoramic words how Grasmere looked when he first saw it' on the day he thought to visit Wordsworth for the first time, but retreated faint-heartedly "*re infecta*":—"The whole Vale of Grasmere suddenly breaks upon the view in a style of almost theatrical surprise, with its lovely valleys stretching before the eye in the distance, the lake lying immediately below, with its solemn ark-like island of four and a half acres in size seemingly floating on its surface, and its exquisite outline on the opposite shore, revealing all its little bays and wild sylvan margin, feathered to the edge with wild flowers and ferns. In one quarter, a little wood, stretching for about half a mile towards the outlet of the lake, more directly in opposition to the spectator, a few green fields; and beyond them, just two bowshots from the water, a little white cottage, gleaming from the midst of the trees, with a vast and seemingly never-ending series of ascents, rising above it to the height of more than three thousand feet. That little cottage was Wordsworth's, from the time of his marriage and earlier." On the outskirts of Grasmere is this famous Dove Cottage, which now, however, has other houses near,

obscuring both itself and its view of the lake. The quaint low-roofed sitting room, bedrooms, and study are all said to be much as they were in Wordsworth's day. Rising steep behind the cottage is a pretty little garden, whose praises Wordsworth sang in his poem, *Farewell*, written in 1802, just before he left to bring home to it his bride, who was to him a "phantom of delight." In the garden is the "rocky well," and the bower, "our own contrivance, building without peer." "O happy garden!"

In the quiet little churchyard in Grasmere Village we stand by the grave of Wordsworth. Dear old Wordsworth! So pure a soul, so true a friend, so near our hearts! It was long before he came to his own—indeed his inheritance has not yet ceased to increase—but he holds a place in the world's affection and esteem which is sure and lasting.

Ruskin, in his Preface to the second edition of *Modern Painters*, belaboured Christopher North for his attempts as an art critic; but there is one thing which will ever be remembered to North's credit, namely, his enthusiastic outspoken praise of Wordsworth's poetry at a time when the poet-philosopher's claim to genius was still in doubt. What delights are those to wander with Wordsworth and enjoy his companionship among the objects of Nature he loved so well! Now it is the celandine, "There is a flower that shall be mine"; or the yew-trees, "Those fraternal four of Borrowdale"; or often, the daisy. Again, he is with the cuckoo, the red-breast, the linnnet, the sparrow, the butterfly, or a pet lamb. What surprises in the thought, what

insight in the feeling, what pure sentiment beneath all! We watch the gipsies with him, "The stars have tasks, but these have none"; we hear him hector a sexton, "Thou old greybeard"; or we listen to his description of an old Cumberland beggar. Of course, Wordsworth is not always at his best, but we can take what we think best, and what we like, and leave the rest. Perhaps others will like and read what we eschew. But the poet who could write such a gem as the "Ode to Immortality" may be reckoned on to have much more that is worth prizing. If you wish to be guided in your selection, you may consult one who, besides being one of our greatest critics, was a poet himself, and knew what real poetry is—Matthew Arnold. You may read his selection of Wordsworth's poems in the *Golden Treasury Series*, and read along with them what Arnold wrote about Wordsworth in his *Essays in Criticism*. You will then love him as we do—well.

PART III

STEPPING-STONES O'ER TROUBLED WATERS

THE SPHERE OF MUSIC

"Music is in a sense the most satisfactory of all the arts, since it is wholly form and power."—GOETHE.

IN the sounds of Nature is a store of suggestion and imagery upon which the musician may draw. He will listen, for example, to the roll of the thunder, the sough and rustle of the wind, the roar of the waterfall, the sullen voices of the sea, the rippling laughter of the brook, the swell of the river, the song and twitter of the birds, and the humming of the bees. It would seem as if each of these, when taken in the grey light of the Creation's dawn, from its setting in the symphony of heaven, had borne to earth its part with which to gladden and upraise the souls of men. He who best knows the meaning and message of Nature's music is already well equipped to begin to look into the depths, the lights and the shades, of musical compositions. Some of the efforts of the greatest composers have been bent upon imitating Nature's music; they have built upon it as the firm foundation for some of their great works of genius, or they have interwoven the interpretation of the heart's deepest emotions with the heave and cry and song which come from Nature's bosom.

Elemental and primitive music is, of course, to

be found in Nature. It is no doubt true that it is impossible to find any connected melody among the sounds of Nature, and that—speaking of music, as it has been developed in modern times, as the creation of man—there is neither melody nor harmony in them. Yet if the poets' glowing words in praise of Nature's music are to some extent metaphorical, experience tells us that there is more than metaphor behind them. There *is* music in Nature. In many cases it may be exactly reproduced by musical instruments; as, for example, the nightingale's song may be rendered in harmonics on a violin. But if, generally speaking, Nature's music cannot stand the test of analysis, and if it even sounds trivial when wrested from its surroundings and reproduced by a musical instrument, yet coming from Nature's lips, it influences powerfully the heart of man and stirs deep religious emotions within him. It may be that the influence arises less from the intrinsic value of the sounds as music, than from their associations and the halo of romance in which they are set.

Music may be heard in the silence of the soul. The true musician needs no instrument to yield its treasures of melody to his ear in order that his heart may understand. It has been beautifully said that "heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter"; yet the aphorism is more often quoted than it is experimentally understood. It contains a subtle paradox, but, nevertheless, it is a fact of everyday life, which has meant much to common lives. By the melodies of the heart, burdens become

light to bear and new tasks seem already half done. Such melodies may be reminiscent of long-forgotten days, or of faces in the shadows—echoes awakened by some passing circumstance, as the Æolian harp is stirred to music by the straying wind. These melodies may flit through the corridors of our minds like sunbeams, sweet and unknown; they may pass quickly into the inane, uncaught, but they often leave behind them the suggestion of some stave in the New Song.

It is the end and aim of music to represent our emotions, to excite and awaken them, to intensify and deepen them. Through our emotions our Reason and Will are touched, and it should be our care that all good and high emotions excited by music be transmuted into action, and be not allowed to effervesce in idleness. Within the compass of the notes of, say, a piano or a violin, it is possible to represent not only the simplest emotions, such as expectation, disappointment, fear, or love, but also the most complex and intermingled emotions which sweep incessantly across the heart. Anyone who has cared to consider the variety of emotions which we experience during any day of our lives, or indeed in any hour of the day, must be amazed. Not only do they vary infinitely in character, but also in intensity and duration. Those whose days are colourless and barren of interest or excitement may not be conscious of one single outstanding emotion, marking out some particular moment of the day. But in others, who live in the stress and amid the hurricanes of life, emotions crowd, and jostle, and

pass, and only those which sear the memory or prick the conscience remain. To express such complexity of emotions in words is beyond the powers of both poet and rhetorician; it remains the unique office of the musician to represent them by his art. We must not expect to find every musical composition dark with passion or luminous with colour. If they were so, the composers would not be depicting accurately the emotions of life as a whole, because emotions in many lives are of the most prosaic kind.

We usually choose music which shall be attuned to our feelings. If we are brimming over with joy, we demand joyous music. If we are sad, then we ask for mournful music. Yet if we wish to banish melancholy, we seek bright and sparkling music which will enliven our spirits. At times, however, sorrow cannot be so dispelled by music, but it can at least be soothed. If, on the other hand, we feel we are too boisterous in our mirth, we welcome solemn music which will have a sobering effect upon us.

It has been said that "the wedding of speech and tone is the noblest marriage ever consummated." All the world knows the power of song when it is wedded to appropriate music. In many instances, however, the music to which words are set contains in itself the beauty and the power which touch hearts, and that quite independently of the words. The words undoubtedly help our dull comprehension to understand and appreciate exactly what is intended to be conveyed, and then, as a result, similar emotions are excited in all who hear the music.

But, on the other hand, so powerful often is music itself, that it thrills us more and fathoms more secret depths in us than the mere words could ever do; indeed music links to itself associations and subtle emotions of which words are powerless to speak.

This question of the relationship of words and music is a much argued one. Mr. Ruskin, who wrote considerably on Music as illustrating canons of Art, speaks thus, in one of his rules for the pursuit of music in *Rock Honeycomb*: "Ballad music is, of course, written with the intent that it shall fit itself to any sentiment by mere difference of adopted time and accent. The right delivery of it will follow naturally on true feeling of the ballad. The absurdity of the ordinary supposition that music can express feeling definitely, without words, is shown in a moment by the fact that such general expressions *can* be written, and that in any good and classic ballad music, the merry and melancholy parts of the story may be with entire propriety and satisfaction sung to precisely the same melody." But the matter may rest on the opinion of one who is competent to speak with authority, Mendelssohn. Regarding his *Songs without Words*, the sentiments of which a correspondent had tried to incorporate in a number of poems, he wrote: "You give the various numbers of the book such titles as 'I think of thee,' 'Melancholy,' 'The Praise of God,' 'A Merry Hunt.' I can scarcely say whether I thought of these or other things while composing the music. Another might find 'I think of thee' where you find 'Melancholy,' and a real huntsman might consider

'A Merry Hunt' a veritable 'Praise of God.' But this is not because, as you think, music is vague; on the contrary, I believe that musical expression is altogether too definite, that it reaches regions and dwells in them whither words cannot follow it, and must necessarily go lame when they make the attempt as you would have them do."

The results derived from listening to music cannot be said to be, on the one hand, entirely subjective, or, on the other, dependent on the nature of the music alone. Both factors contribute to produce the results; at one time the temperament and changing mood of the listener contributes most, while at another the enthralling or impressive description of the music does so. This is what makes it so difficult to draw lines of demarcation between what is called "sacred" and "secular" music. It will often be found that association and habit are mainly responsible for our admitting compositions to one class or the other. It is wise to be chary of laying down general rules, and safer to allow each conscience to judge for itself (so long as none but the individual conscience is affected by the decision). As matter of fact, rough distinctions are readily drawn. Thus, to take the most obvious example, common consent unhesitatingly ranks "dance music" as secular. But though sacred music is usually slow in movement, yet this does not necessarily imply that every piece of slow music is sacred. If religion is no sour-visaged grim ogre, then surely there may be bright and happy music which is yet sacred. In times of religious ecstasy one sees how all precedents

and conventionalities as to "sacred" music are cast aside. Much depends on the fitness of things and the suitability of the occasion, and there is an unerring instinct in most people which usually decides all such questions on the spot. If one were to include in the category of secular music all dance music, martial music, the bulk of operatic and theatrical music, and perhaps most songs, no disparagement of such forms of music is implied, nor need they be excluded at fitting times from the life of any good and religious man. It is, however, clear that even if this division of secular music were exhaustive of the class (which it is not), only a relatively small proportion is left to be assigned to sacred music.

It was said of Charles II: "The King liked cheerful airs he could hum and beat time to." It will probably not be disputed that by far the commonest use to which music is put is to give pleasure, and nothing more—that is to say, mundane momentary gratification of the senses, having few religious or moral results; or to put it otherwise, æsthetic appreciation of the artistic beauty of music. If music, however, is made but the slave of passion or the sport of caprice; if nothing more is demanded of it than to tickle the fancy, to while away the tedious hour, or to stir sentimentalism of a cheap kind, then assuredly music becomes wedded to that in man which is ephemeral and trivial. Music will without fail assume the aspect of its use and wont, and if a nation makes no deeper or lasting attachment to music than what we have

indicated, then it deserves to be banned for all time as "unmusical."

Is it really more difficult to gain the attention of the British public upon such a subject as music than that of another country? The vast majority are no doubt "fond of music," as we say, and there may be only a small minority who have no "ear" for music. Some have an ear for music, and yet have never learned anything of the theory of music or the practice of it upon any instrument. This class we take to be the largest of all. Some know the theory but cannot apply it; and others play some instrument wholly by ear. Amongst those who do know both the theory and the practice of music there are endless varieties of proficiency. Others, while far advanced in musical study and of faultless technique, are utterly devoid of that soul and sympathy and intensity of feeling, to lack which is in music to miss all. Of all the thousands who sit through a classical concert, it would be a question of difficulty to reckon how many have understood, appreciated, and really enjoyed the performance. It is fashionable to go, and the majority may have liked to have their ears tickled by the music, but how many understood the meaning and all the wealth of beauty in the music? Those who know the "score" well have great advantages over those who do not; but such knowledge is not in itself sufficient. The spirit and message of the composition may be revealed to others than "the wise and prudent," and even to them it may be denied.

However good patrons of music the British public

may be, there may be truth in the statement that they have not yet attained to the dignity of being, in the best and widest sense, a musical nation. Germany may well claim to be such, not only on account of its being the home of so many of the world's musical geniuses, but also because of the natural taste for music which the German people possess. In Britain, however, it is only within the last forty or fifty years that the serious study of music has become in any way general, although in later years the forward movement has become more and more marked. For example, first-class concerts are now much more plentiful than they once were; but they are still so expensive that only the well-to-do can take full advantage of them, and the less fortunate people attend them only at considerable sacrifice. The indulgence of musical tastes is in Britain more or less a luxury still. The most promising features in the situation, however, we take to be (a) the growing enthusiasm of devoted missionaries of music throughout the country; (b) the application of the people to a more general and catholic study of music; (c) their inclination to think of the deeper spiritual meaning of music; and (d) the toleration now shown by the people in regard to the choice of musical subjects, combined with an openness to conviction and to the reception of new methods.

Music plays no inconsiderable part in connection with religious services and devotional acts. It touches the deep mysteries of religion, and portrays spiritual experiences in a way that almost nothing else can do. Even by music alone we may pray

and praise. Musical compositions do not require to be complex and florid in order to stir the deep waters of the soul. To many people it is only the simplest music, slow and solemn, which can speak of higher things.

May we here urge a criticism? Although the majority of those who are religious people may like instrumental music in a distant and disinterested way, they yet, as a general rule, do not find in it any religion or aids to religion. It is only the comparatively few who really rely on music as a source from which to draw inspiration and help to live their lives aright. Yet there stands there an open door at which almost all may enter in. It is to be feared that the people of this country, in all classes of society, do not yet know how to take the best and highest moral and spiritual good from music. They do not know what to look for, or (assuming that they do) where to look for it in the music they hear. They often do not select their music with discrimination as to the end in view. Those who have musical resources at their command, set apart to be used in the interests of religion, incur grave responsibility because they use these resources so little. It does not seem to be sufficiently appreciated how powerful a regenerative agency exists in instrumental music of sterling worth. It is time that the way to the true appreciation of music was made more abundantly clear to all. We need our blunt perceptions sharpened and our musical faculties and instinct developed. It is not necessary that one be himself a performer on any instrument, or even know a

crotchet from a quaver. One may, by adequate training of mind and heart, grasp the deeper meaning of music, and lay to heart the fairest lessons which those composers taught, through whose pens flowed the quickening of the Spirit. Even the veriest tyros and logs regarding music may begin—
now.

MUSICAL GENIUS AND RELIGION

WHAT constitutes a "religious" musical composer? Who among the great masters are to be regarded as such, and for what reason? The subjective and the objective points of view of this matter are quite distinct, but they lie close to one another. For does not much depend upon what effect the music of a composer has upon those who are to decide whether the composer was "religious"?

One must, first of all, enter protest against that common interpretation of the term "religion" which implies conformity to the doctrines of a particular ecclesiastical sect. The term has a wider application—synonymous rather with all that in man is Divine. One of the glories of Music is that it is not the possession of a creed or a sect. It is a Temple within which all men may worship.

When listening to some faultlessly executed piece of music, one's thoughts travel beyond the person or persons who happen to be acting as interpreters, and reach out towards the composer of the music in whose rich and fertile imagination it was conceived. What had he in his mind when he composed the music? What did he mean to teach by it, or what message did he mean to convey? Did he himself sincerely believe and feel what he wrote? Such

are the questions that naturally rise to the mind. The answers to them need not be suggested by the influence which the music has upon the listener; for each one colours with his own emotions the music which he hears, and interprets it according to his own mood or disposition. Is it possible, then, to discover whether the writer of music, which stirs deep religious feelings in those who hear it, was himself a religious man?

Composers of music are so different. One may have scarcely a strain of religion in his nature, and may be sufficiently true to himself not to exhibit a trace of it in his compositions. Of such, there are examples in plenty. Another may be a consummate artist who is able to recognise religion as an on-looker, or even feel its influence in a superficial and disinterested manner. He may be able to portray in his music the most solemn religious experiences—yet, it may be, insincerely. That is to say, he may not *himself* have been stirred by the emotions of which his music tells. It is to be feared that a considerable proportion of so-called “sacred” or “religious” music has been written “to order.” If such be the case, it is incorrect to credit its composers with religious emotions of which they were innocent. A composer may, however, be a man of real religious temperament. Religion being the pivot on which his life turns, his musical compositions are of necessity largely tinged with this colouring. It is, however, open to doubt whether one should unhesitatingly include in the last-mentioned class (as is commonly done) composers such

as even Beethoven or Mendelssohn. These men were undoubtedly great musical geniuses, but when one considers closely their life and conduct as a whole, one is not so ready to affirm that they were deeply religious men throughout. Possibly, as compared with other composers, they have written a greater number of musical compositions which suggest devout feelings. But it is quite another thing to assert that these feelings must have been experienced by the composers of the music at the time they wrote it. How can one with certainty say that here, in one place, the composer must have stood at the gates of Heaven, or here, at another place, on the brink of Hades? It is only when each musical composition is taken by itself and the circumstances under which it was written are as far as possible ascertained, and the composer's declared motives known, that it is possible to say whether or not that particular composition was penned with a definite religious intention, and that the composer probably experienced the thoughts and emotions portrayed in the music. Further than that one cannot with safety go.

It is not enough to know and listen to the works of the masters, and from them alone to decide which shall have the coveted palm, because our own minds and hearts in great measure supply depth and fervour to their compositions. Indeed, it is possible to imagine that such compositions could have been penned by men capable of portraying religious emotion without themselves experiencing it. In music the same rule would appear to hold as in litera-

ture, viz., that it is dangerous and untrustworthy to estimate an author's religion entirely from his writings. They *may* truthfully reflect his true self—there is even a strong presumption in favour of that view—but, on the other hand, they may not. There are examples of both to be found.

Music the Element must be embodied in practical music, and upon the exponent rests the responsibility of making intelligible what the composer meant.

“ Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.”

Yet no sooner unloosed than again in chains! A picture, once painted, remains—the visible enduring monument of genius. Not so the structures which musicians build. They are, and then are not! Memory may give them a lingering existence for a short time, but that is all. Thus it is that the composer owes to the executant every breath of life he draws, and it is by his touch that the disembodied thought of the composer is summoned from the void into life—each time a veritable new creation.

In the first place, the exponent must have sufficient musical faculty and appreciation to understand the meaning of the composition, as well as the technical skill to express it on his instrument. His technique may be limited or faulty, and his powers may not be diverse or skilful enough to execute the composition, even though he have some idea of what meaning it is intended to convey. Accordingly, his attempted interpretation may have no coherency at all—perhaps at best but a mutila-

tion or a caricature of the composer's meaning; or otherwise an entirely different message from that which he intended to deliver. One wonders of how many or how few performances of musical compositions could their respective composers say, "That is exactly the meaning I meant to convey." If the composition be to the exponent incomprehensible as an enigma, a mere medley of molten sound, how shall he with all his skill utter the composer's message? One can well imagine a great master himself performing a composition of his own. He would play it in a manner of which the thrilling eloquence and fervour would leave no doubt that he had written the composition in deep sincerity of soul, drawing it from the well-springs of his innermost being.

But of how many of the great artistes of the present day, who profess to interpret such compositions, can it be said that they can play them just as the composers would have done? How many of them are able to touch the noble heights of purity and virility, or fathom the depths of devotion and reverence which one feels are contained in the great works of the master musicians? It is said that very few of the modern artistes of first rank satisfy in this respect. One must at least confess to have sometimes felt, in listening to the performance of a masterpiece, that there was something awanting. Is not that "something" just what indicates the great gulf fixed between godliness, purity, and faith on the one hand, and worldliness, licence, and flippancy on the other? Concealed though they be, the latter

qualities *will* betray themselves in the performance of even divine masterpieces, if such qualities be in the character of the artiste. It is to be feared that the musical world is often surrounded by an irreligious atmosphere. Yet we must believe that that is only a pseudo-artistic power to attain which it is necessary to discard religion and morals. Musical genius, if it is to reach its highest development, must not be divorced from purity of conduct, the highest standards of honour, and the simplicity and naturalness of holy living. If these high ideals are not on the way to being realised, we shall look in vain among our greatest modern artistes for men and women who will take of the divine power and the angelic beauty of the compositions of the masters and show them to us.

Again, musical genius is transmitted from the composer, through his interpreters, to the people who listen. To consider such a process seems like weighing in the scales of argument that which the eye cannot see or space scarcely contain. We must summon before our imagination images the most transitory and intangible. We are to barter and deal in the gossamer threads of fancy, zephyr-like suggestions, and fleeting glimpses of melody. We must see pictures without the canvas, be inspired by poems which have no words, and hear melodies without sensible sound. Yet with sympathy and responsiveness it is possible to discover avenues by which religious impressions are conveyed by music to the hearts of men. Is there something in the music we hear which produces or suggests

in us religious feelings and convictions? What is there in it of the Infinite and Eternal? What is there in it of affinity to that subtle part of man's nature which looks out towards the "sea of glass like unto crystal"? The persons upon whose ears music falls vary with the infinite differences between men. One may be an acute man of business or a skilled member of the professions, but musically he may be a dullard. He may be a cultured man in other ways, but as regards music, a block! Perhaps music passes little further than the drum of his ear. Again, he may listen to music only intellectually, and his enjoyment of it may be purely mental. His may be one of those crippled natures who have no soul for music. Music may cross the frontiers of his being, but never reach its capital. Much also will depend upon the changing mood of the listener.

Music, it may be said, assists greatly in the development and culture of the mind. It uplifts the thoughts and awakens emotions of a joyous or beautiful kind. If it do no more than keep the mind pleasantly occupied, it opposes some barrier to the entrance of unworthy thoughts. In doing this, it at least lends valuable aid in bringing about what is the truly religious aim of music, namely, to lead men to God. We should hesitate to advance the proposition that, if a man is a complete infidel, the mere listening to sublime and elevating music will make him a religious man. He may listen to the divinest strains of music, even to the songs of angels, without experiencing one devout feeling. If he is

musical, he will admire the music only. He may be soothed by it, but to soothe is not to convert. If a man be devoid of any musical capacity or taste, it is absurd to expect that music can influence him, far less make him a religious man. But, after all, such barrenness of musical capacity is exceptional.

Let us take, by way of contrast, someone who is very musical, and who, having learned some instrument, lives much in the company of the world's master musicians. Although at first he may be only intellectually a musician, revelling solely in the artistic delights of musical compositions, there is at least a probability that one day the deeper meaning of music will be revealed to him. He will then come to learn something of the hidden mysteries of life. His face will then be turned Zionwards. It is from such a soul, faced with some of the appalling facts of existence and the inscrutable purposes of life and death, that the cry is wrung which penetrates to the Great Presence Chamber. The soul that starves of love's hunger, or is broken by grief, or is tried by conflict, feels its unutterable need. Then the ladder between earth and heaven is placed in position, and angels begin to descend and ascend.

Yet what influences the heart of one man may be without effect upon another. For example, if a man be a philosopher or a scientist, and at the same time only an indifferent musician, it is more probable he will find his religion through the medium of his philosophy or his science. It may, however, be quite otherwise. Therefore the conclusion is reached that it is impossible to dogmatise or to speculate

with accuracy upon the religious effect which music may have upon any community of men, all of whom differ widely in tastes and character.

This truism should be borne in mind, viz. that man is a religious being ; that he has elementally in him the germ of the Divine, and that that nature in him demands an Object which it can worship and adore and imitate. This is an asset of incalculable value.

If, therefore, one be already truly religious, and also have an appreciation of the deeper treasures which lie hidden in music, he will receive untold benefits from music in the matter of his religion. If the heart is attuned to praise its Maker, how weak and frail are mere words to give vent to its emotions ! But when mounted on the wings of music, they pass from us in pæans of praise above the clouds and far beyond human ken.

TOLSTOY AND NON-RESISTANCE TO EVIL

FOR half a century Tolstoy cast the spell of his greatness as poet, novelist, social reformer, and religious mystic upon the civilised world. Even after he reached patriarchal age, his zeal as "the friend of the unfriended poor" was unabated, and to countless people still his words are the utterances of an oracle.

Tolstoy has the princely gift of being able to captivate the imagination. In any writer that is a prize. But in the case of Tolstoy, who in nearly all he has written has as his objective the spread of his own conceptions of life and morals, it is a superlative advantage. Who has not been carried away by the first impression which the idealisms of Tolstoy produce upon the mind? Tolstoy writes with a "directly didactic aim," and his doctrines—noble in their conception and so self-abnegating in their altruism—are proclaimed with an eloquence which seldom fails at first to carry conviction. Tolstoy never doubts that he is right; he is amazed that anyone has doubts upon the matters of which he treats. The consummation to which he points is so alluring, and the promised results of adopting his methods are portrayed with

such sureness and brilliancy, that one forgets at times to be sceptical. "In Count Tolstoy's religious philosophy," says Matthew Arnold in his *Essay in Criticism*, "there is very little which is abstract, arid. The idea of *life* is his master idea in studying and establishing religion."

The origin of the doctrine of non-resistance to evil is in Christ's well-known dictum, "Resist not evil," which occurs in the Sermon on the Mount. In his book, *My Religion*, Tolstoy tells how for years he made fruitless search in the Gospels and read and meditated upon all that had been written about Christ without finding peace. At last light came to him, and, curiously enough, it was from the dictum just quoted. Tolstoy says, "These words, 'Resist not evil,' when I understood their significance, were to me the key that opened all the rest. Then I was astonished that I had failed to comprehend words so clear and precise." Tolstoy has adopted the doctrine of non-resistance in its literalness and entirety, and has carried it to such conclusions as his logic and wisdom commend. The dictum quoted is of a piece with the whole Sermon, and consideration of its position and setting throws considerable light upon it.

When Christ made the quotation, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," He put in epigrammatic form the general rule of conduct recognised by the human race from the earliest times until His coming. Manners and morals were, however, changed in the early Church. Its members practised in their lives, which were full of oppression, the

new law of Love towards those who did them wrong. Thereafter a Church grew up whose bounds were wide and whose authority became imposing. It adopted the methods of pagan rule into its organisations, and did not scruple to use violence, even the terrors of the sword, by which to increase its power and enforce its authority. No doubt individual Christians continued in their private lives to return good for evil. But, as regards all the States and nationalities of the world, evil is now, and has for centuries been, resisted by violence, and the Church catholic has not disapproved. It was not until the later days of Christianity that the sentiment which had slumbered so long began to reawaken and to assume visible form in small sects in different countries. Some of these were—the Paulicians of Armenia (*circ.* A.D. 660), the Menonites (founded 1525), the Quakers (founded 1648), and the Moravian Brethren (founded 1722). The doctrine of non-resistance did not originate with Tolstoy. He has only lent the vast influence of his thought and personality to aid the propagation of a doctrine which is centuries old. He has, however, given it a somewhat new setting and clothed it in modern garb.

It is clear that the dictum, "Resist not evil," cannot mean that men are to let the evil in their hearts run riot. It can never be put forward as a pretext for giving the rein to passion and wicked inclination, and Tolstoy agrees in this view. He also corroborates the opinion generally accepted by Christian people, that the dictum further implies

that men should not resent injuries done by others to themselves personally. Christian men are not to return evil for evil, but they are rather to heap "coals of fire" on the evildoer's head. Revenge and retaliation are forbidden. If wronged, the Christian may not seek redress; if defrauded, he may not make reprisals. For evil he must return good, and he must curb anger and resentment. There are few things to which men are so predisposed as to vindicate themselves when wrongfully accused. But it is a snare, and the more they indulge in self-vindication the further men are from realising Christ's ideal. Thus far there has been little reason for dispute with Tolstoy; but it is towards other matters that he directs most energy.

It is right here to indicate generally where Tolstoy stands with regard to Christianity. In a letter dated January 1901 he says: "Jesus I regard as man, but His teaching I regard as Divine in so far as it expresses Divine truths. I know no higher teaching. It has given me life, and I try as far as I can to follow it." Tolstoy ridicules the idea of the infallibility of Scripture, and scoffs at much that it contains. Yet his belief in the Fatherhood of God is intense, and correspondingly so is his belief in the Divine sonship and universal brotherhood of man. His belief in the efficacy of prayer is great. Tolstoy's conception of Christ's religion has been summed up in these five canons, which, he says, represent the pith of the New Testament, viz.: (1) Live in peace with all men;

(2) no libertinage and [no divorce; (3) never on any pretext take an oath of service of any kind; (4) never employ force against the evildoer; (5) renounce all distinctions of nationality. As regards the fourth canon, Tolstoy carries it to the point of exhorting no interference by force to prevent a murder or outrage! It may at once be frankly said that Tolstoy may believe such conduct to be right, but no one, in our view, worthy the name of Christian would regard it as other than cowardly and sinful. It must be confessed that it is the inclusion, in the non-resistance doctrines, of conduct such as this, from which all our best instincts revolt, that surrounds these doctrines with so great an atmosphere of unreality.

It is incredible that the Gospel message can be embodied in a set of canons such as Tolstoy has compiled. As Matthew Arnold says, "Christianity cannot be packed into any set of commandments." It will be seen, however, that Tolstoy selects and adopts, not the whole of Christianity, but only such portions of its faith and evidences as suits his fancy or conforms to his own preconceived views. He accuses the believers and exponents of Christian truth of ignoring the command, "Resist not evil," and of perverting Christ's doctrine. But does not Tolstoy lay his own creed open to doubt, since it is apparent to what extent he cuts and carves at the truths of Christianity at the bidding of his own caprice? This criticism, however, does not necessarily vitiate his whole teaching. Indeed, the beliefs of Tolstoy are perhaps inspired, to an

extent of which he may be ignorant, by no other than the Spirit of Christ.

With regard to that part of Tolstoy's teaching now to be referred to, one finds one's self at variance much less with the ideals held up to view than with the methods for their realisation which Tolstoy propounds. In the first place, he has done colossal service for the Prince of Peace by his crusade against war. It is for his sincere and fearless denunciation of war as a means of settling international quarrels that his name will probably most deserve to be revered. Many would agree with Mr. Booth Clibborn in his book against war, *Blood against Blood*, where he shows that he assents to Tolstoy's conclusions, but that he holds Tolstoy's creed to be a purely negative force. It is in his book, *The Kingdom of God is within You*, that Tolstoy sets forth at length his whole case against military service and war. In that book we get glimpses of how conscription lays its iron grip upon many an unwilling and conscientious citizen. In Russia it was an Ivan Petròv here and a Vassili Nikitin there. So, in the France of Napoleonic times, it was a Rohan Gwenfern, as Robert Buchanan tells us so thrillingly in his book, *The Shadow of the Sword*—"Rohan hated bloodshed in any form, and his daily creed was peace—peace to the good God overhead, to man and woman, to the gentle birds that build their nests in the crags. . . . The mere dread of being drawn for the conscription paralysed him with *fear*, filled his heart with the sick horror cowards feel, seemed to touch the inmost springs

of his enormous strength, and made him tremble to the very soul. 'Is it well,' Rohan exclaims passionately to his friend the Curé, after he has been drawn for service, 'is it well for brothers to murder each other, to torture each other, to wade in each other's blood to the ankles? If all this is right, then, mark you, Christ is wrong, and there is no place left in the world for your God.'"

Tolstoy holds that it is the Christian duty of each individual, no matter what others do, or what the Government commands, absolutely to refuse to take part in war or in the preparation therefor. He may make no use of weapons. He may not kill or wound another in self-defence. The following, in Tolstoy's own words, raises the general question in connection with "non-resistance":

"Men refuse to pay taxes of their own free will because the money is used to promote violence. . . . They refuse to take the oath of allegiance. . . . They refuse to swear in Court. . . . They decline police duties, because in that office they would be compelled to use violence. . . . They refuse to take part in Courts of law. . . . They decline to have anything to do with military preparations, or to enter the ranks of the Army, because they neither can nor will be executioners, nor prepare themselves for such an office."

One is reminded of John Wesley's eccentric regulations for the school which he founded at Kingswood. "The children were to rise at four, winter and summer. . . . They were to spend the time till

five in private, partly in reading, partly in singing, partly in prayer, and in self-examination and meditation, those that were capable of it. . . . From five till seven they breakfasted and walked or worked. . . . And there were no holidays, and no play on any day." Wesley clearly omitted to take account of one important factor in the carrying out of such regulations, namely, human nature.

It is equally evident that Tolstoy has committed the same mistake in laying down his precepts for the lives of men. Danger inevitably arises when one individual attempts to lay down a set of rules of conduct for others. To him the rules may appear to be right and to be exhaustive; but then, he asks this code to be universally adopted by *all* other men, of whatever religious or moral status, culture, and enlightenment. To do that is to ignore the facts of existence. With regard to the nature of one's ideal for humanity, one looks only to what men may *become*. But in any attempts to realise that ideal one must have due regard to what men *are*. It is there that Tolstoy is found wanting.

Tolstoy's teaching is frequently attacked by people who ask, "What difference can it make in the world at large even if a comparatively few people here and there adopt the course of conduct suggested?" Tolstoy requires that, whenever any individual anywhere sees it to be his duty to adopt that course, then heedless of consequences, or of his neighbour's conduct, he must obey his conscience. In so far as Tolstoy thus emphasizes the value of individual action he is no doubt right. The conversion to any

course of action of each unit in a State is of intrinsic worth, and has an inevitable (if not easily calculable) effect upon the whole. But one is more concerned to ask an anterior question, "Is the individual well advised if he takes the course Tolstoy indicates?" It is very far from being proved that he is.

In dealing with questions of such stupendous magnitude as those raised by Tolstoy's code of public conduct, it is necessary to be ruthlessly critical and practical to the last degree. Can Tolstoy's proposals, when robbed of all the glamour or halo with which his idealism invests them, stand examination in the cold light of reason? What would be the outcome of their being put into universal practice? Evil men, unresisted, would at once wrest from good men the ascendancy in the State and in the social fabric. All experience declares that evil passion unrestrained annihilates the good, and before a world which Tolstoy's code seeks to create there must inevitably open a vista of anarchy and violence. Let go or even loosen for one hour the reins of law and authority which hold the world's social systems in control, and they will gallop to swift and certain ruin. For the sake of the common weal, in the interests of good men, and as the only effective barrier by which the righteousness that is in the world may be conserved, law and order must be maintained at all hazards. It should be remembered that, as has been said, "The world is full of people who act at times as wild beasts, and ought to be treated in the same way."

Only by retaining complete control of the fabric

of society can true progress be made. That is the lesson of the world's history and evolution up to the present time, and that lesson Tolstoy sets at nought. By his slavish adherence to literalism he would endanger the stability of the whole human edifice. By clutching at pseudo-freedom of action, and at an alluring responsibility, he would wreck and forfeit the future of real liberty and civilisation. It may be, that men living by the light of reason and love alone should need no law, but, as Dean Farrar once wrote, "that which would be needless in a restored Paradise becomes necessary and right in a fallen world." Human nature being unregenerate as it is, the only sane course to follow is to subject men to restraint from the untrammelled pursuit of evil action, and that by the use of force in so far as necessary. A new earth will not be the creation of a day, nor is the lifetime of a man sufficient in which to change the face of the world. But if it were possible to conceive of Tolstoy's code of conduct being extensively followed (which it is not), the very angels might then weep over a sinking creation and the buried hope of any millennium on earth.

When we are asked, on the authority of one dictum of the Sermon on the Mount, to decline to submit to every institution which, for the good of society, is based upon force, we must take counsel with the whole spirit which breathes through Christ's Gospel. Its groundwork is love and mercy, yet neither of these virtues is necessarily incompatible with force or violence. Sir John Seeley, in *Ecce Homo*, has truly said, "It is not mercy, but treason

against justice, to relent towards vice so long as it is triumphant and insolent.”

For the extreme position which Tolstoy took up there may possibly be found some reason, if not excuse, in his environment. In that vast, distracted Russia, whose government rests upon a purely military basis, where justice and the enfranchisements of liberty are little enough known, whose Church is in bondage to the State, it is no wonder that Russia's sage promulgates the views he does. Had he been British born and bred, would his views have been the same? He would probably have been as great a foe to resisting evil in the individual life; he would have been as unrelenting in his opposition to war and militarism; but he would, let us believe, have advised other means by which to gain his ends than those he favoured. Surely it is by a process of evolution, through steady and gradual reform, by education, and by the use of the machinery which its laws from time to time provide, that a nation will realise its highest ideals, more surely than by adopting the precipitate and anarchic methods of Tolstoy. It is with individual freedom, with religious tolerance, and with the more favourable environment which results from these, that the citizens of a nation come to know the deepest secrets of faith and life.

WHAT IS RELIGION?

WELL might the student of history ask this question—and with uplifted hands—as he reads the blood-stained records of acts committed in religion's name! Not alone in the scant annals of paganism, but in the fuller records of Christian States; not alone in the dawn of history, but even in later times. Well might he borrow the words of Lucretius, the poet, "Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum"—to deeds so dreadful could religion prompt! War, massacre, rapine, pillage, and every other kind of fruit born of venomous hate—and all for the sake of religion. What, then, is religion?

If we consider the victims of oppression we still stand aghast. Martyrs sacrificed to the beasts in a Roman arena, or burned at the stake at Smithfield; exiles fleeing from cruel persecution; zealots left in dungeons to perish, or pursued from hole to cave like wild animals. Could worldly possessions or love of kin nerve them to undergo such trials? What conviction could give such dogged perseverance or sustain with such glowing courage save religion? What, then, is religion?

It is much positive gain to know what religion is *not*. It is worth more than can be valued in this world's currency to be able to believe and act upon

even Carlyle's dictum, "Rituals, liturgies, creeds, hierarchies—all this is not religion." Yet they were mistaken for it by myriads of men even centuries before Christ's coming. In this present year of grace countless souls the world over are gracelessly content with the chimera for the substance, and cheat their hearts with the false for the true. Religion in our own day is often made the cloak for evildoing, the barrier to stop inquiry into men's crooked dealings, the justification of the sectarian, the warrant for persecution. To many people a particular form of church government is synonymous with religion; or in the minds and lives of others it finds definition in churchgoing, psalm-singing, or mission collections. But what *is* religion?

Writers of every description are ready with answers of a sort. Bacon, in his essay on "Unity in Religion," spoke of religion as the "chief band of human society." Darwin, as "the deepest subject that can fill a man's mind." St. James said it is "to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep unspotted from the world." Ruskin speaks of religion in one place (*Time and Tide— "Wheat Sifting"*) as "the desire of finding out God and placing one's self in some true son's or servant's relation to Him." Tolstoy, in his book *The Kingdom of God is within You*, says, "The birth of the life-conception, which always takes place when mankind enters upon new conditions and its subsequent activities, is what we call religion. . . . The essence of religion lies in the power of man to foreknow and to point out the way in which mankind must walk."

Edward B. Tylor, in his learned treatise entitled *Primitive Culture*, devotes considerable space to a discussion of animism or "the doctrine of souls." This is its narrower meaning, but it is used also to express the doctrine of spirits generally. Tylor says: "It seems as though the conception of a human soul when once attained to by man served as a type or model on which he framed not only his ideas of other souls of lower grade, but also his ideas of spiritual beings in general from the tiniest elf that sports in the long grass up to the heavenly Creator and Ruler of the world, the Great Spirit. Animism," (he says) "is, in fact, the groundwork of the philosophy of religion, from that of savages up to that of civilised men." Tylor accordingly gives the minimum definition of religion as "the belief in spiritual beings."

In reading the book, *Religion in History and in the Life of To-day*, by the late Principal Fairbairn of Mansfield College, Oxford, one feels in the guidance of a master of his craft. Those who seek faultless and sustained literary style may not find it in the book. It is written in the style of discourses or lectures, and has all the mannerisms, the repetitions, the excrescences, the egotisms, and the exhortations which usually mark such deliverances. Pausing before the question, "What is religion?" he takes us into confidence with him as follows: "I stand at a point," he says, "where the passion and studies of my lifetime all converge; such energy as belongs to me having through years, and anxious and laborious days, been directed to the study and

comprehension of some of the great problems that here arise. And when I see the shallow way in which many a man who thinks himself wise—wise from reading current magazines or newspapers—talks about matters of this kind, I feel if he could only be made to pass through twenty years of hard work along given lines, he would get to know enough of the matter he talked about to keep him at least a more modest man.”

Fairbairn recognises at the outset the necessity of having the definition of religion clearly stated. He suggests many loose definitions which might off-hand be offered, *e.g.* “to go to church, to go to chapel, to do Sunday-school work, to read the Bible, to hold the faith of a given Church, to observe its customs, to confess to the priest, to respect the parson, to agree with the minister, to believe in another world which has no connection with this, to be good, to do good, to love the society of good people.” Acting on Dr. Johnson’s advice, “Clear your mind of cant,” Fairbairn deplures the fact that “the Church” and “religion” are used as synonymous terms, the latter having lost much in prestige and honour through the justly deserved aspersions cast upon the Church. “Now I mean to reverse that process,” he says, “and look at the Churches through religion, not at religion through the Churches.” And, he concludes, “The best Church is the Church that secures most perfect realisation for the ideal and spiritual, *i.e.* the eternal contents of religion.” It is then necessary to consider closely that standard by which the Churches are best judged, *viz.* religion.

Fairbairn postulates that "man is a religious being." In epigrammatic language he exclaims, "Wherever you turn—man; wherever man, religion!" Although this cannot be said to be a proposition which has never been questioned (compare Tylor, Spencer, Maine),¹ Fairbairn does not delay to discuss the arguments on the question. He says, as a sanction and guarantee for his proposition, "The greatest ethnographers, *i.e.* the men who have most extensively studied the customs, the manners, the beliefs of men, are on my side in affirming the [above statement]." Nay, more, Fairbairn says, "Religion, since as old and as universal as man, is natural to him. . . . So consonant are religious ideas with man's nature that that nature has always been at its best . . . when the religious idea was purest and . . . strongest"—*e.g. the Greeks*, masters in religious art; *the Jews*, whose literature is the most extraordinary in the world; *India*, and *China*. "Whence, then, are our common and imperishable religious ideas?"

There are two great lines of discussion of this question, the one philosophical, the other historical. Or, again, there are two points of view, *viz. the subjective, i.e.* religion conceived through man, and *the objective, i.e.* religion in relation to man. Taking first the subjective, Fairbairn says there are three

¹ Those who wish to consider the arguments upon the question for themselves may do so in Edward B. Tylor's *Primitive Culture*; Herbert Spencer's *Principles of Sociology*, vol. i. (chapter on Ancestor Worship); Prof. Lester F. Ward's *Dynamic Sociology*; Lord Avebury's (Sir John Lubbock) *Origin of Civilisation*; Füstel de Coulange's *La Cité Antiqué*; Sir Henry Maine's *Ancient Law and Village Communities*.

classes of philosophers: (1) those who explain it through *the intellect*; (2) those who explain it through *the feelings*; (3) those who explain it through *the conscience*.

(1) *Among the first class* Fairbairn cites Jacobi, Shelling, and Hegel, and accepts the Hegelian position, which is that "religion is a matter of thought, of spirit." Says Fairbairn: "And as thought is the very medium in which reason lives and moves, religion as something rational has to do with thought, is our thought of the ultimate Being or Reason, and of our relation to Him."

(2) *The second class* say: "Feeling is the source of religion, a feeling of dependence." "But," says Fairbairn, "thought is contained in feeling." You cannot have even *worship or admiration* without thought. Lastly, he quotes Herbert Spencer's dictum in this connection, "Religion is a feeling, a feeling of wonder, a feeling of wonder in the presence of the Unknown." Fairbairn hastens to point out that a man does not get his feeling till he has got his *thought*; and then holds up to ridicule Spencer's theory as to the historical *genesis* of the feeling, viz. "out of visions, seen in sleep, ghosts that have appeared in what we can only describe as the nightmares of a benighted and over-fed savage." Fairbairn says that that is a theory built without facing fact, and that the historical religions of the whole world refuse to own it.

(3) *Of the third class* Fairbairn mentions two varieties or theories: (a) Conscience is the great mother of religion; or, religion is our duty appre-

hended as a Divine Command. This is Kant's view ; and (b) "Religion is morality touched by emotion," as Matthew Arnold said. Here, again, Fairbairn points out, "You cannot have morality without thought."

Accordingly, summing up, Fairbairn gives the following wide definition: "Religion is, on the side of the person, his thought of the cause, or order, or highest law under which he stands, and the way in which he feels and acts towards him or it." Such a definition Fairbairn intends to be wide enough to include (a) an African bending down before a fetish; (b) John Stuart Mill, who made the memory of his late wife a religion to himself; or (c) the Chinaman, who reveres his ancestral spirits.

Finally, Fairbairn discusses the notion of religion on the objective side. "The highest conception which a religion possesses" (he says) "determines its moral character." And "if you apply the principle—as is the highest thought so is the system—to religion, you get this conclusion: if you have a God absolutely righteous, absolutely holy, absolutely loving, all the system he creates or builds must be intended to conform to him." But not by any mechanical method—for necessity destroys morality—but through man, free, rational, intelligent. Man stands open to God, God speaks through man. Further, "religion, while it comes from God, and is realised through men, is realised for the purposes of God, viz. to make bad men good, to carry forward the progress of the race of

men through good persons—persons made good by their religious ideas.” The higher their thought, the greater and more beneficent their power. “Religion is, that the purpose of God through all the ages may by men be more perfectly fulfilled.”

“If religion be this,” then exclaims Fairbairn, in conclusion, “where is the man who would not be religious?”

It is impossible to refrain from admiration at the lucid and logical manner in which Fairbairn carries out his searching examination of the question, “What is religion?” or to withhold our assent from the conclusions to which he leads us. What has he done for us? He has brought order and method into the confused and tangled ideas which from various sources, without and within ourselves, we had collected in our minds regarding religion. These ideas fall naturally into place in the scheme, and each receives the weight that is its due and no more. One of the most signal services he has rendered is to dissociate religion from the purely emotional characteristics which have been given to it by a certain school. Also, it is noteworthy that those of the materialistic school have not been given the status of religion, and, as the result, religion has been ennobled and elevated in the evolution of Fairbairn’s argument, until it is set upon a throne, of which thought and reason and morality are the sure support and resting place.

Religion, then, implies thought, our thought of a God all-holy, pure and righteous, towards whom something in the mind of every man turns, be he

near or far from grace. Every man has *some* religious capacity; some men are deficient in it; while in others it amounts to religious genius. That roll of genius contains illustrious names in Christian history, such as Thomas à Kempis, St. Teresa, Sir Thomas Browne, George Herbert, John Bunyan. But who shall despair of *any* man, however crass or vile he may appear—has he not within him at least a spark of Divine fire? Is it buried, and damped down, and hopelessly invisible?—it is nevertheless alight. The man has a religion!

A writer to the *Spectator* (16th July 1892), speaking of the “instinct for piety” which “draws the mind beyond the visible and material, and gives it power to enter into the medium of spiritual truth,” points out (1) that it is not the same as “faith,” for some persons’ faith may be strong and unswerving, and yet their religious range and capacity as limited as a child’s; (2) it is distinct from mere intellect, for, while some may have both very much developed, others (*e.g.* Macaulay or Darwin) may have little religious capacity, although great intellect; and (3) it is not identical with goodness. It is neither goodness itself, nor does it necessarily lead to it. “*The essence of the religious faculty*” (says this writer) “is a sympathy with the Divine, which is the result of our Divine origin,” for “we are God’s offspring.”

The savage of the distant isle has, then, a religion of a kind as truly as any Christian here. Elementally there is in each the same outstretching of his soul or inner and real self towards the Higher Power, of whose existence each is convinced. Both

manifest the same instinct for worship of some Being or Beings over them, and truly in this, as in all else, they are brothers. The heathen's soul, it may be, is possessed by dread of unseen powers, whom he endeavours to propitiate in whatever way his crude intellect suggests. He probably has many gods, and his thoughts regarding them may be infantile and ludicrous in the eyes of those of his fellow-men who have progressed some steps further in the march of evolution. Yet with reverence let us believe that in heathen lands, as in Britain, in the mind and heart of the Kaffir, as in the mind and heart of any saint of the modern calendar, there is the same *kind* of groping, "if haply he may find."

Let it not be supposed for a moment that with pagan blasphemy we seek to neglect the revelation of Christ to the world. But where, on the other hand, is the man who will utter the greater blasphemy that his conception of God is complete, comprehensive, and final? Let us know the man who in the pride of his pigmy intellect will declare that his religion—that is, his thought of and relation to God—has reached its acme, that we may scorn him. In the highest perfection of human saintliness, in the deepest attitude of absorbing devotion, in the most self-abnegating outpouring of a life of Christian sacrifice, a man has scarce caught a glint of the feeblest reflection of the unimaginable majesty and divinity of God. It is surely not possible for one generation of men to grasp, however vaguely, at more than one or two aspects of the Divine character. It is only a fragment of Truth they may seek

to understand, and Truth the Universal may not be known on this side of time. Past generations have forgotten this, and laid hold of some fraction of what they conceived to be Eternal Truth as if it were the final revelation. They mistook the rushlight for the sun ; and the long line of religious wars, persecutions, and martyrdoms was the sequel.

But to what extent are men of later birth wiser in this respect ? Is it the case that only their *methods* of persecution have changed ? Are they as tolerant and open-minded as they profess to be, or as they ought to become ? Yet it is the highest ambition to which many lives to-day are consecrated, to try to conceive at least one more exalted, more clarified, or truer thought of God. That way lies an illimitable expanse, to be explored by the pioneers of true religion. Far beyond the distant mountains, and treading on the skirts of light, must men hasten in seeking the City of Zion.

CREEDS

THEIR NECESSITY, INFLUENCE, AND MODIFICATION

CREEDS breathe the atmosphere of controversy and argument. They are the children of disagreement, and the nature of their parent has, to the last degree, become theirs. They are born in travail, and, from their youth up, the records of their years are full of bitterness, intolerance, and strife. Creeds, as nothing else ever did, have both knit the hearts of men in friendship and sundered them in mortal enmity. Statesmen, and warriors, and saints in all ages have espoused their cause, and have found them to be like vipers stinging in their bosom. The empires of kings have been rent in twain by quarrels which originated about creeds, and so have the humble ties of domestic affection been broken. The history of creeds is stained with blood; it is cursed with venom; and it is tortuous with martyrdom and sorrow.

The cynic may add that the irony of it all is that there is so much of the phantom about creeds; more of shadow than substance. They hover on the borderland of the unthinkable and unknowable. Their food is the melting snow of speculation, and their drink is the haze of doubt. They convince

men that they are of incomparable value, but they elude the grasp. Following after them, men go through fire and water, and use tongue, and pen, and sword in the pursuit—only to find the prize crumbling in their outstretched hands. “Creeds,” that is, and not “beliefs”; the symbol and statement of beliefs merely. Creeds result from the weighing and balancing of beliefs. They are the words of formula rather than faith itself. No more are creeds “religion,” though too often mistaken for it. The one is husk, the other kernel. If the word of the cynic were the last to be said, then were history a fairy tale and this world of men a mere mockery of life. But the cynic has turned over only the surface clods.

Since ever Christ’s words broke silence on this earth, men’s thoughts have known no rest in trying to spell out their hidden meaning. Since ever the drama of His life passed before the eyes of men they have wrestled to know its purpose, and conned the written page of its story, in order to teach their souls what of God and man and destiny could be learned. Each age in its turn, some have cried, “Lo, it is here!” and others, “Lo, it is there!” Disputes arose, and the stronger won, and gave to the world their creed, and cursed in its “damnatory clauses” all who said them nay. Such, shortly put, is the dreary tale of the history of creed-making. To the modern student of that history who looks back upon the issues in successive controversies, some issues appear of vital import, others but trifling. Yet to the respective combatants themselves on either side of

every struggle, it verily seemed that, if their views did not receive effect, God and religion and progress would fade into the ghostly shadows of the world.

Unthinking critics may call them "fools," but that is to mistake the prize. The reward of the conqueror is not the chaplet set by pontiff's hands upon his brow, but the kingdom which lies at his feet. What hollow profit would it be if, when controversy regarding a creed was stilled, men had gained no more than a right to state, without fear of contradiction, some doctrinal tenet which generations yet unborn would ridicule! That would, however, seem to be a not unfair estimate of many of the controversies which have rent churches in twain. Yet other controversies are luminous with the phosphorescence of Truth, and the results of such struggles have been to make very real additions to the sum of saving knowledge.

The greatest gain of all lies surely in the struggle itself. It is in the seeking to know, more than in the knowledge. In the dawn of Christian light men were awakened as from a sleep, and knew a hunger which bread could not satisfy. So they toiled, and still toil; and those who have no part in their lot say that the labour of the long day is out of all proportion to the reward. But in reckoning up their earnings, one must take account less of the pelf of doctrine added to their creeds than of the development, the strengthening, and the elevation accruing to the lives and thoughts of them and of their posterity. Creeds are but the proud possession of one age; they are the sport and playthings of the

next. Truth of to-day may need to be unlearned to-morrow. But the men who fought for and won a creed have attained that of which time will not rob them or their children, and of which eternity will take reckoning. They have wrought strength into the fibre of human thought, and purity of reason and nobility of faith into the texture of the hearts of men.

There would thus seem to be both good reason and fair result in the controversies about creeds; and doubtless they will continue whether we will or no. For one thing, the makers of creeds and their contemporaries certainly enjoy an ephemeral thrill of victory and the satisfaction of certainty—each generation during its own day—and they are mercifully spared the chagrin and despair of disillusionment. Flatterers of our own age and nation would have us believe that we are conspicuously wiser in such matters than all our predecessors. But, however little truth there be in that, at least it must be admitted now that a more gracious and chastened humility exists in those who are best able to appraise the value of our efforts and achievements in the world of religious thought. That is a real asset. The present generation has surely also improved somewhat in its methods. In these latter days we have recognised some of the glaring indiscretions of those whom we succeed, and may at any rate abstain from striving to compass within a creed what all history and reason declare lies beyond the human ken.

Let us scan the barest outline of the history of

creeds to assist our recollection, for the purpose of the more intelligently pursuing our inquiry. Amongst the Jews there existed, at Christ's coming, a system of natural religion and ethics based on the revelations of the Old Testament, whilst, outside the pale, cultured Gentiles comprised Platonists, Stoics, or Epicureans. It was into a world of motley belief of this kind that Christ's words and life first came. In answer to Christ's question, the Apostle Peter enunciated the first creed: "Thou art Christ, the Son of the Living God." It was the first judgment, struggling for coherent utterance, formed by mankind upon the life of its Lord. From that day to the present time the process has gone on. From the dawn of the Christian era there emerged the short "Apostles' Creed," which, subject to modifications, is traceable still in the Church of England service. But Christian beliefs had a hostile environment, and had soon to cross swords with sceptics and with unsympathetic systems of philosophy. Further, Christian men from the earliest times had begun to form their own ideas upon the great themes of human destiny, in the light of the truth they had received. Being thrown together in their membership of Christian communities, they found that others shared their thoughts upon these subjects, while yet others of their brethren took different views. Thus arose controversies, such as those regarding the Persons of the Trinity, and particularly the dignity and character of the Person of Christ; and the outcome, through the Council of Nicæa, in A.D. 325, was the Nicene or the Nicæno-

Constantinopolitan Creed, whose "theological and Christological doctrines lie at the basis of all our Confessions." Also in this way arose the Pelagian controversies, which dealt with the problems of sin, grace, and predestination, and from these controversies emanated the "Athanasian Creed" of the fifth century. The two creeds mentioned were the epoch-making creeds of pre-Reformation times. Subsequent to the Reformation numerous creeds were evoked by the rise of Protestantism; they were what are known as "The Lutheran Confessions" (seven in number), and the "Reformed (Calvinistic) Confessions" (eighteen in number), of which the most familiar to us are the Scots Confession of 1560 (with which the name of John Knox is connected); the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England, of 1562, and the Westminster Confession of 1647, the last named being the work of the Puritan divines, and being still the recognised Confession of Protestants in this country. There is a well-defined historical distinction between "creeds" and "confessions." "Confessions" have been defined as "authorised summaries of a Church's belief and standards of its faith and doctrine." Creeds are like confessions, but are shorter and less polemical and didactic.

What convulsions and struggles does not the mere recital of the names of these creeds and confessions recall! As age succeeded age, one party after another established its superiority, and put its beliefs into the mouth and the name of the Church at large. The promulgation of its creed set it apart

in the eyes of the world, and by all that the creed contained the world judged every member within the pale of the Church.

Dr. Shedd's *History of Christian Doctrine* still stands as one of the most conspicuous monuments in this department of literature. In treating of the "History of Symbols" he says :

"The ultimate result of all this construction, authorisation, and purification of doctrines is their combination into a creed, to constitute the doctrinal basis of a particular Church. It is not enough to eliminate these doctrines one by one out of Scripture, defend them against infidelity, define and establish them against heresy, and expand them into their widest form, and then leave them to stand each for and by itself. This whole process of doctrinal development, though it has its origin partly in a scientific temper, and satisfies an intellectual want, is, nevertheless, intended to subserve practical purposes in the end. The Church is not scientific merely for the sake of science. It is not speculative merely for the sake of speculation. It runs through these stadia of apologetics and polemics in order that it may reach the goal of universal influence, and triumph over human error and sin."

There is grave danger to be apprehended in speaking—as we continually hear Churchmen speak—of "the Church" without having sufficient regard to the units of which that congeries of individuals called "the Church" is composed; or in identifying "the Church" with those who for the time happen to have attained the position of "leaders"

in it, leaving out of recollection the masses of the people who really constitute the Church.

In this connection let us consider what is the position generally of individual members of any Church of the present day with regard to its creed. To what extent can the creed be said to represent truly the views of the members? If one remembers the infinite variety of men's minds, their bent, their sympathy, and their scope, one must concede that it is idle to contend that even the sum and substance of each individual's thoughts upon religion is exactly commensurate with the articles of the creed. Yet, over and over again in history has this disastrous fiction been held, with the result that heterodoxy and hypocrisy have ever clogged the chariot wheels of the Church. Some men, in the saintliness of their lives, soar high in beliefs above the confines of the creed, and enjoy a breadth of view and an intimacy with Divine secrets which are hopelessly outwith the range of the masses. Other men can endorse every clause in the creed, and have not a suggestion or doubt beyond it. To many others, however, the creed is but a mass of words they cannot understand; and of only a few of the doctrines can they admit to have had experience, when these are translated and simplified so as to come within their recognition. As regards many of the doctrines contained in the creed, the majority of men stand aghast, like bewildered travellers on a dusty road gazing at a finger-post which tells the direction of numerous places of which they have never before heard, and to which they know

not whether they ought to go. Yet the Church in every age—disregarding at once the limitations and the expansiveness of the minds of its members—has sought to foist upon them long doctrinal and often pedantic compilations to which they were ordained to do homage. Creeds, no doubt, crystallise the wealth of learning and insight of their framers. They also have always contained much that on the face of it is liable to change, whether because it is the product of unwarranted imaginations or because it is inherently ephemeral. But, as time goes on, questionings come to men here and there, and there is borne on the wind the breath of heresy—a word which has never failed to call forth in the Church the most unrestrained passions of hatred and persecution. The brave among the “heretics” endure the suffering which outspoken revolt entails, but the timid remain silent. Thus do creeds tend to make cowards of those whose eyes have been opened, but whose lips dare not speak. In this way creeds in some measure may be said to repress inquiry, and tend to lull men’s minds into stagnation and sterility of thought.

It is often argued, however, that creeds prevent men from hastily adopting extreme views; that creeds help men to some extent to formulate their beliefs in regard to difficult problems; or “furnish a form of sound doctrine which shall be employed in moulding the religious experience of the individual believer.” It would certainly seem to be necessary that the Church should have a creed. It is, no doubt, right and proper that the Christian

Church should profess to the world the nature of its belief, and tell to all the name and character of the King who rules the lives of its members. One would wish that the name "Christian" alone sufficiently proclaimed the Church's creed.

The creed, however, should state only what are the actual beliefs patently common to the members of the Church. It should not be beyond their thought and experience. The creed must come from within the Church and its people, and not from without. It must not represent men's beliefs in order to suit what certain individuals would like them to be, but rather as precisely and truthfully what these beliefs are. The creed cannot fail to be exclusive to a certain extent, for that is a corollary of its existence; but in its bounds it ought to be catholic—as Christ is—lest it shut out any of His "little ones."

It is sometimes argued that a creed is necessary in order that by its aid the Church may fulfil its teaching function. But in practical life there would seem to be little room for such a contention. The men and women of the everyday world are not, in point of fact, instructed from the creed of the Church. It is probably the last thing that enters into the everyday life of most Christians. Nor are they blameworthy if it is so, for it is not from the creed as a creed that they will derive strength and grace sufficient for each day's battle.

We would venture to say that the Church's creed should contain nothing but the very "fundamentals" of the Christian religion. Such articles

as the following are, no doubt, essential, viz.: "I believe in God, in His Son Jesus Christ, in the Divine Spirit, in the gospel of man's Redemption through Christ, and in the Holy Scriptures as the chief means by which men can know God." Even that creed might be shortened into: "I believe in God the Father, and in Jesus Christ His Son." If a man can say that, and from the bottom of his heart believe something of what that means, then who will be so bold as to exclude him from Christ's visible Church? It will take an eternity to discover to the full the depth of meaning of even this shortest creed of all. It is when men pride themselves on knowing so much more than they really do, and fail to remember the myriads of people who love their Master, though they may be unable to acquiesce in statements of doctrine—it is then that long creeds are formulated. But rather let there be a short creed—though not necessarily so short as to contain only the essential articles quoted above—to which all who name the name of Christ can subscribe. It may be said with deference that the creed should not be imposed by the most learned men in the Church upon the remainder. It ought not to be so doctrinal, or so speculative, or so abstruse as to offer an insuperable barrier to vast numbers of Christ's true servants. It should invite spontaneous approval by its very simplicity. It should avoid as far as possible being polemical or didactic.

The object of the Church and those who wish it well should never be to discourage inquiry, dis-

cussion, and speculation. The object should rather always be to give these wider scope. There should be more "open questions" in our religious beliefs than there are. All Churches should possess and retain the amplest freedom to alter and modify its stated beliefs from time to time. It is only by the fuller debate, the deeper historical research, the more extensive interchange of opinions, and the closer relationship in the one Lord and Master which the freedom of a short creed would give that real progress towards truth and certainty will be the sooner made. The creed need not define all that a particular Church is to teach. The Scriptures, as illumined by the Spirit of God, are the only reliable standards for such a purpose. Creeds must ever be subordinate to the Scriptures. It has been well said that "the confessions of Christianity are only intellectual interpretations of the Word of God." Its depths are unfathomable, and the guidance of the Spirit may be wholly trusted in trying to sound them. After all is said, the truths of God and the revelations of His Spirit are not at the disposal of those who frame creeds; and there is always a strong corrective force in the well-balanced Christian sense of the main body of the people.

The principal question which is before the Churches of to-day in this connection is whether their creeds can, in the words of Dr. Shedd, "reach the goal of universal influence and triumph over human error and sin." Are they suited for that high calling? Or is there truth in the accusation sometimes made that the Churches are to-day fighting

their modern warfare with ancient weapons? What must be the requirements of a creed with which the Churches may most effectually face the inextricably complex conditions of modern life and permeate them with the spirit of Christ?

It is stated by some that the matter of creed revision is one which should have precedence of all else, and more particularly should precede rather than follow any proposals for union of the Churches. On the one hand, it may be argued that no real union can take place unless and until there has been agreement among the Churches upon their doctrinal beliefs, set forth in modern and unequivocal language. On the other hand, it may be said that a united Church, whose organisations and councils shall have been consolidated, would be better equipped for undertaking so difficult and searching a task as creed revision. There is probably merit in both these views, but it seems to become more and more apparent as time goes on that—whether before or after union—the matter of creed revision is a clamant necessity. When that task is undertaken, then let every brother in Christ join hands across the ruins of men's littlenesses and bow before the one Footstool, waiving distinction of sect or denomination.

Coleridge said: "He who begins by loving Christianity better than truth will proceed by loving his own sect or Church better than Christianity, and end in loving self better than all." It may be doubted whether tenacity upon points of doctrine should still be held in esteem in the character of

some people, if that trait of character is preserved only by the sacrifice of allegiance to the higher commandment of Love.

The end is not yet! The course of the spiritual emancipation of the world is an uneven one. Many a heresy and division may yet arise, and only by slow and weary effort will additions be made to the sum of saving truth. The path may be marked by the tears of men's souls and sweat which is of blood. But the Lamp of Truth will not grow dim. It will burn brighter and purer until the last twilight in which men say "We believe" will pass away and the New Day will dawn in which men will say "We know."

PART IV
THREADS THROUGH THE MAZE

THE UNEARNED INCREMENT

WITHIN the province of Economics within recent years there are few topics, if any, which have caught the popular fancy to the same extent as the question of the Unearned Increment. Whether this has come about through its having been used extensively in the political strife of Party, or through other causes, is immaterial; the fact remains. By some it is used like a magic word of which the real meaning is obscure, but which is supposed to possess some hidden power or significance; others speak as if by solving the problem of Unearned Increment (whatever that may mean) a panacea would be found for remedying the bulk of our social evils and anomalies. We are here to inquire only what the nature of the subject really is, its extent and limitations, and its relationship to some of the departments of Political Economy. Clearly it is impossible to do more than touch the fringes of a matter which has been the subject of a Royal Commission and of the investigations of various important committees, as well as of numerous treatises.

In passing, it is worth noticing the altered conditions and circumstances which make such an inquiry as this pertinent. In earlier times the question of Unearned Increment was of comparatively small

moment; and even in so far as there was a question to discuss, no suggestion of inquiry into it would have been compatible with the conditions of life and thought then existing. But the great and rapid strides which have been made in the progress of the nations of the world during even the past century have wrought many changes. The Unearned Increment itself has in many forms so much increased, and plays so important a part in the present distribution of wealth, that it has forced itself into a conspicuousness which may mean its modification to a considerable extent. Many factors have contributed to make such a climax unavoidable; the revolution, for example, which has been caused in industry and commerce by invention and discovery in every department; the change through which, in consequence, the life of society has passed; and generally the high stage which modern civilisation has reached. Alongside of this, we must remember the acute struggle for very existence which so many now know, and the barbarous life from hand to mouth under which the masses exist. These are the facts which compel men—not only those who are in the thickest of the fight, but also all who would fain see absolute justice done to all—to endeavour to solve the present question.

Yet most noticeable of all is the atmosphere of thought which makes the discussion of the subject possible. Partly by the facts of progress, partly by the diffusion of learning, and partly by the strong spirit of democracy which permeates civic life in our own and other countries, an openness and

susceptibility of mind, a sort of expectant intelligence, have resulted, which favours inquiry into all the interests of social life. It may be that religion and the inculcation of the doctrine of human brotherhood, and the diffusion of socialistic ideas, have also had their share. However it be, the whole spirit of the age and the growing acuteness of the question render the Unearned Increment a subject of congenial and necessary inquiry.

Let it be understood, however, that our present object is not to attempt to decide what the solution of the problem should be, but simply to trace in a general way how the Unearned Increment arises in various departments of social life. To discover what part of increment is earned and what unearned is a necessary preliminary to any discussion of the justice or injustice of taxation, and the manner of its incidence. These nice and intricate questions are too often tampered with unprofitably, and even harmfully, before the bare facts of the case are appreciated in all their bearings.

Income is earned by the constant circulation of capital, and by the interchange of all kinds of property: "Exchange is the main source of wealth." In some cases the return is equitable and exactly proportionate to the expenditure of capital or labour, while in other cases it is out of all proportion. Generally speaking it is this surplus value, this balance which accrues over and above the amount that is by the consent of all due, to which the name of Unearned Increment has been given. The term was first popularised by John Stuart Mill; it was

given, as he himself admits, not from altogether dispassionate motives, and whether it is a fortunate name or the reverse remains to be seen.

It is necessary to recognise the conditions under which property is held, and also some of the classes of property in which we are to discover the operation of Unearned Increment. We do not live in a Golden Age of which some dream—whether it is to the remote past we must look for it, or to the even more hazy horizon of the future. In such an ideal age human beings are understood to live in common brotherhood and mutual respect for each other's rights and welfare ; striving each for the weal of all, and sharing in willing equity the fruits of their labour no less readily than the bounties of Nature. The present time is nothing if not practical and matter-of-fact, and individual interests, private property, free exchange, and competition give the keynote of it. Each man endeavours to obtain possession of as much as he can, and has the widest power of disposal by gift or bequest. From this there result, as a matter of course, accumulations of wealth and inequality of fortunes. However beneficial it may be to socialise our present institutions, it may be taken that Communism is inapplicable to the society of men, as men are, and the question of Unearned Increment must be considered in the light of private property and free exchange being permanent conditions of our actual life.

With regard to the different forms of property, there is of course the familiar fundamental classification into land and moveables. Land may be said

to stand by itself. It has much in common with other things, but is vitally distinct. It is the gift of Nature to men, and is, in any fully occupied country, of limited extent. The supply of moveable property may be increased indefinitely, but not so land. It also varies in fertility and situation, and it is its scarcity that makes its value, whether with regard to particular areas, or taking land in general.

But the industry and labour applied to land must also be taken into account. Were industry not thus inextricably bound up with land, there could be no answer to the contention so often put forward by Socialists that the land is Nature's bounty to men, and should be equally shared and enjoyed. It is industry which imparts to land most of its valuable properties, has indeed reclaimed it in many cases so as to have any value at all. The naked land itself is comparatively valueless, until cleared, drained, and cultivated or built upon; until roads are made; or the soil is otherwise improved or utilised. It is this that justifies private property in land, which ownership, Mill says, can be morally maintained only in so far as the owner is the improver of the land. The crucial division thus made must be carefully noted, namely, the natural qualities of land which cannot be modified, and the labour and capital of varying amount which are applied to it. The important respects in which also land differs from moveables may easily be deduced from what has been said.

It is now necessary to consider particularly the different forms of return from the possession of

land. The division of it into that used for agriculture and that used for building, may be with advantage kept in view. In feudal times, by way of return for the possession of land, homage was done, and military and other services in kind were rendered; but now with population so greatly increased and the social organism so elaborated, all such returns take the form of money. Land being in the possession of certain individuals by "an appropriated natural monopoly," rent is paid them for the use of the land. Competition regulates the amount of rent, but the landlord lets his land usually to the farmer who will pay him most for it. When, however, we come to make an analysis of rent, we find that it is not really everything paid for the use of land. As we have seen, land is limited, and varies considerably in fertility and productiveness, and naturally more rent is obtained for the land of better quality. According to Ricardo, the rent of the more productive farm is determined by the pecuniary value of the excess of its productiveness over that of the worst land in cultivation which pays only a nominal rent. Economic rent is accordingly defined as "a permanent differential profit obtained by the owners of the lands of superior natural advantages." It is this "indestructible value," as Ricardo called it, which tends by competition to rise without any effort on the part of the landlord. It is urged that, in so far as he has expended capital on the land, and has improved it, as for example by drainage, he is entitled to a proper recompense, and it is that part

alone of the rent obtained which can be said to be fairly earned. To whatever extent the rent exceeds this reasonable return, "the plus-value" as the French call it, in so far is there said to be Unearned Increment. This is the view taken by Mill and those of his school.

Land is a monopoly article both in regard to limitation and absence of competition, and it is necessarily everywhere in demand for all purposes. In certain cases, land is under fetters of entail, which, by preventing its coming into the market, increase the monopoly and ensure its possession by a limited number of heirs. By the middle of the seventeenth century the rent of land had increased twenty-fold beyond that in the Middle Ages. During the last hundred years the value of land has grown at a prodigious rate, although during more recent times a change has set in, and agricultural rents have greatly fallen. At present the land is held by a comparatively small class of society, which, in nearly all cases, is able, on account of the keenness of competition, to obtain very high rents the bulk of which is said to be unearned, and in whose hands wealth accumulates to a degree gravely detrimental to the best interests of society. This is affirmed by some to be a fruitful source of the depressions and overburdening of agriculture. But much more acutely is it felt with regard to land in urban districts, upon which communities live. In most towns, and particularly in large cities where space is economised so much, tenants have to pay high rents for their houses. Those who attack the Unearned

Increment here contend that the more prosperity a community enjoys, the more it must as a rule pay to its landlords, "who reap where they have not sowed, and gather where they have not strawed;" and Mill's statement is quoted: "They grow richer, as it were, in their sleep, without working, risking, or economising." Consequently the landowners of any town have practically the shaping of its destinies in their hands, for the whole social life is often in a very real way affected, living becomes much too dear, trade and enterprise (railway undertakings, for instance) may be hampered, and overcrowding with its concomitants ensues.

What is known as feuing in Scotland is the modern adaptation of the Feudal System. Suppose a person owns a piece of land in the vicinity of a growing community, and a demand arises for the land for building purposes. The owner may originally have paid a low price at agricultural rates for the land many years previously, but now in the changed circumstances the land has a value often from twenty to thirty times greater. The superior, as he is called, then usually grants feus of the land in small portions to builders and others, whom he charges annual feu-duties at high rates (usually equal to about four per cent. on the capital value) for the use of the land. He may also stipulate for duplicands of the feu-duty at stated periods, and with regard to feus granted prior to 1874, casualties may be exigible on the entry of heirs or singular successors or otherwise. Often speculative builders

obtain fees of considerable portions on which they erect houses or tenements, which they either let at high rents or sell outright on a scale which handsomely remunerates them for their outlay. The superiority may be put on the market and realise as high a price as twenty or more years' purchase. Or where subinfeudation is prohibited, the land may be burdened with ground-annuals, without creating a new fee. Obviously, then, high rents are primarily and directly due to the high feu-duties and other burdens which the superior of the land built upon is able to impose through the demand for his land. But the demand exists, and so it may be said that it is demand which causes the high rents and high feu-duties. It is this increased value beyond the price originally paid for the land (plus a reasonable rate of interest on the sunk capital) which is labelled as unearned, and which is thought by many to be a fit subject for special taxation. While the superior retained the land unfeued, it was obviously unfair that he should be liable only in an agricultural rate, which was nominal compared with what he must pay when taxed on the potential, market, or capital value of the land.

Such strong inducements for the acquisition of wealth without effort have led to considerable land speculation. Thus in America, where so much land remains still to be occupied, such speculation is much more extensive than here. Land is withheld from use and kept, like wine, to improve in value. In this connection it is pertinent to observe the most obvious causes which operate in producing the

Unearned Increment. The main explanation is the proximity to towns, with all that that implies. With the increase of industry and commercial prosperity, the ramifications of the towns extend to the surrounding lands, and it becomes necessary to encroach upon them. The expenditure by municipalities upon improvements which enhance the amenity of certain localities, by streets, bridges, open spaces, public buildings, and the like, or the enterprise of private individuals in the same way by suitable buildings in the neighbourhood—are all benefits which society may be said to confer. Again, on a larger scale, the continually increasing construction of railways, public works, harbours, and canals, and the opening and working of mines, all contribute to the same end. In short, the Unearned Increment is largely the result of a previously dormant utility now being realised. This realisation, it is strenuously maintained by those who attack the system, is brought about directly by society, and accordingly some return to society should be made for it by contribution to the rates.

Mines are included under the economic term land, although they differ in respect that they are under the earth and that their value is gone whenever the minerals are extracted, unlike the fertility of land. The minerals are usually owned by the proprietors of the surface under which they lie. This right of ownership has naturally been much assailed, and the royalties, which the owners exact from those who sink and work the mines upon the selling-price of the minerals extracted, are

pointed to as one of the most patent examples of Unearned Increment. Public House Property is also singled out for special notice, because it commands monopoly values. When the occupant of ordinary house property, say worth a few hundred pounds, has conferred upon him a licence to retail alcoholic liquors, the effect is to endow it with an increased value of several thousands of pounds. This monetary gift is also cited as a glaring example of Unearned Increment.

Let us turn now to the manner in which the Unearned Increment appears in other forms of property. Moveables, such as all kinds of commodities, articles of manufacture, ships, stocks, and shares, are all objects of private ownership, capable of being bought and sold for profit. When a manufacturer produces an article, he is on selling it entitled to receive at least the cost of the raw material, his expenses for coal, machinery, and wages, interest on his capital, and a reasonable return for his skill and labour; it is the same when a man buys cattle, feeds or grazes them, and sells them again. In any such cases, it is argued that, if and when through a rise in the market by increased demand a return is obtained in excess of the actual value or fair recompense, Unearned Increment enters. Thus, suppose a person has bought shares, which in the course of market fluctuation have risen to a price much beyond that paid for them, and a correspondingly high dividend is paid on the shares, such dividend is said to be unearned in so far as beyond the fair return on the

capital invested; as Mill puts it, "a kind of income which constantly tends to increase without any exertion or sacrifice on the part of the owners." So also, in the event of a sale of the shares at this increased price, the excess balance may, it is said, properly be characterised as unearned. This is the idea and aim which of course permeates all commerce and industry. Whether it be pursued in a laudable hopefulness of sufficient reward, or in the questionable spirit of gambling, Increment is the end in view.

Professor Marshall in his *Economics of Industry* speaks of the "producer's surplus" of total receipts over prime (money) cost, as "quasi-rents." Citing an illustration from mackerel-fishing, he says: "If we suppose the boat to be owned by a capitalist undertaker who pays the fisherman by the day, the net earnings of his boat for the day will be the excess of the price he gets for his fish over his outlay for wages and stores, together with allowance for the injury done to the boat and net by the day's work." Although at first sight in all such profit-making there appears to be a substantial part unearned, yet on examination its limitations and imposts are evident. We contrast in passing the effect which competition has upon such profits, compared with agricultural rents. In the latter case competition forces up rent, while in other cases, in manufactures, for example, exceptional profits tend to disappear through competition. These quasi-rents are "determined by the more or less accidental relations of demand and supply for the time." To quote again from Marshall:

“The net income (or surplus, or quasi-rent) yielded by a successful business, looked at from the point of view of the undertaker himself, is the aggregate of the net incomes yielded firstly, by his own ability, secondly, by his plant and other material, and thirdly, by his business organisation and connection. But really, it is more than the sum of these. For his efficiency depends partly on his being in that particular business, and if he were to sell it at a fair price and then engage himself in another business his income would probably be much diminished.” Marshall thus indicates the elements affecting these quasi-rents which, even if unearned, should prevent their being either taxed by the State, or altogether confiscated and distributed for the good of society, as the Collectivists propose. Besides the detrimental effect of competition upon returns in the future for which due provision should be made, it must be remembered that the average returns must be calculated over a relatively long period. And in order to attract capital into the particular industry, this average must always be more than normal supply price.

Considering the subject now from the point of view of labour, what do we find? The present system invests certain individuals with the instruments of production and the necessary capital by which they become the employers of labour. The worker, in order to subsist, is obliged to give his labour in return for certain wages. The rates of wages vary in different employments, but all have this common element, that they do not usually re-

present the full value of the produce of the labour. It is at this point we come into close contact with the Socialists. While in their bitterness against the moneyed unproductive classes they affirm the rule "that if any would not work neither should he eat," they also declare that even if he does work, he shall enjoy no more than he can be proved to have earned. They further maintain on the positive side, as their first principle, the right of labour to the whole produce of labour. Dr. A. Schäffle in his *Quintessence of Socialism* summarises the views of Karl Marx, "the most authoritative leader and thinker of the Proletariat," on this matter. Speaking of the wage-earner he says: "The surplus of his day's labour over the wages he receives must fall to the share of capital and enrich its possessor, partly supporting his luxurious household, partly (and in a greater measure) furnishing his endless accumulations of capital. So there goes on, under the mask of a wage-system, the daily and hourly exploitation of the wage-earners, and capital becomes a vampire, a money-grubber, and a thief." Following upon this onslaught, he states the alternative proposals which, for completeness, it is well also to quote: "The whole produce of the nation will be divided among all, in proportion to the work done by each; profits will no longer encroach upon wages, as there will no longer be wages and profits, but only payment by the community of a publicly assigned income, uniformly arising from labour and proportioned to its quantity and social utility."

No lengthy criticism of these contentions is

necessary here. But it is sufficiently clear what it is that Labour puts its finger upon and stigmatises as Unearned Increment, the balance, to wit, of the profits after deduction of such wages as are sufficient only to provide for the labourer's necessaries of life. But such a proposition cannot be maintained, and as we shall see, there are many other deductions which necessarily fall to be made from the total receipts, thereby diminishing, if not eliminating, the Unearned Increment. Of course the first charges are the whole expenses connected with the manufacture or trade such as for coal, machinery, raw material, repairs and insurance, losses and bad debts. The capitalist is in equity entitled to a return at a fair rate of interest on the capital sunk whether in erecting the works and machinery, or in carrying on the business. In addition, adequate remuneration is due to him for devoting his own time and skill at a rate equivalent to that necessary to meet the salary of a deputy. Nor is this all, for the employer of labour must take bad years with good, and as has been already shown, the average must be well above the normal; to give stability to his business there must be a steady building up of a reserve fund, and a certain amount must be set aside to be used as further circulating capital, to extend the business and so support a larger band of workers. Or capital saved from exceptional profits may be devoted to other industries, and so re-act favourably upon other departments of labour. But still, it probably cannot be denied that in profits, as in wages, there is a considerable unearned element.

Having indicated some of the ways in which the Unearned Increment which is alleged to be appropriated from the labourer is really earned, consider what is the claim of labour on the positive side to a due share in the Unearned Increment. The bulk of modern industry centres in manufactures on a large scale, and division of labour operates to the fullest extent. How different is it from former methods where the artizan procured the material and began and finished each article of his trade. But under present conditions, where every article of production is the work of many different hands, or, as it has been tersely put, where it takes "nine (or even more) men to make a pin," it is manifestly impossible to decide with any exactness how much each has contributed to the complex result, and what each individual has earned. One labourer is dependent upon another, and there is practically no such thing now as an isolated unit in labour. Nor is every member of the labouring class employed; some are too old, others are too infirm, others are minors; and even those presently engaged in labour will become unfit sooner or later. For all such cases adequate provision must be made, and it is to unearned or surplus income that they must look for satisfaction of their wants. Foxwell puts it clearly: "No one in a modern society can possibly say what the produce of an individual's labour really is. We know what the law allows him to acquire; we cannot say what he has equitably 'earned.' Social obligation is involved in every acquisition; at every moment he depends on tradition

from his ancestors, on co-operation from his contemporaries, and even on expectation from his successors." In connection with the demands of labour upon capital, it is also necessary to take into account the offices of Trade Unions in adjusting towards greater equilibrium the balance between parties. Their effect is often substantially to increase the return to labour, and to cause a corresponding decrease in the Unearned Increment accruing to capital.

Let us consider next what place Unearned Increment has in other things, as for example in immaterial capital. Material capital certainly accumulates, though not in the way or to the extent generally supposed, for it is continually being transformed, circulated, and utilised, and within a decade the bulk of the capital of a country is completely renewed. But immaterial capital in the form of skill is accumulated permanently to a very much greater extent. If we grant the truth of the epigram, that "all knowledge is borrowed," we must also see how much of the skill, scientific enlightenment and dexterity we to-day command as the heritage from former representatives of our race. With the minimum of exception, we may say that all such skill is unearned, and what a fund of Unearned Increment it is! If Unearned Increment is to be taxed or confiscated, is this form of it to be taken from us along with other forms? Is each man to begin his life's work on the level of his savage ancestor, and develop within the compass of a few years up to the present standard those faculties

which are the result of almost endless progressions of the race? If a man could do that, he might, as regards his skill at least, be then said to earn its fruits. Is a boatbuilder to scorn the improved methods now known, and hew his boats at first out of the trunk of a tree, as if he lived in the Stone Age? Is a miller to grind corn between stones at first, till he arrives through successive improvements at the present process? But more need not be said, for it is sufficiently clear not only how much we trade upon the wealth and the land of our forbears, but also how little skill or invention we have which is not, like our very lives, a direct legacy from them.

As to the growth of Unearned Increment in general, whether in rent, profits, or wages, what are the ultimate considerations which shall determine in how far it is actually unearned? In every case it is to the consumer that we must look in all social arrangements. The question may be considered as one of supply and demand. Whether it be a piece of land, or some commodity, what is it that forces up its value but the demand which society makes for it? Increment could never accrue from land in an unoccupied country or district, for no one would want it; and it is because land in towns is so scarce that the demand for it is great, and thus automatically this demand fixes its own price. Similarly if a person were to produce an article which no one had any use for, no matter how good in itself, it could have no market value. Accordingly it is clear that to lower the price, the only way is to

lessen the demand or to increase the supply. The equilibrium between demand and supply must be carefully maintained.

In this way there might be said to be a monopoly in everything, not only in land. It is the demand that creates scarcity, and if no wants had to be met, there would be no monopoly. On the earth's surface there is no doubt land sufficient for all, but it is the unequal demand that is made for it in particular areas that makes it the subject of monopoly. This scarcity value may, however, be lessened, if, by better means of transport, access to land is more easily obtained.

An important aspect of the matter is discovered if the supplying of land or commodities be regarded as a real service performed by the owners for the benefit of society. If in a thickly populated locality someone throws open his ground for building purposes and gets a large return therefor, it may be said that the very fact that he can command such a return shows that it is a positive advantage which he is conferring upon society in providing the ground—which it might not be unfair to estimate in money at the surplus over agricultural value, that is to say, at the Unearned Increment. According to this view the owner of mines, or the manufacturer of any sort of commodity, may be said to do something for which he ought to be paid, in being able and willing to exchange his possessions, and thus to satisfy the needs of society with regard to the various articles supplied. If these considerations deserve weight, and the argument be sound, they

show how the Unearned Increment can be partially, if not wholly, accounted for in many departments of life. The argument, however, assumes that no consideration is taken of the manner or circumstances under which the land-owner or mineral-owner or their ancestors acquired possession in former days; and that assumption is a large one. At least, one must be chary of proposing taxation or confiscation of such Increment without first ascertaining what proportions are duly earned and what are unearned.

Usually it is those who have themselves little or nothing to tax that most energetically propose taxation. They may, however, have justice on their side. It is no doubt right that land be taxed on its capital value, and that differentiation should be made between land and the buildings or improvements upon it. The tax on land must never be above the economic rent—that is the limit—otherwise land would go out of cultivation. But Henry George actually proposed not merely a tax upon rent but the handing over of all rents to the State, leaving the land-owners practically in the position of only land-stewards or land-agents!

There are various matters to be kept in view in regard to the taxation of feu-duties and ground annuals. "Ground rents," says Adam Smith, "and the ordinary rent of land are therefore perhaps the species of revenue which can best bear to have a peculiar tax imposed upon them. Ground rents seem, in this respect, a more proper subject of peculiar taxation than even the ordinary rent of land." Such taxation may be effective as regards

feu-duties already constituted, but as regards the future it is probable that the Superiors of the land will merely raise these burdens so as to meet the tax, and ultimately rents will go up. This will be the effect in places where maximum feu-duties and rents are not being charged before the imposition of the tax; but probably it may partly fall on the parties intended, where this maximum is already reached. It is further objected to such taxation of feu-duties, (1) that it would be over-taxing heritable property, (because taxes are exigible from both the tenant and the proprietor); and (2) that there would be grave disturbance to investments in feu-duties.

The incidence and equality of any taxation of Unearned Increment connected with land must be, it is evident, a most delicate operation. But in justice it would seem proper that the operation should be undertaken.

As regards other forms of Unearned Increment, taxation is proposed, for example, on new joint stock companies, upon which an income-tax might be levied on the profits when they rise above a certain margin, in addition to personal income-tax. Also when the shares reach a certain premium, there should be conceded to the employees or the public a right of purchase of a certain number to be drawn by lot. It is worthy of notice that already an important step has been taken in the direction of taxation of Unearned Increment in the imposition of heavy death-duties, which are now such a fruitful source of revenue. But the general effects upon society of any taxation of unearned

income must also be carefully kept in view. The mainspring of most men's striving after wealth is to obtain sufficient adequately to provide for their old age, and make due provision for any family they may leave. Such motives are surely both proper and laudable, and if part of such accumulations are to be laid hold of by the State, the result may be a decrease in production, and a serious blow to industry generally.

It has been said that if the legislature is to interfere with any particular department of the unearned increment, it must deal with it in other departments as well. Any such interference, it is shown, would be totally opposed to the principle of natural liberty, and therefore should not be countenanced. But it must be borne in mind that even Adam Smith, great supporter of natural liberty as he was, recognised certain cases in which, for higher principles, exceptions should be made, the most notable example of which we find in the factory legislation. Such another may have arisen in certain cases with regard to the unearned increment, and if the State, on being assured that grievous wrongs exist, can in a measure restore the balance of equity, even in certain departments, without doing injustice to others, then such interference must surely be welcomed by all who place the weal of society before private interests.

SYMPATHETIC ADMINISTRATION OF POOR LAW IN SCOTLAND

A RECENT Annual Report of the Local Government Board contained the following statement:—
“There is arising a desire on the part of Parish Councils to do more in the way of preventing destitution, as distinct from merely relieving it. Parish Councils and their officials are taking a broader and more humane view of their functions. They are exhibiting a kindlier and more helpful spirit towards the poor.”

Since the year 1424, when an Act was passed by the Scottish Parliament legalising and regulating a system of begging, there has been recognised in this country a binding obligation upon the inhabitants to support and relieve their poor. In 1579 the foundation of the present Poor Law system was laid, and from that time down to the present day this obligation has been recognised with ever-increasing liberality. But even during the latter half of last century the administration of what may be termed our “modern” Poor Law was conducted with little breadth of outlook upon the social *régime* as a whole. It was accepted as a permanent condition of affairs that we should have the poor always with us, and that their straits and distresses

should be relieved only when these became acute and desperate. It was a disagreeable necessity which was often not too agreeably dealt with. Even although, in individual cases, kindness may have been displayed by Inspectors of Poor and other officials, the treatment has been in the main austere and coldly official.

Naturally the officials have suspected that many of those seeking poor relief were impostors, as was often proved to be the case. They are definitely warned against such impostors, as the following extract from "Instructions to Officials" shows: "It is well known that imposition is frequently and in various ways practised by applicants. Sometimes illness is feigned; at other times destitution is pretended, although the applicants are possessed of money, which they conceal; women or children are frequently sent forward to make application, and represent themselves as single or deserted, as the case may be, while the husband or father is at hand and keeps out of sight merely for the purpose of strengthening the application." Accordingly it is not to be wondered at that the discovery of impostors tends to make the officials suspicious and cynical, although this sometimes results in injustice being done to the honest and deserving poor. In some cases it was found that the officials were not in the habit of using sufficient discrimination in regard to the relief given. The easiest course was too often chosen as the best. Cases could often be most easily disposed of by giving tickets admitting to the poorhouse or other in-

stitution, or by a payment of money. These are palliatives which suffice for the time, but do little to remove the permanent causes of poverty or to prevent its recurrence. It is not, therefore, surprising to find amongst the "Rules, Instructions, and Recommendations to Parochial Authorities" issued by the Local Government Board an injunction as follows: "Indiscriminate relief to vagrants without enquiry is not only prejudicial in its effects upon recipients and unjust towards the ratepayers, but absolutely illegal." The circumstances of each pauper must, according to these rules, be considered. It has to be decided, of course, whether the applicant ought to be admitted to a poorhouse, or infirmary, or asylum, or (if children) boarded in country places, or whether outdoor relief should be dispensed. But the modern tendency is to give the rule quoted above an even more liberal interpretation. The officials are to inquire how the life of an applicant may be redeemed from destitution or mental incapacity or sickness in poverty. How can the applicant be made to regain health of body and mind and self-respect? How can the applicant be led back into settled ways of self-support and honest livelihood? Can he be induced to give up the vagrant life, and can he at least be saved from sinking into deeper poverty or misery? If each case is looked at from such a standpoint, then not only will poor relief ere long become easier in regard to administration, but the necessity for it will tend to become less. We are passing away from the attitude which Marshall, in his *Economics of Industry*, indicates when he

points to "the principle which nominally at least underlies the present Poor Law, that the State should take account only of destitution, and not at all of merit." We have also surely left behind the kind of poor relief which General Booth exposed in his *Darkest England*. He was, of course, speaking of the state of matters in England, but his criticism is in reality constructive, and is worth quoting here as follows: "The administration of the Casual Wards is mechanical, perfunctory, and formal. Each of the casuals is to the officer in charge merely one casual the more. There is no attempt whatever to do more than provide for them merely the indispensable requisites of existence. There has never been any attempt to treat them as human beings, to deal with them as individuals, to appeal to their hearts, to help them on their legs again. . . . The Casual Ward at the best is merely a squalid resting-place for the casual in his downward career."

Modern life has become more and more complex and involved. One effect may have a hundred causes; one isolated factor in a case may have consequences upon many others seemingly remote; and circumstances that appear to be diverse may be found to be inter-related and inter-dependent past all possibility of being disentangled. So clamant has the case become that the State has had to intervene to deal with it in a comprehensive manner. It was clearly impossible to leave it to the operation of the existing Poor Law to unravel the skein, and it would have been equally futile to attempt to do so, say, by one

Act of Parliament. Only one or two threads at a time are being taken. By means of granting Old Age Pensions those poor persons who are very aged were first of all segregated, and the load upon the Poor Law machinery was at once thereby lightened. In Scotland in two years' time there was a decrease of 11,437 aged paupers. This was followed by the Insurance Act of 1912 for providing "for insurance against loss of health and for the prevention and cure of sickness, and for insurance against unemployment." Something more was thereby done to give scope for development of the administration of poor relief upon new lines.

Notwithstanding the charges of overlapping which are often justly made in regard to administration of charity, poor relief has usually been very wisely and sympathetically given by some agencies which lie outwith the orbit of the Poor Law. Chief among these are the various Churches in the country. Prior to the passing of the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1845, although the administration of the poor funds was vested in the Magistrates of Burghs and the Heritors and Kirk-Sessions in rural parishes, it was the Church which for two and a half centuries was the real guardian of the poor. Even nowadays every congregation has its own poor people, and from time to time it makes collections on their behalf. These collections are distributed by the clergyman or his wife, or office-bearers, or others in the congregation. It is probably not too much to say that the distribution is almost invariably done with care, discrimination, and personal knowledge

of the character and circumstances of the recipients. Moreover, it is done with sympathy and with all the gentle graces of Christian feeling. When given thus, the help comes thrice welcome to the needy. Most churches have also regular district visitors, who are usually kindly, motherly souls. They come to the poor with cheering words and practical advice, as well as assistance in money or kind, and they are received with gladness in numberless homes. Reference may also be made to those agencies called Apprenticeship Committees (whose functions in some places were taken over by the School Board). Their system was that young lads or girls growing up in doubtful homes or surroundings were got hold of and put directly under the supervision of older people (often young men or women) of Christian character and of superior culture and environment. They required to look after the youths entrusted to them generally, trying to put new interests into their lives, helping them into better situations, giving them books, going walks with them, and forming good companionships for them. In all such agencies the human touch is present, and that is the Sesame which opens up a future and an aim with hope in it. Agencies upon these lines take hostages for years to come against those who are thus befriended becoming charges upon the Poor Law administration.

It may be doubted whether John Stuart Mill's views on the subject under discussion would now be accepted and acted upon. In speaking of the limits of the province of Government in relation to Poor Law

administration, he says: "What the State may, and should, abandon to private charity is the task of distinguishing between one case of real necessity and another. Private charity can give more to the more deserving. The State must act by general rules. It cannot undertake to discriminate between the deserving and the undeserving indigent. It owes no more than subsistence to the first, and can give no less to the last. . . . The dispensers of public relief have no business to be inquisitors. Guardians and overseers are not fitted to be trusted to give or withhold other people's money according to their verdict on the morality of the person soliciting it; and it would show much ignorance of the ways of mankind to suppose that such persons, even in the almost impossible case of their being qualified, will take the trouble of ascertaining and sifting the past conduct of a person in distress so as to form a rational judgment on it." It may be that administration upon such principles of doing only "that minimum which is due even to the worst" has contributed to the so-called breakdown of the Poor Law.

It is not difficult to find illustration of the same circumscribed and hopeless outlook amongst the lower officials of Poor Law administration. One experienced Parish Council officer stated to the present writer that he did not believe it possible that a boy who had gone through a reformatory training could develop into a good man! He believed that the criminal instincts developed in the boy while in the reformatory; and that contagion with other boys of criminal disposition made these instincts germinate

in a boy who might have few in himself. The officer stated that he had never known of a boy being regenerated by means of a reformatory! Now, this officer may have stated quite truly what his own experience had taught him, but his ignorance was deplorable. He estimated the results of reformatory work at their lowest, because he was not informed of or did not credit results which are in the highest degree satisfactory. Certainly one of the most pathetic sights under the sun is to be seen in the courtyard or playground of a reformatory. Many of the boys will be found playing games and romping as any schoolboys would do. But in one corner a considerable group may be seen tramping round and round in a circle in pairs! This is no other than the inherited habit of gaol-bird fathers being developed in their children. If the Parish Council officer above quoted argued solely from such a sight, he can be understood. But happily there is much more to be said and learnt about reformatory work. For example, a Report of the Wellington Reformatory School, Penicuik, contained a return which showed that 86 boys committed under the Reformatory School Act were discharged or licensed during the three previous years, and were thereafter employed as follows: 37 in the army, 37 in various trades, 7 as farmers, 3 as labourers, and only 2 were convicted. These figures are eloquent testimony to the regenerative influences of a reformatory in converting into useful citizens those lads who were criminals in the making.

The change of attitude in Parish Council ad-

ministration is of special interest in view of the discussion of the merits of the Majority and Minority Reports of the well-known Poor Law Commission. Are the Parish Councils endeavouring to rise to a new plane of service? Are they capable of undertaking the more responsible and difficult work which must be entrusted to local administration in striving for the ideal of a really helpful system of relief? Is it not possible that, even with their existing areas, the Parish Councils may metamorphose into bodies not differing in essentials from the Public Assistance Authority desiderated by the Majority Report? In the last instance very much depends upon the officials who are in actual touch with the poor. Heads of departments and Inspectors of Poor are in large proportion fully alive to the new outlook which is coming into Poor Law administration, and they can no doubt do much to enthuse with the better ideals of service all the subordinate officers under them. The benefits of bureaucracy cannot be obtained without some of its drawbacks also, and a considerable amount of official intervention is necessary. But that poor relief is tainted which is administered with only the rigours of officialism. The spirit of the respectable poor mutinies against it, while the poor who have no spirit feel dull resentment against their fate. In some cases new men are required amongst the officials of our present Poor Law administration. Men and women are needed who are not imbued with the hopelessness of stereotyped almsgiving—who have better education and even specialised training in the more elevated, generous, and

Christian treatment of the de-socialised poor. Extreme care should be taken in filling future vacancies to see that men and women of the newer school of thought are drafted into them. It can only be by united and systematic action for many years throughout all the ramifications of the Poor Law system that the stigma of pauperism can be effectually removed from the lower strata of the population, or at least reduced to a minimum.

There must be a steady advance from the workhouse test. Separate care and control of the feeble-minded is of advantage. The moral as well as the material condition of the poor must be regarded. Family ties and obligations should be strengthened. There must be discriminative treatment of the poor with a view to restoring them to independence. In certain matters some degree of compulsion will always be necessary, but it should be a discipline with some feeling and a tone of persuasion in it. For example, in regard to notification of births, advice to mothers in case of childbirth, house sanitation, feeding and clothing of children, and the like, there is a well-known disposition on the part of many poor people to disobey or neglect what is undoubtedly for their benefit. Yet these requirements in the interests of health are in most cases more likely to be complied with if represented to the people—less as State regulations which are enforceable, without reason given, by officials with blue coats and labelled caps, or braid and buttons—than as precautions to be taken in their own and other people's interests. Poor people

may be led to appreciate wisdom if they are persuaded to it by the kindly testimony and personal example of those who visit them. Sympathetic treatment is also needed in regard to patent cases of thriftlessness and intemperance, through which evils so many people are reduced to poverty and depravity. Of this kind is the problem of the elderly chronic drunkards, male and female, to whom the poorhouse is a refuge after debauch. They pass in and out too frequently, disturb discipline, and add to the trouble and expense of management with every entry and exit. If power were obtained to retain such people in the poorhouse for some months, they might be less anxious to go in, and when there they might, by judicious treatment, be weaned from the drink craving.

John Stuart Mill's advice is good—that "there are few things for which it is more mischievous that people should rely on the habitual aid of others, than for the means of subsistence, and unhappily there is no lesson which they more easily learn." Nevertheless, without incurring the danger of impairing energy and self-dependence amongst the poor, our Poor Law administrators, and very especially the officials who come closely in touch with the poor, may go far upon the beneficent course of humane treatment on which they have now embarked. The more they value the sacredness of human life and the dignity of their altruistic and vicarious offices, the more sympathetic will our Poor Law administrators become.

LEGISLATIVE SOVEREIGNTY

THE investigation of the development of Legislative Sovereignty in England has a province all its own. It might be thought at the first blush to be synonymous with certain other subjects, for example "The Rise and Growth of Parliament" or "The History of our Constitutional Law"; but while it touches upon, and might in a sense be said to include these aspects of English history, it has yet an area peculiar to itself. Thus, in very early periods, laws were enacted previous to the institution, or at any rate independently of the assistance, of Parliament or the corresponding Council. Again, a Constitution might exist without necessarily exercising legislative functions. We are now to inquire when the sovereign authority in England began to legislate.

Legislation cannot exist without a sanction to enforce it and give it weight and authority, and one's first care must be to see that there is such a sanction in the State. The sanction must be the sovereignty of a "determinate human superior" who holds sway within the kingdom and who owes allegiance to none outside of it. Of these two conditions the former is for the present purpose the more important, and, indeed, the *sine qua non*. When such sanction has been found, be the sovereign

authority one individual or an aggregate of many, legislation may appear at any time thereafter, though not necessarily immediately after.

The elementary functions which the sovereign commonly exercises are executive and judicial, such as levying taxes, defending the State against aggression, and administering justice, and of this fact numerous illustrations are not wanting in primeval societies. But it is only with the higher evolution of human society, the advance of civilisation, and the ever-increasing needs consequent upon such progress, that the necessity and occasion for law-making arises. It is that process in relation to England which is the subject of the present inquiry. At what early period in its history did political sovereignty exist? When did the sovereign authority begin to originate, frame, and enact new laws? What development of such legislative sovereignty has there been since? It should here be noted that the nature of the subject precludes reference to legislation by non-sovereign bodies. Legislative powers have been at times delegated or have been exercised by only a part of the sovereign power independently of the other part, *e.g.* the King's "Continual Council" or "The Star Chamber Court"; these do not strictly fall within the sphere of Legislative Sovereignty.

The development of Legislative Sovereignty may be traced by glancing over the pages of the history of England from its earliest annals to the present time. The two parts of the term "Legislative Sovereignty" are not of equal antiquity, as realised

in the evolution of the English Constitution. At a very early period the position of the sovereign power in the kingdom may be discovered and located, but a long time elapsed ere that power assumed functions of a legislative character. It was universal custom which dictated rules of conduct, and in its silent way regulated the entire internal affairs of the country. When the sovereign power did begin to do anything of even a quasi-legislative nature, it was but to declare, in specific legal form, rules which had all along received tacit acquiescence. It did not at first make or promulgate new laws. Later, we find that as greater authority gathered round the Sovereign he assumed certain legislative functions, and the stronger the personality of the Sovereign, and the greater his administrative capabilities, the more marked did the legislative aspect of the sovereignty become. The Advisory Council, from being the mere nominal thing it was at first, began in progress of time to take a more active share in the nation's affairs, and particularly in its legislation. It gradually assumed into its own hands those legislative powers and prerogatives which the Stuart sovereigns struggled so hard to retain; until after a varied history, it developed into that august body which is now an integral part of the sovereign power of England—the Parliament of the Realm.

If, in the evolution of our constitution, sovereignty dwelt in the King and Parliament in one respect more than another, it was in regard to Legislative Sovereignty. The consent of the indi-

vidual citizen was perhaps more in evidence in ordinary administrative matters of government, such as the levying of taxes, and in respect of such matters the sovereignty of England might, with some reason, be said to reside in the citizens of the country. But it is quite comprehensible that the great bulk of the people, not being qualified to participate in the work of legislation, should leave it in the hands of the King and Parliament. The latter power, being thus invested with such unfettered supremacy, enacted laws to which the people submitted (unless in exceptional cases), as being framed by a competent sovereign power, presumably in their best interests. With the origin and growth of representation of the people in Parliament the connection between that power and the citizens has become more and more intimate, until in modern times it is assured that, generally speaking, the sovereign power does act in regard to legislation in consonance with the popular will, which is the ultimate sovereignty.

Our investigation of the present subject may proceed more or less upon historical lines, and the examination would be incomplete if it did not take cognisance of the period while England was yet, constitutionally speaking, young. On a historical survey it will be found that a line of demarcation may be drawn at the period of the Teutonic invasion, for by it the early Britons were almost entirely swept from the country. There was not the commingling between races which frequently is found to take place between con-

querors and conquered, and whatever organisation or political ideas the Britons possessed, either of their own or acquired from the Romans, passed away with them to a great extent. Thus in the dawn of civilisation the germ of Legislative Sovereignty must be sought in the early institutions of the Teutonic races which overran England in the fifth and several following centuries. The country was then occupied by numerous hordes of settlers who came into Britain with the various excursions which had been made from the Danish and German coasts. A process of elimination of these separate communities went on through the period of the Heptarchy, till the number was reduced to three, and at length Wessex secured supremacy over her competitors, Mercia and Northumbria. This consummation was hastened by the invasions of a common foe, the Danes. Another important factor was the unifying influence consequent upon the conversion of large numbers of the English to Christianity. Although the country at that time presented the aspect of a mere conglomeration of half-united petty communities, the work of consolidation and solidification had begun. The question arises whether the sovereign power in the country can be discovered and indicated at that period.

The question of ultimate sovereignty may be left out of account in the inquiry, and it will be sufficient to assume that the nominal heads of the kingdom were the source of power so long as they were independent externally and internally to all intents

and purposes. At the head was the Cyning or King, and though he was still in a transitional position between that of the warrior-chief and the limited monarch, he had much power and many privileges and prerogatives. In conjunction with the Witan he may be regarded as the embodiment of the sovereignty at that period. The "Witan" or "Witenagemot" was the great council of the Anglo-Saxons. It was not representative in the strict sense, but was composed of the *principes* of the land (such as the ealdormen, thegns, bishops, and abbots), who, in point of fact, did represent the people's interests in a general way in regulating the king's power and in managing the nation's affairs. The Witan had considerable influence, and, in particular, had the important power of electing and deposing the king. But it is necessary to emphasize the fact that the period was non-legislative in character. While the king and the Witan did attend to ordinary matters of government, such as levying taxes and exercising judicial functions, yet real legislation can hardly be said to have existed at that period.

Of the early Saxon kings, there was only one who shone forth as a bright star in the firmament of legislative activity, namely King Alfred. His achievements lay for the most part in codifying and compiling the best among the enactments of earlier kings, but it cannot be doubted that with this collection he embodied at least some entirely new laws of his own devising, though they must have been comparatively few in number. In regard to the Norman

Conquest, which was the next great event in English history, it differed from the Teutonic invasion in that there was a complete intermixture of races. The continuity of the English Constitution was not broken, and the laws, except for one or two trifling additions (*e.g.* the Forest Laws), were but little altered for some time. Owing to feudal influences the "Witan" of the Saxons became the "Curia Regis," and was composed of bishops, earls, and all tenants-in-chief. It gave "counsel and consent" to the legislation of the time, a minimum though it was. Such legislation, however, originated with the King, in whom the Government mainly centred, and whose power had become greatly augmented. In 1164 were enacted the "Constitutions of Clarendon," which subordinated the Church to the State. In 1215 all previous legislation was eclipsed in importance by the "Magna Carta," which formed the basis of the English constitution and secured the liberties of the subject. This particular Act was entirely formulated by the Council, King John's formal "imprimatur" only being put to it under pressure. It established the supremacy of the law of England in the last instance over the will of the monarch.

One result of the disorders of the reign of Henry III was that the Council of the Realm began to assume a different complexion, and this fact is of moment in the present inquiry because it considerably affected the amount and character of subsequent legislation. "The Provisions of Oxford" stand out prominently as the important legislative

feature of this period. The Parliament (for so it then came to be called) which Simon de Montfort summoned in 1265 in the King's name was, for the first time, representative of all the cities and boroughs in the kingdom. From this period may be dated the rise of the House of Commons and the House of Lords as separate parts of the sovereign power. In the monarch and these Houses of Parliament the sovereignty of England came to dwell. "The House of Commons," writes Burke, "was supposed originally to be no part of the standing Government of this country;" but henceforth its position became more and more clearly defined. Gradually it asserted its right to take active part in the government of the realm, and manifested those capacities for legislative authority which have made it famous.

It remained to Edward I, however, to earn for himself the title of "The English Justinian" by his labours in the field of legislation, which made his reign so lustrous in this aspect of the history of England. While his work of codification of existing laws was invaluable, it is the quantity and comprehensive character of the new laws he enacted which are remarkable. One of his acts was the celebrated Statute of Winchester. One writer says his "legislation is so full, that the laws of the next three centuries are little more than a necessary expansion of it." Under the Lancastrian and Yorkist kings there is little that is worthy of note in respect of Legislative Sovereignty. The times were troublesome, and legislation was correspondingly stagnant.

Various statutes were passed from time to time as occasion arose, but the main feature of the period was the arrangement of the internal constitution of Parliament, its procedure and privileges. "The Suspending Power" of the Crown often rendered ineffectual the legislative efforts of Parliament. That power was quite incompatible with the form which the constitution had by that time assumed, and its mischievous effects were frequently felt until it was abolished by the Bill of Rights.

Henry VII, the founder of the Tudor dynasty, has been cited by some as a worthy successor to Edward I in regard to his legislative ability. This may, however, be regarded as an overstatement of the case; yet it is true that numerous additions were made to the statute-book during his reign. The Church had always afforded fruitful occasion for legislation, and during several reigns, covering a period before and after the Reformation, many new laws had to be passed defining its position and regulating its internal arrangements from time to time.

One fact, however, should be recognised in connection with the Tudor sovereigns, viz. their despotic exercise of power in Church and State. In their reigns the energetic spirit of liberty in the Commons was crushed; consequently the quantity and character of the legislation of each reign depended greatly upon the caprice of the sovereign, and it was often of comparatively stunted growth. It was the same during the reigns of the Stuart sovereigns. A legacy of customs and ideas of despotism was left them by the Tudor dynasty, and it

was aggravated by that insane insatiable desire for absolute power which was the outstanding characteristic of the Stuart Sovereigns. It is therefore not surprising that the energies, talent, and time, which ought to have been spent in legislating for the people were dissipated in struggles between King and Parliament. Consider in this connection measures such as the Petition of Rights and the enactments of the Long Parliament.

During the seventeenth century the sovereign power in the kingdom was now in the hands of the monarch, now of Parliament, anon of the army or of the Commons with a Council of State and Lord Protector. When at length the monarchy was restored in the person of Charles II, Parliament emerged from the struggle triumphant. It had retained and secured for itself more firmly than ever its place as an integral part of the sovereignty of England. Accordingly, after the Restoration the sovereignty of the Stuarts had a marked legislative colouring, indication of which may be gathered from enactments like those of the Clarendon Code, the Habeas Corpus Act, and the Bill of Rights.

By the Bill of Rights the House of Commons came into possession of valuable rights and prerogatives. As keeper of the purse of Crown and Realm, the House of Commons in point of fact holds the reins of power. In the sovereign power of England, the King in Parliament, the two ideas included in the term "Legislative Sovereignty" are happily united. The titular Head cannot, independently of Parliament, make and enforce laws ; if

it did, Parliament could overrule them. All laws are enacted in name of the Crown, and must receive the Royal Assent in order to their validity, but as matter of fact it is Parliament that legislates, and in it also reside powers of Constituent Sovereignty. "The legal sovereign power is assuredly . . . nothing but Parliament." Thus the two aspects of "Legislative Sovereignty" are indissolubly welded together, and in the present form of the Constitution the theory attains complete realisation.

The present Saxe-Coburg Dynasty has been a red-letter period in the development of Legislative Sovereignty. Important and instructive in this connection as are the reigns of the earlier Hanoverian Sovereigns, they are outshone by the records of the reigns of Queen Victoria, King Edward, and King George, which crowned the tardy development of Legislative Sovereignty. Many things combined to bring about this result. The entire aspect of the nation had undergone a stupendous change by the discoveries and general progress of modern times and the complexity of modern civilisation. Diffusion of knowledge and ideas, increased intellectual vitality, and greater refinement and culture made the life of the country pulsate in new vigour. This may have been partly the effect of past legislation, and since it certainly is the cause of modern legislation, it may be said that legislation is in a sense its own source, and is itself the occasion of its increase. For all the social, economic, and industrial needs of the nation arising from time to time and rapidly multiplying, Parliament has provided, by passing new Acts and

repealing old laws, with an activity which is unrivalled in history. The bulky pages of its statute-book bear ample testimony to what law-framing and law-enactment means, and to the great mass of law which Parliament has discharged.

It is necessary to refer in a word to the recent modification of the functions and composition of the House of Lords. A constitutional readjustment was then brought about, and that fact cannot fail to be momentous and interesting in connection with the present subject. Undoubtedly it was parallel in circumstance to the abandonment of the veto of the Crown, and constitutionally the effects of the change in regard to the Second Chamber are no less far-reaching. In regard to Legislative Sovereignty it was an internal readjustment of the balance of power. The character and volume of legislation are no doubt affected, but the change in the constitution cannot really be said to be revolutionary from the standpoint of Legislative Sovereignty. The interrelation of the component parts of the Parliament of the Realm has undergone change to a certain extent, but at the most it was merely a slight shifting of the centre of gravity. The stability of the Ultimate Sovereignty was not shaken. Its Will, however, as a result of the constitutional change, will be more accurately or promptly reflected.

Our Constitution is no doubt amply capable of further development. No one would assert that the present form of our Constitution is faultless, yet, settled as it is on a firm basis, which has been evolved from the experience of centuries, it will not turn from

the road to perfection upon which it has thus far travelled. It will adapt itself to the ideas of new ages, and it will be found equal to whatever demands for legislation the forward march of progress may make upon it.

THE PRINCIPLES OF THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION IN THEIR ORIGINS

To study history is not simply to become acquainted with a congeries of isolated events and more or less disconnected facts of the past. It is further and rather to discover their relationships one to another, and their position as steps in the evolution of principles, as marks of the growth of movements, or as indications of inherent and underlying tendencies. It is to deduce causes from effects which history discloses; to group and classify them till their affinity as parts of a whole is established; and to disentangle from the web of circumstance and incident the trend of public opinion and the development of great movements and principles. In studying history from a constitutional point of view, there is no more interesting or germane inquiry than that which deals with the main principles upon which our present Constitution is built, and their origin and unfolding right down the centuries. The present object is to give a brief indication of the more important of these.

We live under a limited monarchy, and our Constitution is composed of the three constituent parts, viz. the Sovereign, the Lords, and the Commons—shortly, the Sovereign in Parliament.

When we hear our Constitution called, as it sometimes is, "a veiled republic," we are led to inquire into the relations of its component parts, and to discover the principles of their reciprocal working, and the lines of demarcation which limit and regulate the scope of their respective action. It is found that the Sovereign is the representative and titular head of the nation, the nominal ruler and supreme governor of its affairs, and the possessor of various royal prerogatives. It is the business of the Houses of Parliament to make laws, and to conduct actively the work of government. Among other things, it is further noted that the House of Commons is a body thoroughly representative of the people, and has the sole control of the voting of supply; that the Sovereign's ministers are directly responsible to Parliament; that Parliament alone has right to tax; that the Sovereign even is subject to the law, and that the essence of the Constitution is equality before the law. The question then arises, Whence has this elaborate Constitution been derived? Is it the marvellous conception of some statesman of colossal mind, whose genius prepared a scheme which was then adopted by the nation? Or is it the consummation of the evolution of a variety of forces and influences all tending towards the same object, whose development has been going on for many centuries, and has been moulded by the efforts of countless politicians, theorists, and statesmen? How emphatically the last mentioned source is the true one will be evident as we proceed.

It should also here be premised that, while much

has been done by the active efforts of statesmen and others from time to time by way of legislation and precept, yet behind and beyond all this, there must be taken into consideration that without which such legislation would not have existed or been possible, namely, the innate love of law and order and the inherent instincts of self-government characteristic of the Saxon race. These characteristics, cherished and developed during the lapse of the centuries, gave continual life and colour to the establishment of the principles of our Constitution, the origins of some of which are here to be touched upon.

Representation in Parliament.—It is now a mere commonplace or postulate in this country that the whole body of the people should have a voice in the government of the realm. It is not always remembered that this first principle now so firmly established is the product of a long evolution, taking its origin in the instincts of our race, and urged on by pertinacious effort through the tardy course of centuries, towards the attainment of the elaborate scheme now in operation. We are first able to discover a glimmering of representation in the customs of our ancestors, the Anglo-Saxons. It was the custom of each of their “townships” to send its reeve and four men as representatives to the courts of the “hundred” and the “shire,” the next larger territorial divisions. Representation, however, did not extend to the central Government, unless we admit, as^{at} least a species of representation, the custom which prevailed of some of the people in the neighbourhood of the “Witenagemot” attending its

meetings. Among the Saxons there had also grown up a system of "Commendation," in which, owing to the lawlessness of the times, every man sought to attach himself to a lord or superior. The connection was at first purely personal, and did not concern the land; and it became the practice for every man to be represented and protected by some one of higher estate. Later, the germ of Representation is visible in the system of "Inquisition and Recognition," which was prevalent under the Norman dynasty, and which is no other than a form of our Jury Trial. It was an inquiry by "legal men" in each town and county to ascertain the state of the country and other matters. In each township the Committee consisted of "the priest, the reeve, and six ceorls," who declared the common report of their community on whatever facts were brought before them. This system, confirmed in the Constitutions and the Assize of Clarendon, while perpetuating the machinery previously in vogue, paved the way for the more elaborate scheme of representation in the Council of the Realm. Within the pale of the Church also, the bishops and abbots were to an extent representative of the clergy, by whom they were supposed to be elected.

The first historical occasion on which representatives are summoned to attend the Council of the Nation is by King John in 1213, in the momentous period prior to the granting of Magna Carta. Not only did the barons and bishops attend, but also the representative reeve and four men from each township on the royal demesne. The idea of representation,

then in embryo, seemed to take root and grow in a more and more pronounced fashion in the healthy atmosphere of the transitional period following Magna Carta. In that period the nation awoke and bestirred itself to realise its constitutional personality and rights.

This is evidenced by a series of writs issued during the next eighty years: several by Henry III; an important one by Simon de Montfort, in which were first summoned two burghers from each of twenty-one towns, besides the usual knights of the shire; and a number by Edward I prior to the meeting of "The Perfect Parliament" in his reign. These writs were mostly of progressive extension, consummating in the summoning in 1295 to the Parliament of that year of not only the baronage of State and Church, but also two knights from each county, two citizens from each city, two burgesses from each borough, and certain representatives of the inferior clergy. The Council was then a National Assembly, in which the various estates of the country were represented, and the foundation was laid upon which the massive structure of our present Parliament has been built. It should be remembered that "the Perfect Parliament" was not an isolated feat of King Edward's genius, for he simply apprehended what was the product of the evolution of preceding years. That evolution continued, moulded by subsequent events, expanding and adapting itself to meet the varied and increasing requirements of our nation, until it emerged—the representative Parliament of to-day.

Local Government.—This may be suitably men-

tioned in connection with the preceding subject. Our constitution is an autonomous one; and not only do the people govern themselves in the central Government as we have just seen, but also locally. Indeed the latter is of earlier origin than the former. Under the Saxon régime, while yet there was no representation of the general body of the people in the central Government, there was a well-defined scheme of local government in active operation. We have seen how the affairs of the shire were managed by a "shiremoot," and those of the hundred and town by similar councils. These were the earliest products of this race, whose instincts for self-government are so strong, and they were even in existence in its continental settlements, before ever our ancestors touched the shores of Britain. These principles, but little changed in essence, are found in all the forms of local government now existing by which Parliament is relieved of all concerns of purely local interest. True, the existence of these early Councils of the Saxons created a multiplication of jurisdictions and conflict of laws, because the whole people were not yet represented in one supreme legislature. But with the growth of such a supreme body unification proceeded, till our Constitution approached the ideal of one supreme law of the land known to all the nation.

The Sovereign in relation to the Law and Parliament. — This subject falls naturally into several divisions, which are easily defined and are to a certain extent complementary to, or dependent upon, one another.

(a) *Equality before the Law*.—Carlyle in speaking of the ideal king in a perfect state says: "The Ablest Man; he means also the truest-hearted, justest, the Noblest Man: what he tells us to do must be precisely the wisest, fittest, that we could anywhere or anyhow learn—the thing which it will in all ways behove us, with right loyal thankfulness, and nothing doubting, to do. Our doing and life were then, so far as government could regulate it, well regulated; that were the ideal of Constitutions." Knowing through what a varied history the Kingship of our country has passed, we find refreshment in having such an ideal placed before us, however impossible or illusory. It must at the outset be conceded that, though the Sovereign under our present Constitution is in practical politics little more than a figurehead, there *was* in the kingship of our ancestors, the Saxons, in the early forms of the Constitution, at least some element of the ideal king. The head of each of the small kingdoms, into which England was at first divided, was in some degree the "ablest" of his following, of whose unity and dignity he was the representative. But as the petty kingdoms grew up into one great kingdom with vast cares and interests, it became evident how impracticable any such kingship would be.

While the kingship is hereditary, it has always—in theory, at least—been elective, and possessed the character of trusteeship, the king being regarded as the custodian and guardian of the people's rights and privileges. As the country became consolidated, and the kingdom increased in area, in like

proportion grew the strength of the king. He began to be invested with a kind of Divine unction, and to be represented as a sort of "vicegerent" of the Almighty. The royal personality became gradually elevated through the active leadership necessitated by that age, as well in the wars that were constantly being waged, as in the many other acts of government. This pre-eminence was often secured by legal provisions. So also, his judicial powers were more and more recognised, and he was regarded as the ultimate resort and source of all law and justice.

The king had always had some sort of Council to aid and advise him in the government, and it was by the "Witan," as the Saxons called their Council, that the king was formally elected. Thus the king might be hampered as well as directed by various constitutional forms from the first, but these were very easily broken through. The character and powers of the Council—while yet it possessed no elective character and was of somewhat irregular composition—depended on the disposition of the king for the time being. In Norman times, the members of Council are found to have been the feudal vassals of the king, who moulded them according to his own will. Accordingly in these early times, though the formal advice of the Council was probably taken to all legislation, it was really the king who was its originator and promulgator. With the new dynasty of the Normans came little change in the constitutional position of the king, but in the reign of one of the early

Norman kings, we come to an event which put in definite form that doctrine of the trusteeship of the king, which formerly had been only vaguely understood and often but little respected. Henry I, on his accession in 1100, issued his Charter of Liberties to the nation, in which he conceded many rights and privileges both to the Church and to the whole body of the people, and bound himself to act moderately in relation to exaction of fines, feudal provisions, and other matters. This was constitutionally a most important step, for it was practically a recognition of limited monarchy. Henry was a despotic king and very powerful, but sagacious and capable. Yet he practically admits that he is not absolute in his royal power, but that he must respect the claims and rights of the nation of which he is the ruler for the time, and that he must abide by the laws. Whether or not the momentous character of the Charter was at the time realised, it became one of those valuable precedents to which the nation could refer, whenever the Sovereign seemed disposed towards irresponsible government. But the foundation stone of the fortress of limited monarchy, which under future dynasties was to withstand many an assault and siege, was as yet scarcely securely enough laid. It may be said that none of the Norman kings seriously asserted supremacy over the law; but early in the Plantagenet line, an attempt to disregard the laws and privileges of the nation was made. The first Plantagenet, Henry II, was thoroughly constitutional, and was no despot. He also issued a Charter of Liberties—the

quasi-contract between king and people; and the enactments of his reign were passed with consent of the Great Council. But in the reign of Richard I, we come upon the first occasion on which "the people" (if the term may be used) stood up for their rights against the wishes of the king. The difference arose on account of Richard's demand made to a Council of the Barons for a force of 300 knights to carry on the war in Normandy. This was an unprecedented demand, and was opposed to the feudal laws regarding service of knights—who were not bound to serve abroad, or beyond a certain limited period. Emphatic opposition on these grounds was offered, chiefly by St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, and with such effect that the proposal was withdrawn. The death-blow was, however, given to tyrannical government in England in the next reign. King John, from the first, had no idea of constitutional government; he scorned the confines of law, and ruled despotically and harshly. The breach between king and people was disclosed by the refusal of the barons to comply with John's demand to follow him in war to France; and quickly the breach widened and the opposition grew. At length, the limited character of the king's sovereignty, and his bounden duty to respect the liberties of his subjects and the laws of the realm, were immoveably established by John's being obliged to grant the Great Charter. Of course, it is not to be supposed that henceforth there were no attempts on the part of later kings to disregard the laws, for subsequent history discloses many such; but Magna Carta certainly was

to posterity the lasting basis for all constitutional government.

(b) *Parliament's Right to Consent to Taxation.*—Taxation is, and has always been, the mainstay for providing for the expenditure of the country; but the expense of the national upkeep was in early times trifling as compared with the enormous figures at which for some centuries it has stood. In Saxon times, it was found necessary to impose taxation on the people only on special occasions, when extraordinary demands were made on the public purse. During that period, the right of the Witan to consent to the imposition of taxation was undisputed, and though this right was not always exercised, still there are outstanding occasions on which taxes were levied with consent of the Council, *e.g.* for payment of the Danegeld to buy off the hostility of the Danes in 991, 1002, 1007, and 1011. In the reigns of the Norman kings, we are left in some doubt by historians as to whether taxation was wholly arbitrary, or consented to—at least theoretically—by the Council. The fiction of the feudal system which then held sway must be kept in view, whereby the vassal “made a voluntary offering to relieve the wants of his ruler,” and many aids and casualties established by feudalism were exigible. This was of course a personal and not a representative consent, and was abused by illegal exactions, particularly by King William Rufus. Taxation during Henry I's reign was heavy and regular, and there are, in records of the reign, only two

stray references which suggest the inference that some form of consent by the Council was gone through. No doubt the levying of taxes was at least the subject of discussion and deliberation by the Council. Similar remarks might be made in regard to the reigns of the first two Plantagenet kings, in which also taxation was increased and extended. The unconstitutional government of King John and the financial complications of his reign, however, elicited an important surrender of the royal claim to arbitrary taxation in the Magna Carta. Section 12 and section 14 of the Charter are famous bulwarks against tyrannical imposition of taxes, for section 12 provides that "no scutage or aid shall be imposed unless *per commune concilium regni*" (with the exception of the three regular feudal aids); and section 14 provides for the various members of the National Council being summoned in the formal manner specified "in order to take the common counsel of the nation in the imposition of aids." A more emphatic declaration of the limitation of the king's right to tax could not be desired. Magna Carta was reissued afterwards on several occasions, but at first the two important clauses above mentioned were omitted. Thus Henry III was not bound strictly to get Parliament's consent to tax, nor was Edward I until 1297. But although the omission was taken advantage of to some extent, the exactions made were not of an arbitrary or violent nature. In the case at least of Edward, who was a man of high principle, they were applied honestly to

the purposes for which they were levied. The prohibitive clauses were, however, re-inserted in the *Confirmatio Cartarum* of 1297 in Edward's reign. It is here noteworthy that this concession was obtained by Parliament after its composition had been completed, and it had become directly representative in character. There is always necessarily the closest relationship between taxation and representation, for men have claimed and will continue to claim that they who pay taxes should have a voice through their representatives in the application of the money with which they support Government. It was an apt aphorism, which even Edward was advanced enough to use, that "what touches all should be approved by all." In the growth of the Constitution, these two inseparable principles of "Taxation with consent of Parliament" and "Liberal Representation in Parliament" are seen to proceed hand in hand. They ultimately secured in the end of Edward I's reign a firm footing, which they, by mutual support, have been able to retain against many subsequent attacks till the present day. The circumstances under which the *Confirmatio Cartarum* was granted were, that Edward had been conducting his Government in an unconstitutional way—in disregarding many of the provisions of previous Charters, in making arbitrary and burdensome exactions from all classes of his subjects for the prosecution of his wars, and in demanding foreign service of his barons. A Grand Remonstrance was presented to Edward, and after considerable haggling, the "Confirmation

of the Charters" was granted, which not only confirmed the provisions of the earlier Charters, but also reinstated the two Clauses, which in former "Confirmations" had been omitted. It provided: "for no occasion from henceforth will we take such manner of aids, tasks or prises, but by the common consent of the realm, and for the common profit thereof, saving the ancient aids and prises due and accustomed."

It was because the power of taxation was so essential for the conduct of the affairs of the nation that successive sovereigns were loath to surrender that which was really the mainspring of all other acts of government. Time and again under subsequent dynasties, the despotic power of taxation has been grasped at and even for a time held, but as often have the true constitutional instincts of the nation been aroused to recover that right which is the safeguard of its best interests.

(c) *The Consent of Parliament necessary for Legislation.*—From what has been already said with regard to the character of the kingship of early times (particularly the general recognition of the king as the fountain of all law and justice), and the powers of the Council, which were regulated very much by the disposition of each particular sovereign, it is readily inferred that whatever legislation belonged to the period in question was originated and promulgated by the king himself, with the advice perhaps of only his chief minister. But, as Sir Henry Maine observes, "Law is anterior to legislation," and real legislation in England's early

history scarcely existed. Any laws of the time are mere embodiments in written form of already well-recognised customs. As matter of right, the prerogative of the Witan to counsel the king and assent to legislation did exist, although it was perhaps seldom employed. This authority is admitted expressly in the laws enacted under the Norman régime, *e.g.* William the Conqueror and Henry I. Under the early Plantagenets, the National Council exercised a power of initiating amendments of existing laws by way of petition, but even for centuries after the Plantagenet dynasty, the king's mind is always felt to have been the more powerful legislative force. In 1236 the Council had gone the length of refusing their consent to a proposed change in the law, in the famous Act of the Council of Merton. Such a step indicated that the nation was now awakening to a knowledge of its constitutional rights, and this is confirmed by the fact that Parliament had about this time become directly representative in character. It then contained, besides the Magnates, the Inferior Clergy and the Commons; but the latter, as Stubbs remarks, "fully competent as they were to discuss a tax, were not equally competent to frame a Law."

Although there may for some time be doubt as to the actual share in legislation taken by each constituent part of the Constitution, yet the right of Parliament to concur in all legislation was definitely affirmed in 1322 by the Act of Edward II. Although the importance of this Act in the history of legislative processes has probably been exaggerated, yet its pro-

visions are noteworthy. It provided: "The matters which are to be established for the estate of our Lord the King, and of his heirs, and for the estate of the Realm and of the people shall be treated, accorded, and established in Parliaments by our Lord the King, and by the assent of prelates, earls, and barons, and the commonalty of the realm, according as it hath been heretofore accustomed." During the following reign this right became firmly established as an essential principle of government, and it is a notable fact that at the end of the fourteenth century the Commons had usurped the bulk of the work of originating legislation, which at the beginning of the century had been entirely done by the king and his Council. The necessity for obtaining Parliament's consent to all legislation had then become an axiom of our constitutional government.

Redress of Grievances must precede Supply.—Although it is dealt with here and elsewhere alongside of the principles of our Constitution, this subject has scarcely attained the dignity of a principle, but is rather a mere expedient. It was a practice, which in its precise form is now obsolete, owing to the development of our Constitution since the expedient first came into use. The principle of it is, however, seen in the present custom of ventilating grievances falling within the scope of some State Department, for which a Vote of Supply is being asked from Parliament. In its origin, the rule applied to grievances of *every* kind and in whatever department, and it belongs to the period when the Sovereign identified himself with

the active government of the kingdom. It will be remembered that Parliament secured for itself the right of controlling taxation in the reign of Edward I. In the course of its previous attempts to gain this control, it must have become evident to Parliament how effective such control could be made as security for obtaining reforms which from time to time might be desired. Accordingly this "bartering" expedient became evident first in the disputes which arose between Edward I and his Parliament. The king was in great want of subsidies for carrying on the wars in which he was then engaged, and for other purposes, and he made application to Parliament. Parliament, however, would comply only on condition that the king granted a renewal of Magna Carta; and after some attempt at evasion, Edward agreed. The Charter then granted contains an explicit statement that it was reissued by the king in return for an aid of one-fifteenth of movables from Parliament. An expedient of this kind, to which recourse could be had with such success, would scarcely be lost sight of by Parliament; and so it is not surprising that it should become very common as time passed. It had been customary to relegate the granting of Parliament's petitions to the end of the session, by which time all the necessary supplies had been voted, but soon the growing tendency became to reverse this method. In Richard II's reign, the judges pronounced any attempt to effect the change to be high treason: but Parliament in Henry IV's reign, in 1401, boldly and directly made the demand.

Henry replied that such a proposal was unprecedented, and refused to accede. Nevertheless, it silently became customary from that time onwards to present a petition of grievances to the Sovereign before proceeding to the discussion of a grant. There is no lofty principle in the matter, but it put a powerful weapon in the hands of Parliament. The check on sovereign power which it involved may perhaps on several occasions have driven the king to resort to unconstitutional and despotic government; yet it had for the most part a salutary effect, and secured for the nation many privileges and rights which might not have been obtained had Parliament used any less mercenary means.

Ministerial Responsibility.—The term "Minister" may almost be said to be correlative to the term "King," for the Minister is and has always been the inseparable adjunct of the Sovereign. During the long period of the history of our nation while it was yet in constitutional infancy, the Minister was the servile agent of his Sovereign, accountable for his actions to no other within the kingdom, and often his boon companion and minion. It were therefore futile to look for the origin of ministerial responsibility before the time when the nation gained consciousness of its constitutional rights and neared political manhood. For our general purpose this may be fixed at the granting of the great Charter (1215). Doubtless the necessity for curbing the irresponsibility of the king's Ministers had been felt and discussed for a con-

siderable time before any definite expression of it appears in the annals of history.

The dawn of the new doctrine may be dated from Henry III's reign. During a long minority, the country had been at the mercy of a divided regency, and on Henry's attaining majority he surrounded himself with unscrupulous favourites, who moreover were foreigners. They acquired great influence over the king, and were put in positions of trust which they did not worthily fill. So distasteful did their conduct become, that the barons (including Simon de Montfort) and the bishops met in 1244, and claimed the right of "nominating or confirming the nomination of the great officers of State, the justiciar, the chancellor, and the treasurer." The Council felt that the affairs of Government should not be left in the hands of irresponsible men who were not even their countrymen, and who might arbitrarily, with the king's sanction, act contrary to any directions of theirs and to the laws of the land. But Henry, knowing how greatly such an arrangement would limit his power, pertinaciously resisted the demand. During Edward I's reign, there was little occasion for insisting on the principle to which Parliament had become alive, although in one instance Parliament demanded of Edward that he should dismiss an unpopular treasurer. Edward II, however, was very much under the influence of favourites (*e.g.* Gaveston and the Spencers), to whom he gave offices of State, and whose advice he took in preference to that of his more trustworthy and experienced English states-

men. This, together with their overbearing and lawless conduct, so incensed the leading men in the nation that steps were taken to have them removed and summarily disposed of. In 1310, amid a period of great unrest, Parliament appointed a Council of Lords Ordainers to reform the Government, and the "Ordinances" which they drew up were afterwards confirmed by Parliament. By them it was *inter alia* provided, "that the chancellor, two chief justices, treasurer, and other great officers of the Crown should be chosen by the counsel and assent of the barons in Parliament." This shows how the nation was becoming educated up to the idea of ministerial responsibility.

One of the expedients by which some check could be exercised by Parliament on the king's Ministers was the auditing of the public accounts by Parliament through Commissioners. A somewhat premature effort was made by Parliament in 1341, in Edward III's reign, to establish full Ministerial responsibility by making a demand for such audit of accounts, coupled with a renewed assertion of their right to appoint Ministers who should be "sworn to observe Magna Carta and other Statutes." Edward was compelled to pass a Statute accordingly (with a certain proviso) as a condition of getting a subsidy; but he procured its repeal in the following Parliament. The struggle became more acute in the latter part of the reign, however, when by the transactions of the "Good Parliament," the principle was definitely established. In 1376 the Commons

proceeded by impeachment (which then became a formidable weapon against irresponsible Ministers) before the Lords against Lords Latimer and Nevill and others of the king's Council, for political misdemeanours, and they were convicted and punished.

It may now be said that ministerial responsibility had become an axiom of constitutional government, and that Parliament had shown itself capable of exercising its prerogative. On many occasions it was subsequently impugned, but these attempts usually occurred in "packed" Parliaments, where the voice of the constitutional party was not heard. The doctrine, however, was emphasized even in the following reign—that of Richard II, who was addicted to favouritism—by repeated actions on the part of his early Parliaments, and particularly by the drastic measures taken by "The Merciless Parliament" of 1388 in their impeachment of the favourites. Second to a despotic king, the enemy whom the constitutional party had to overcome was a despotic Minister. Often a nominally constitutional king was able to gain his ends through the irregular acts of an irresponsible Minister, who could override the laws and privileges of the nation, and then shelter himself in the shadow of the Throne. It has now become apparent how such a procedure was rendered impossible.

Cabinet Government.—The doctrine of ministerial responsibility is in modern times found in operation in a new environment, namely in the Cabinet system.

The Cabinet system has been described as “unknown to the law,” but it is well known in constitutional history as the lineal descendant of the “Witan” and the “*Curia Regis*.” In connection with the Governments of Richard II, Richard III, Henry IV, Charles I, Charles II, and William III, the question of consulting a Committee of Ministers arose from time to time. The “Cabal” Ministry of Charles II was a crude attempt to form a Cabinet, but it was more or less a creature of the Sovereign. It was in the period *circa* 1689–1742 that the party and Cabinet system of Government was organised. George I and George II could speak English only indifferently, and accordingly in their reigns the power of the Cabinet increased. In the reign of George III it became settled that the Sovereign should not in future attend the meetings of the Cabinet. The Prime Minister (whose existence is also strictly “unknown to the law”) now presides over the deliberations of the Cabinet. The terms “Ministry” and “Cabinet” are not synonymous. Over fifty different Offices of State comprise the Ministry, but only about twenty of the highest offices of Government are held by about the same number of persons, and these latter compose the Cabinet. The Cabinet forms a link between those parts of the Government which are legislative and those which are executive. It is a committee representing both Houses of Parliament; and it is chosen nominally by the Sovereign. In practice, however, the Sovereign merely summons (and this he is bound to do) the recognised leader of the party commanding

a majority in the House of Commons, and that leader chooses the members of his Ministry. Each Minister conducts the business of his own office, and is responsible to Parliament. The inner circle of the Ministry composes the Cabinet and assumes the higher responsibilities and powers of Government. The Cabinet prepares legislation, and formulates the policy of the Government, and it is responsible for the executive. The proceedings of the Cabinet are secret, and no minutes of its meetings are kept. The advice which it gives to the Crown is unanimous, and the Crown must accept it. The Cabinet is responsible collectively to Parliament for the advice it gives to the Crown. Should Ministers at any time persist in acting in opposition to the will of the House of Commons, that House can control it, by, for example, refusing to pass the annual Army and Appropriation Acts upon the operation of which actual Government depends. The Cabinet system rests wholly upon convention. It is of a complicated and delicate nature, and is the "unique production of the silent working of the political forces of the nation towards the equilibrium in which, by means of that system, they now repose."

Conventions.—A short reference may here be made to what are known as "Conventions" of the Constitution. They are mere understandings, which are not enforced by the Courts, but which through continual usage have obtained nearly the force of law. It is noteworthy in this connection that it was found necessary to embody in the Parliament

Act of 1911 at least one rule which had formerly rested on convention alone, viz., that Money Bills should be outwith the power of veto of the House of Lords. Other examples of these rules may be given, viz. :

- a.* Parliament must be convoked once a year.
- b.* The Ministry which has lost the confidence of the House of Commons must retire from office.
- c.* The Ministry which is out-voted in the House of Commons on a vital question is bound to retire or appeal to the Electorate.
- d.* The party which commands a majority in the House of Commons is entitled to have its leaders placed in office.

Rules of this kind are the only practical means of securing the harmonious co-operation of the three parties to the government of the country—the Crown, the Lords, and the Commons—and this is done by “ensuring that the discretionary authority of the Crown shall be exercised in a manner conformable to the wishes of the House of Commons, as the predominant power in the State.”

We have now discussed in their origins the leading principles of the British Constitution. There are many other points of less importance which have not been treated, either because they are mere customs which hardly savour of first principle, or because they are comprehended and embraced in the wider axioms of Constitutional Government already dealt with. Such are: the control by the Commons of appropriation of supply; freedom of speech, and immunity from arrest of Members of Parliament;

subordination of the Church to the State; liberty of the subject generally, &c. But these are simply corollaries to or extensions of the principles involved in the omnipotence of Parliament, which in origin at least have been already indicated.

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